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SWEDISH LAPLANDERS.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

THE TSAR AND THE NIHILIST

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS

IN NORWAY, SWEDEN AND RUSSIA

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BY

J. M. BUCKLEY, LL. D.

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PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THIS volume is an attempt to describe the portions of a journey of nearly ten thousand miles in Norway, Sweden and Russia, most likely to interest others.

I hope to impart to such as have never seen those countries as clear a view as can be obtained from reading, and to aid those who contemplate a similar journey to prepare for it. Besides, I wish to show those who find the beaten track of travel monotonous, that the north of Europe may give them new sensations and valuable information. They who have been over the same ground may find pleasure in comparing their recollection with the impressions of another.

The style of an animated narrative has been sought. Maps, Gazetteers, Geographies, and Guide Books, have been freely consulted, and, when possible, tested on the spot. If found correct they have been quoted for measurements, inscriptions, dates, etc.; otherwise, their errors, if important, have been pointed out.

My chief reason for travelling in Russia was to study the "burning question" NIHILISM, and kindred subjects. These I have endeavored to treat thoroughly without repetition or dullness. If the reader, on finishing the book, shall neither feel weary nor that he has wasted his time, the author will be satisfied.

J. M B.

This book is no good.

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THE MIDNIGHT SUN, THE TSAR AND THE NIHILIST.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAPITAL OF DENMARK.

THE travels in Norway, Sweden and Russia in Europe described in these pages may be said to have begun at Copenhagen, the capital and only large city of Denmark. For, though the journey commenced when the steamer *Baltic* left its pier in the city of New York on the 19th of June, 1884, and included Liverpool, London, Holland, Cologne, the Rhine, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, it was from Copenhagen that our party, consisting of a personal friend — Mr. Charles E. Hendrickson, an American lawyer — my son, a young man of eighteen years, and myself, sailed for Sweden.

The stay in Copenhagen had been made pleasant by our having as guide and interpreter the Rev. Carl Schou, a clergyman of Copenhagen. Between the professional guide and the intelligent, well-read native of a country, the difference is very great. The former is a useful parrot; the latter, a genial companion.

Mr. Schou's first question, when he placed his time at our disposal, was, "Where will you go?" The reply was, "Where we can see that which is most interesting and will be most valuable to remember." He suggested, as of the greatest interest, the Thorwaldsen Museum, the Fruekirke (Church of our Lady), the Museum of Northern Antiquities, and the Rosenborg Palace. To these we devoted all the time at our disposal; but in sketching them I must use a very wide brush.

The "Church of our Lady" is the Metropolitan Church of Denmark. Its external beauty is not great, nor its internal finish extraordinarily fine; but in its naked simplicity it is churchly in the best sense. Its great and unparalleled attraction consists of "exquisite marble statuary." In front, above the altar, is Thorwaldsen's Risen Christ. This figure, larger than life, surpasses in majesty any painting, or other representation in sculpture, of its subject. It has nothing of the feminine expression which marks and mars most representations of "the *man* Christ Jesus." Yet with masculine strength and commanding mien, there is blended an ineffable tenderness which shows him not a woman, but more tender than any woman ever was. Those who gaze can fancy him on whom they look, both as weeping at the grave with the sisters, and as driving the money-changers from the temple.

The statues of the Twelve Apostles occupy both sides of the church. They are larger than life; and were designed, and most of them executed, by Thorwaldsen. St. Paul, which is known to have been entirely executed by him, is said to be the finest. The critics place John, James, Matthew and Thomas, in the order named, next to Paul.

An hour was spent in the "Church of our Lady," and the effect of the contemplation of those marble statues in the "dim religious light" was somewhat sombre. This depressing influence was antagonized by recalling the more cheerful scenes in which Christ and his apostles mingled.

The Thorwaldsen Museum, according to our guide's plan, came next in order, and though the building is gloomy, after the style of ancient tombs, when one has gone through it, and noted well its contents, its adaptation to its use can be questioned no longer. Here we see, covering the interior on three sides, scenes in plaster depicting the reception of the Master on his return to his native city after nearly twenty years' absence.

Here also are admirably displayed a great number of his models — designs in plaster — with many completed works in marble. A painful interest attaches to his own collection of pictures, to the books and

antiquities which were his, and to the articles of furniture, writing materials, and implements of sculpture which he used. These are all as he left them.

In the centre stands his grave. There, alone, cold as the marble upon which he worked, lies the greatest sculptor of the present century — one of the greatest of all time — amid the creations of his genius. It would be easy to read his history in the order in which his works are arranged. Denmark, and especially Copenhagen, has reason to be proud of him; and to bury him amid his contributions to Art is a conception worthy of him and them.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities — unsurpassed, the scientists say, by any, equalled only by that at Stockholm — consists of forty thousand tools, musical instruments, domestic utensils, weapons of war, furniture, armor, hunting accoutrements, ancient chests, mechanical implements, tombstones, tombs, urns used to contain ashes of the dead, coffins, vessels used in churches, inscriptions, etc. In some of the coffins are dead bodies in a mummified state.

The peculiar charm of this museum is that the specimens are arranged according to a method so lucid that it is easy for the visitor to comprehend fully what they teach. This enables him to economize greatly in time and strength. The catalogue clearly explains the method. All the objects are in five departments: the Flint, the Bronze, the Iron, the Mediæval Christian, and the Modern Periods.

The Flint comes down to the year 1500 B. C., and consists of battle refuse, bones, shells, etc., found on the coast; the Bronze includes the next 1250 years, and is shown by weapons and trinkets and ornaments, which are all cast; the Iron comes down far into the Christian era, and specimens are abundant. The Mediæval Christian period begins in 1030 and comes down to 1536, and includes chiefly weapons and Roman Catholic vestments, sacred vessels, inscriptions, etc. The Modern Period needs no characterization. So perfect is the arrangement that it would not be difficult to fancy one man, six thousand years old or more, passing through all these periods and acquiring and casting off these successive

arts and sciences. The unity and progress of Humanity are thus impressively displayed.

The Rosenborg Palace, three hundred and eighty years old, appears to advantage from the manner in which its contents are shown and explained to visitors. An hour must be appointed for each party. Thoroughly cultured gentlemen, above fees, and speaking the language of the visitors, accompany them through the different halls, pointing out and describing in an animated manner the epochs of the monarchs who have occupied the palace, illustrating their discourses by reference to the jewels, coronation robes, crowns, uniforms, by rooms fitted up in the styles of different periods, by portraits, relics of all periods, and curiosities of every grade.

Some of the paintings are very fine. Among them is one of a Norwegian who lived to be one hundred and forty-eight years old. Wishing to marry at the age of one hundred and twelve, tradition says that the following conversation occurred between the legal registrar and himself. "What is your age?" "One hundred and twelve," he replied. This was received with a burst of laughter and the satirical question, "How long had your parents been dead when you were born?" In rage he left the office, walked to Bergen, Norway, so far as land travel was necessary to reach the place, and having procured the certificate of his baptism, walked back and was married. Human nature even in extreme age is sometimes unreliable, for the same tradition which reports these alleged facts to the present generation declares that he was not a true and faithful husband, and was brought before the civil authorities for cruelty to his wife, and neglecting her society for that of other women.

A Danish gentleman to whom I was subsequently introduced, and gave an account of my visit to the Museum of Antiquities and the Rosenborg Palace, remarked that the Museum furnishes the visitor with landmarks of the development of the people of Denmark as a whole, while the Rosenborg Palace contains illustrations of the progress of culture among the higher classes.

Religious missions, having their origin under very romantic circum-

stances in the United States, have been established in Denmark. A large number of Danes had come to the United States in the thirty years preceding 1879. According to the report of the commissioners of immigration, not counting sailors, thirty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-four immigrants from Denmark had arrived at the port of New York alone. A Bethel ship was established in the city of New York, where Swedes, Norwegians and Danes — strangers in a strange land — in large numbers assembled. The ship, as a writer on the subject observes, "became an asylum for destitute emigrants, supplying for them at once bed, table, clothing and sanctuary. It was a labor exchange for hundreds." In the course of a few years the number of Scandinavian converts in the United States amounted to several thousands, who were chiefly Norwegians and Swedes. These persons wrote home to their friends who were connected with the State churches, giving an account of the new views of religion which they had adopted. They wrote with all the enthusiasm of new converts, and the effect was to stimulate inquiry about this new form of religion; while many of the persons who wrote the letters were not content with doing that, but went themselves to the Fatherland and told the story. Thus originated societies in Norway and Sweden, and also in Denmark.

Many of the Danes in the United States have become prosperous, notably the late Harold Dollner of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, though he was long in business in the city of New York where he accumulated a fortune, never renounced his Danish citizenship, and was Consul-General of the Danish Empire for many years, and was made a Baron by the Emperor. He was a native of Copenhagen, and had identified himself in this country with the Methodists. These prosperous Danes took great interest in the support of their sentiments in Denmark. Mr. Dollner gave for church building purposes, one thousand dollars annually for many years, besides contributing large sums to the support of missionaries. It is to his courtesy in furnishing me with letters and writings to his friends, that I am indebted for the unusual facilities received while in Denmark. A very large church in Denmark is owned by soci-

eties which originated in the way described, and there are churches in eleven cities and towns, with sixty preaching stations in the country. The general property of the society is valued at nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and its schools contain many hundreds of scholars. Within the last seven years the number of communicants has doubled, and the foundation is such as to insure its permanency. It derived great advantage from the fact that the Hon. M. J. Cramer, Minister-Resident of the United States, lived for many years in Copenhagen.

Whatever may be the general effect of this movement, its influence upon the State Church has been remarkable, awakening it to greater activity. Fifteen years ago there were but two Sunday schools in Copenhagen; at the time of my visit there were thirty.

The foregoing partial account of Copenhagen has been introduced in the hope of gratifying to some extent, a rational curiosity which would arise from the mention of the name of the city whence we set out for Sweden.

COPENHAGEN.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING SWEDEN AT GOTHENBURG.

HAVING remained in Denmark as long as its relation to the general plan would allow, but not so long as its interest would have warranted, we set sail from Copenhagen for Gothenburg, Sweden. The voyage took us through the Sound upon which the Danish capital is situated, into the Kattegat. An old acquaintance, Captain Muliertz, of the Danish Army, came down to see us embark. I had met the captain, when, by order of his Government, he was spending two years in New York studying American military methods. The meetings were on two very interesting occasions — his wedding, his bride having come over from Denmark to be married, and the christening of their child (now a young lady). Both these occurred at the residence of the Baron Dollner, mentioned in the preceding chapter.

At the christening a circumstance occurred which illustrates the genuinely poetic nature of the Danish people. The Danish officers, of whom there were a number then in the city of New York, were present, and the services were conducted by a clergyman of the State Church of Denmark, and were in Danish. Just before they began, Mr. Dollner placed upon the table a large pot containing a plant upon which was a beautiful flower. "One year ago," said he, "I planted a slip in this pot; behold how it has increased!" Then the nurse appeared bearing the infant that was to be baptized. "One year ago," said Mr. Dollner, "Captain Muliertz and his bride were married;" then pointing to the babe, "behold how *they* have increased!"

The Rev. Karl Schou was also on the pier. Sympathy was expressed for us, as the vessel was very small, and the Kattegat is proverbially treacherous.

The passage through the Kallebostrom and the Sound revealed a

scene of extraordinary beauty. Besides several islands, charming villages and country seats could be seen on the mainland of Zealand, not only near the shore, but, owing to the undulating character of the land, at intervals for several miles back. The scene became still more lovely as we drew near Elsinore. This town is opposite Helsingborg in Sweden, and the shores approach so near that Elsinore, under ordinary

THE CASTLE OF ELSINORE.

circumstances, has always commanded the Sound, and until the last twenty-seven years, all vessels passing paid a toll. The harbor is beautiful for situation. My son counted one hundred and seventy-four vessels lying at anchor in various relations to each other and to the land. As the hour was sunset, and the moon just rising, the picture was "very pleasant and lovely to behold." Above the town rises the Castle Kronborg in the midst of strong fortifications.

Here we came upon ground which Shakespeare has made classic.

Not far from Kronborg, and visible from the deck of our steamer, is an ancient palace, Marienlyst, and in the grounds adjacent to it is a lonely grave surmounted by a pile of stones and a small column. Tradition makes this the tomb of Hamlet. It was at the Castle of Elsinore that the ghost of Hamlet's father appeared to him, and also to the soldiers on guard. The Flag Battery is the "platform," where Hamlet exclaimed, as the vision appeared :

> Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !
> Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell
> Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
> Thou comest in such questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, father, royal Dane: etc.

"How are the mighty fallen!" The palace is a hotel, and the melancholy Dane,

> . . . dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Taking leave of Elsinore, with its legends of early Danish exploits and events, we entered the Kattegat (literally the cat's throat), but on this occasion it was as quiet as a family cat asleep upon a rug before the fire. There was not a cloud in the sky, a tremor in the air, nor a wave upon the sea. Except for the noise and breath and ripple made by our vessel and others that now and then came near us, all was as quiet as "a painted ocean." It was a good night for sleep, though it was hard to dungeon one's self in the narrow stateroom and close the eyes upon so much beauty.

Early in the morning the rocky shores of Sweden were seen, and we skirted them for several hours, until the imposing harbor of Gothenburg opened before us. Much amusement was found for more than an hour in conjecturing what the course of the ship would be after the next turn. In most cases the guess was wrong, for the rocky shore would close here and open there, debarring us where a passage was expected, and making a way where all seemed impassable. The harbor is rocky, the hills stern and bare, and the aspect not winning.

An incident happened which roused much enthusiasm among the Americans on board (all included in our little party). About a quarter of a mile below the wharf we saw displayed a large, new, and very bright American flag. It rose above a cottage a little distance from the shore. Who, we thought, so far from America, will float the star-spangled banner?

The poetry was dissipated when we learned afterwards that the flag floated over the abode of one of the agents of a line of steamers engaged in sharp competition for emigrants to the United States. Not love of country, but of gain, was the ruling motive, as it too often is at home.

Gothenburg is a very enterprising manufacturing and commercial town, having a population of about one hundred thousand. It dates only from 1621, and was founded by Gustavus Adolphus, to whom a fine monument has been erected in the square. Of ancient buildings there are none, nor are there museums and galleries of art worthy of comparison with those in older and larger centres. Some collections have been begun which, in time, will attract attention. Its business enterprises and establishments are on a large scale, and the city is famous throughout Europe for its wealth and liberality. Most of its leading merchants and manufacturers are Scotch and German, many of them being of the second and third generation. In its earlier period many Dutch merchants and ship-owners settled there. They have left their impress in the canals, which cause the city to resemble a miniature Venice. A short distance from the city are the residences of merchants, some of which are, with their surrounding parks and gardens, on a palatial scale.

On the first morning, after breakfast, one of our party inquired for an English or American paper. A gentleman sitting near, catching the sound of the English tongue, said, "Are you Americans, gentlemen?" We responded in the affirmative. Said he, "Permit me to introduce myself. I am the American Consul. My name is Cooper." From that time till we left the city all that he could do, out of business hours, was done in the way of communicating valuable information, suggesting

excursions and points of interest for inquiry. This shows how a consul who is also a gentleman, and whose official duties will allow, may serve his fellow citizens in foreign lands. But the greatest favor he conferred upon us was to introduce us to Mrs. Cooper, whose accomplishments make her the equal of any of the ladies of other lands with whom official life abroad brings her in contact, without destroying or concealing the American element which, on the authority of Lord Coleridge and

VIEW OF GOTHENBURG.

Matthew Arnold, when refined, makes the most attractive form of womanhood.

At the office of the Consul I met the Vice-Consul, who has the great honor of being the first Baptist in Sweden. Migrating to America, he was converted and baptized in New York, married the minister's daughter, and returned to Sweden. Now there are more than twenty-five thousand Baptists in Sweden. From him I derived much valuable information concerning his countrymen in the United States, and recent religious, social, moral, and intellectual progress in Sweden. Nor was he ignorant of its commercial interests, present condition and expectations.

On Sunday we visited a Swedish church. This also belonged to an American society. A vigorous sermon was being delivered to an audience of four hundred and fifty attentive listeners. The speaker in the management of his voice was a natural orator of the highest type. To us, he was nothing but a voice; he spoke in an unknown tongue, but in inflection and modulation, I have heard few superior to him. The Swedes are fine singers, and the singing which we heard at one of the Sunday schools was sweet as evening bells. In the various churches which we attended at Gothenburg, the attitude, and apparently the spirit of the people, was very devout. Their social character appeared at the close of the services, when they greeted each other as though they had been separated for many years.

Gothenburg is a very handsome city. The Exchange is the most striking edifice, and is in the Renaissance style, and about forty years old. The statue which the city contains of Gustavus Adolphus was designed by Fogelberg, but is the second cast from the same model. The original is now in Bremen. It was wrecked when on the voyage from Hamburg to Gothenburg. Certain sailors recovered it, and they claimed "so exorbitant a sum for salvage that the Gothenburgers refused to pay it, and preferred ordering the statue to be executed anew, which was done in 1854." The chief park is very beautiful, and in it is a most remarkable collection of exotics, some of which are from tropical countries. In the suburbs are very many handsome residences, the most frequently visited of which is the villa of Oscar Dickson, one of the most distinguished citizens, who is famous for his interest in Arctic expeditions, and in all the philanthropic movements which have made Gothenburg celebrated.

A long walk with Consul Cooper to an ancient Swedish church in which for hundreds of years the inhabitants have been buried, made a pleasant detour.

The people of Gothenburg spare no expense to accomplish anything which will beautify their city. They transplanted at great cost large numbers of trees, some of which were over a hundred years old, from the

old cemetery to the new; and in this way have produced the effect of antiquity where it does not exist. I have visited few cities, either in Europe or America, where so many evidences of public spirit appear.

One of the chief reasons which led me to remain in Gothenburg so long as I did, was that I might examine the famous "Gothenburg System," and inquire into its workings on the ground.

U. S. Consul Cooper introduced me to Mr. Rubenson, the city editor of the leading daily paper of Gothenburg. This gentleman has travelled in America, and speaks English.

No country had suffered more from the unrestricted manufacture, sale, and use of brandy than Sweden. All through the country there was well-nigh "a public house in every cottage." Their "branverin," a powerful spirit distilled from potatoes or corn, and containing fifty per cent. of alcohol, was drank in large quantities. "Every land-holder, almost without exception, possessed the right of distilling." So terrible were the effects that in 1854 new laws were passed, abolishing stills for domestic use, taxing the large distilleries, placing them under special supervision, leaving the wholesale traffic free, but dividing the retail and public-house traffic, and giving the communes power to regulate, or even abolish it. This helped the cause of temperance in the country, but harmed it in large towns and cities. They filled up with country people who would have liquor — moderate drinkers and drunkards — and with reckless young men. In towns the law was a failure. It was so in Gothenburg, which, with thirty-five thousand population in 1856, had one hundred and thirty-five licensed brandy shops. The chief part of the wages paid to the workingmen went on Saturday night into these shops to settle old scores or get rum. "It was quite a usual thing on Sundays and holidays to see troops of these people reeling about the streets." A committee of the best citizens was appointed to devise means of checking the evil. From its report came the Gothenburg System.

The city passed a law allowing a "company" of leading citizens to buy up all the existing licenses for the sale of liquor in Gothenburg.

They, and they only, should have licenses, and they might use all they had or not as they saw fit. The licenses over which the city had control were sixty-one. Generally twenty-one had been left dormant, and forty used. In 1879 twenty-three were used for taverns and public houses, and for eating-houses where spirits might be sold at meals only, and fourteen for clubs and restaurants.

The Company reserving six per cent. for the use of the money, pays over all the proceeds to various public uses. It binds itself that neither the Company nor the managers appointed by it shall make any profit, great or small; that spirituous liquors and wines shall be sold only for ready money paid down on the spot; that none shall be sold to persons already the worse for liquor, or to boys under eighteen years of age, nor shall spirits be sold to persons who require several drams in succession, or who come to the public house repeatedly within short intervals to drink. In the eating-houses only the one dram, and wine before meals, can be served, and ale and porter only at meals or when sandwiches are bought.

The object of this system was "not to prevent the abuse of strong drink," but "on the axiom that the brandy traffic is the legitimate right of the community, and that its practice is, by one or other circumstance, rendered unavoidable. Furthermore, it is based on the fact that, owing to the disreputable character of this traffic, it is mostly in the hands of persons who are neither induced by external nor internal conditions to take such a view of the duties connected with their calling as could furnish the public at large with security for their due performance; and finally that the publican, in his capacity of tradesman, cannot help striving to derive profit from it, the higher the better; his own interest prompts him to sell the greatest possible quantity of his commodity. And, yet further to increase his net profits, he will spend as little as possible on keeping his premises in decent order and repair; he will evade to the utmost the obligation of providing food for his customers. Moreover, to increase his sales he will, when his own interests are not at stake, allow his customers to take their drams on credit or pawn tickets. It was *this state of things* that the new system proposed to remedy."

What does it accomplish? I can see that it prevents the customer from being tempted by the seller; it puts a stop to running in debt for liquor; it stops him when he shows signs of being drunk; it can divert him from his cravings for liquor by offering him food; it can make it impossible for children under eighteen years old to buy liquors directly; it can sell unadulterated liquors; it can keep the establishment shut up at proper hours. These, and these only, it can do. It stops not the abuse of liquor. I saw drunkenness in Gothenburg; saw ten men not far from midday on Sunday, staggering about.

The eating houses furnished by the Company give more food, and a better quality of it for the cost, than any of which I have ever heard. Having inspected them and tasted the food as it is furnished to the workingmen, I am a competent witness. Tea, with bread and butter, is served for twenty *ore* (equal to five and a half cents); tea with sandwiches, seven cents; coffee with meat sandwiches, five cents; coffee, eggs and cold meat, fourteen cents. The regular dinners, soup, meat, potatoes and bread, for about seventeen cents!

Gothenburg also sustains a plan for giving the workingman a home. Comfortable brick houses are built, and he pays for them in small monthly installments, becoming in seventeen years the owner. I was conducted through one of these. They are better built and more convenient than the average of the houses provided by religious societies in the United States for the use of the pastors of their churches in rural districts, and compare favorably with such houses in large towns. The public schools and their buildings in Gothenburg are among the best in the world. It also sustains institutions for the training and education of domestic servants. Girls who have been in the public schools stay two or three years, and are then sent out to good places. Large houses are devoted to the support of indigent and respectable widows, broken-down merchants, and others, who live in separate apartments rent free. A "committee" in all cases decides on the admission of applicants.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Rubenson, I was introduced to one of these merchants, and to my surprise found him residing in one of the

finest edifices of the city. I had passed it before, and thought it the residence of some prosperous citizen.

The bath houses of Gothenburg are unequalled. They, also, are sustained by funds left by a wealthy inhabitant. Here the very poor can take baths, convenient and clean, for a nominal sum; while those who are prepared to pay larger amounts, can have all the luxuries of the finest Italian or Parisian establishments.

In a room I saw twenty rosy-cheeked infants sleeping. As no two were dressed alike, I asked what this meant. "O, these are the children of working women, who can leave them here for four or five ore (a cent and a half) for the morning." "Why the small charge?" "We find that people appreciate only what costs them something, however little it may be." This, also, is common sense.

Practical philanthropy is more highly developed than in any other city in the world. Its citizens have a fashion of spending their money for the public good, and leaving a large part of their estates to the city. So much is done in Gothenburg for the workingman that Socialists can get no foothold, and labor troubles are practically unknown. If brandy were extirpated, this Swedish city would be Utopia realized.

As to the system of managing the liquor traffic, the best that can be said of it is, that it is better than any other form of legalizing it. It disinfects the decaying carcass, it destroys its vile odors, it makes it a little less poisonous, but it is still there doing its deadly work. Mr. Rubenson acknowledged that it did not prevent drunkenness. He claimed, however, that it taught the people caution and prevented them from contracting bills for liquor, and avoided the bar-room society and unnatural stimulus to the use of liquor.

The Gothenburg System could not be applied successfully except in a community peculiarly organized. In some places in Sweden its fundamental principles of "no profit" to any one, has been departed from. The towns have urged the Company to press the business in view of the *revenue*. On the whole, the Gothenburg System sheds but little light on the problem of suppressing intemperance in other parts of the world.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPITAL OF NORWAY.—"BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIANIA."

HAVING completed the investigations detailed in the last chapter, I left Gothenburg on a beautiful evening by the handsome steamer *Christiania*, for Christiania. During the first part of the voyage the sea was calm, the long northern twilight mellow, and the water of the genuine emerald hue, burnished with silver and gold. The stars could be seen by looking in the sea, and if the sea could not be seen by looking upward, the distant horizon certainly appeared much above the level of the ship's deck. Of course if there had been any high object floating on the water this optical illusion would have been corrected. The breeze was gentle, but active enough to be a tonic. All this was preliminary to one of Neptune's most violent paroxysms of ill-temper.

By ten o'clock the ship was in the Skager-Rack, the wind blew a gale, the waves were "short, sharp, and decisive," the pitching was incalculable, without uniformity of space, direction, time, or rate. Never was name more appropriate for that sea than Skager-Rack — giving the word *rack* its English sense. Skager, too, has a wrenching, twisting sound. The literal meaning of the phrase is "the crooked and boisterous strait."

Of the one hundred passengers not ten escaped sickness. Ladies fell flat upon the floor; men who had never succumbed before collapsed then; my stalwart legal travelling companion found his six feet of height and two hundred pounds of weight and dignity no protection.

I draw a veil over my own sorrows, only saying, with Hamlet, that I could not "unpack my heart with words."

Near me was a man of monstrous size, and ill-shapen; his writhings and groans were awful, and he ejaculated in various languages. The

wife of this colossus (as is often the case) was a very little woman. In the morning she was blaming him for making so much noise, and he said playfully,

"Little wife, you do not know how I felt; you are too little!"

"I was sick all over. That is as much as you could be," said she.

The explosion of laughter among the Swedes and Norwegians at this sally led me to ask a translation. This scene of wretchedness continued till nearly sunrise. Yet the captain confessed that it was only an average night for seasickness. To the traveller, then, I say, beware of the Skager-Rack! Yet let us not speak disrespectfully of it, for by its means and that of the Kattegat, the North Sea is connected with the Baltic and the Gulfs of Bothnia, Finland and Riga.

About daylight we entered the Christiania Fiord. This has been fitly termed "a most picturesque arm of the sea." It is a little more than fifty English miles long; its shores, though high enough to make dark shadows on the water, are not precipitous. The contrast of the shadows with the belt of light left over the centre of the channel was beautiful. Along the shore are fine country houses, and large ice houses with a peculiar apparatus for getting the ice down to the boats. Chateaux are seen on the distant hills, and the steamboats and sailing vessels going to and from Christiania and crossing the fiord, make a lively picture.

Nature has provided breakwaters superior to man's art, and they have needed no repairs—at least not "within the historic period." The troubled sea is here generally at rest.

At the north end of this fiord lies Christiania, certainly "beautiful for situation," and the joy of Norway, if not of the whole earth. The general expression of the strangers on the ship when the city first appeared in view, was "How beautiful!" Imagine the fiord in an elliptical shape with green hills on either hand and green hills, reaching almost the height of mountains, rising and extending in front. At the very end of the fiord is the city, ascending from the water's edge, and surmounted in the rear by fine estates and gardens. Beyond are the mountains. The houses are of stone and plaster, very bright and clean, thus con-

trasting with the green hills, the blue sky, and bluer waters of the fiord. Fancy a pretty little river running along to the east of the city, and the picture is as complete as a matter-of-fact pen can make it.

On arriving in the city I met a citizen of Christiania whom I had seen in the United States. His name is Olsen. Perceiving upon the signs and door-plates a frequent repetition of that name, I asked him if it were a very common name in Norway. "O yes," said he, "there are more than eighteen hundred in this city alone." By reference to the directory

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIANIA.

I found this to be a fact; and that one in every forty-three of the population rejoice in the name of Olsen. Christiansen is almost as common in Denmark. The multitudinous family of the Smiths may find consolation in these facts.

We were as fortunate in finding a native Norwegian who had spent a number of years in the United States as a companion, as we had been in Denmark. Mr. N. E. Simonson, an intelligent gentleman, courteously gave his entire time to us while we remained in the city.

Christiania contains many objects of general interest. The Royal Palace, unlike those in most other parts of Europe, is new, having been finished in 1848. It cost but one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and is attractive, but not to be compared in grandeur with most of the royal palaces of Europe. It is more like a habitation in which home life is possible than others, and is good enough for any man, be he pope or king. In front is a statue of Bernadotte, Charles XIV. It has on it his motto, which might be adopted to the great advantage of the world by every potentate in Church or State: "*The people's love is my reward.*"

The paintings in the gallery belong to the Government. They are mostly by Norwegian painters. Many of the views of natural scenery are perfect, and some representing religious life are imbued with a spirit of devotion. A full discussion of them would require several chapters; but if too many pictures weary the eye, too prolix a description fatigues the mind. Genuine simplicity marks most, though not all, the pure Norwegians scenes, the painters in most instances having been content to copy nature.

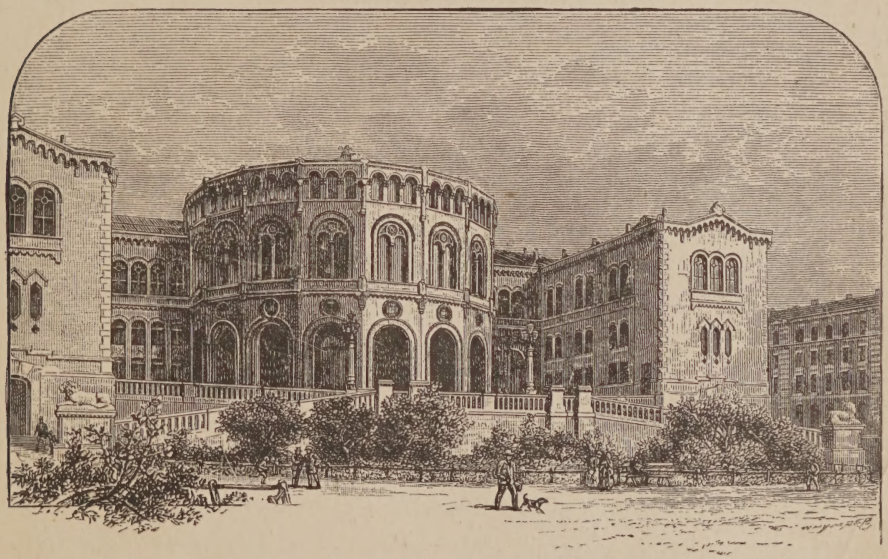
In its Ethnographical, Zoölogical, Botanical and Mineral Museums, and in the collection of Northern Antiquities, Christiania compares well with cities of the first rank.

The University building is an imposing structure, thirty years old. The Institution itself was founded seventy-five years ago, and has an average attendance of a thousand students who hear fifty-three professors lecture without any charge being made for the instruction.

Norway, which, till the beginning of this century, had for a long time been united with Denmark, after the crisis in the relations of the European States occasioned by the aggressive wholesale wars and conquests of Napoleon the Great, was united with Sweden. It has, however, a Constitution of its own, formed by the representatives of the people, which, unlike the Constitution of the United States, was principally the work of one man. Norway is much more democratic in its laws and spirit than Sweden. No privileges of birth or hereditary nobility exist there. The Storthing, or Great Court, represents the sovereign will of

the people. The king can veto an act. It is null during the three years of the session of the Storthing. Then it can be passed again. The king can veto it again. Three years later it can be passed a third time, but after three enactments the king's veto has no more obstructive effect. It is then *law*, and he must obey it.

The Parliament House, finished in 1866, is an imposing, though unostentatious building. It has the usual library, committee-rooms, and depository of public documents. The large hall (Storthings-Sal) seats



THE STORTHINGS-HUS (PARLIAMENT HOUSE), CHRISTIANIA.

one hundred and fifty deputies, and has room for three or four hundred spectators.

An unusual arrangement is that, while all the deputies sit together, debate and vote together, about forty of them constitute the Lagthing. When the Lagthing chooses it withdraws. To complete an act the Storthing and the Lagthing must both pass it.

Noticing as I passed through the Hall that each seat had the name of a town or city inscribed upon it, and that Bergen with thirty-four thou-

sand population had four seats, and that Christiania with seventy-seven thousand had but four, I said to Mr. Simonson,

"On what principle do thirty-four thousand people have an equal representation with seventy-seven thousand?"

He answered: "Such is the jealousy of the small towns and rural districts of the growth of cities, that this grievous incongruity is perpetuated. They will give no more seats to Christiania though its population is so greatly increased, nor reduce the number allowed to Bergen; for to give more to Christiania would give that city more power than Bergen has, while to reduce Bergen would make it necessary to reduce the representation of many other places, so that all combine to retain the present inequality."

The best of feeling does not exist toward the King, nor toward the union with Sweden. A strong democratic sentiment prevails among the middle classes, though the educated are generally conservative. The King's Cabinet had recently advised him that in a certain matter he had a constitutional right to exercise his prerogative of the veto upon the action of the Storthing after the nine years had passed. The then president of the Storthing, the most powerful orator in Norway, induced the Storthing to impeach the members of the Cabinet. The proceeding was more successful than the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, for the Lagthing and the judges of the Supreme Court, forming a high tribunal, convicted them — fined some, and deprived others of their seats and of the right to hold office, whereupon the King had to ask his opponents to confirm the minister.

I said to one of the citizens of Christiania, a professional man and competent to give a just estimate, "What are the characteristics of the ordinary parliamentary orator in Norway?"

"Ordinary oratory in Norway," he answered, "is of the bookish or essay style; but that of the president of the Storthing who successfully antagonized the will of the King and his Cabinet, is incisive, full of antithesis and climaxes, and therefore stirs and rouses the people to a high degree of excitement."

"Is it of a purely sensational style?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "it has a basis of convincing argument, but the whole is set on fire by a most impulsive temperament, and uttered with great vehemence."

I inferred that in my friend's opinion, this great Norwegian orator was a mysterious blending of Gladstone and Gambetta.

The cities of the dead in the great capitals of Europe, when closely studied, are found to be marked by the peculiar genius of the living as a rule, no less than the halls of science or legislation, the exchanges or the churches. Christiania, though among the youngest of European capitals, is not an exception, and some hours of wandering among the tombs of its cemetery gave a view of Norwegian simplicity, domestic life, literature and art.

But the monument which made the deepest impression upon me was that of Henrik Wergeland, "the most famous of Norwegian poets." The monument contains an inscription stating that it was erected by "Grateful Jews in recognition of his successful efforts in obtaining liberty for them to settle in Norway." Equally famous as a poet and philanthropist, he died universally beloved in 1845.

Norway, with respect to its treatment of the Jews, is in most honorable contrast with Germany, Russia and Roumania, in all of which at the time at which I visited the tomb of this Norwegian poet, the Jews were being bitterly persecuted.

The only American traveller that I met in Christiania was Dr. Philip Schaff, whose name is as well known in every country of Europe among scholars as that of any living American.

Most of the inhabitants of Christiania are Protestants; the Roman Catholic Church is scarcely known there. The State Church is in substance Lutheran. The entire population is taxed to support it, and it is protected by various stringent laws. No member of the State Church can be received into any other church without a legal discharge; nor is it lawful for any dissenting sect to administer the Holy Communion to members of the State Church.

All children baptized in the State Church in infancy, must remain members of it until they are nineteen years old. Agitation has produced some modification of these laws, and on notifying the ministers, adults can leave the church if they assign another church which they wish to join, but not otherwise. I had a conversation with a citizen about these laws and he said:

"No, sir! An Atheist cannot get out of the State Church unless he will name some other church which he will join. One man whom I know wished to leave, and told the minister that he did not believe in God or a future state. The minister said, 'I cannot legally discharge you unless you name some other church.' The man answered, 'I don't wish to join any other church, and I will not, for I do not believe in religion of any kind.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'I cannot give you a discharge.' The applicant brought a civil action against the minister to compel him to grant his request, but the court sustained the minister."

It would appear, then, that once baptized they are in the church, and even Atheism cannot get them out. Yet American Missions, such as were described in the first chapter, flourish greatly in Norway.

Emigration from Norway is great and constant. Thinking that the pastors of the city could give some information upon this subject, I called upon one who said:

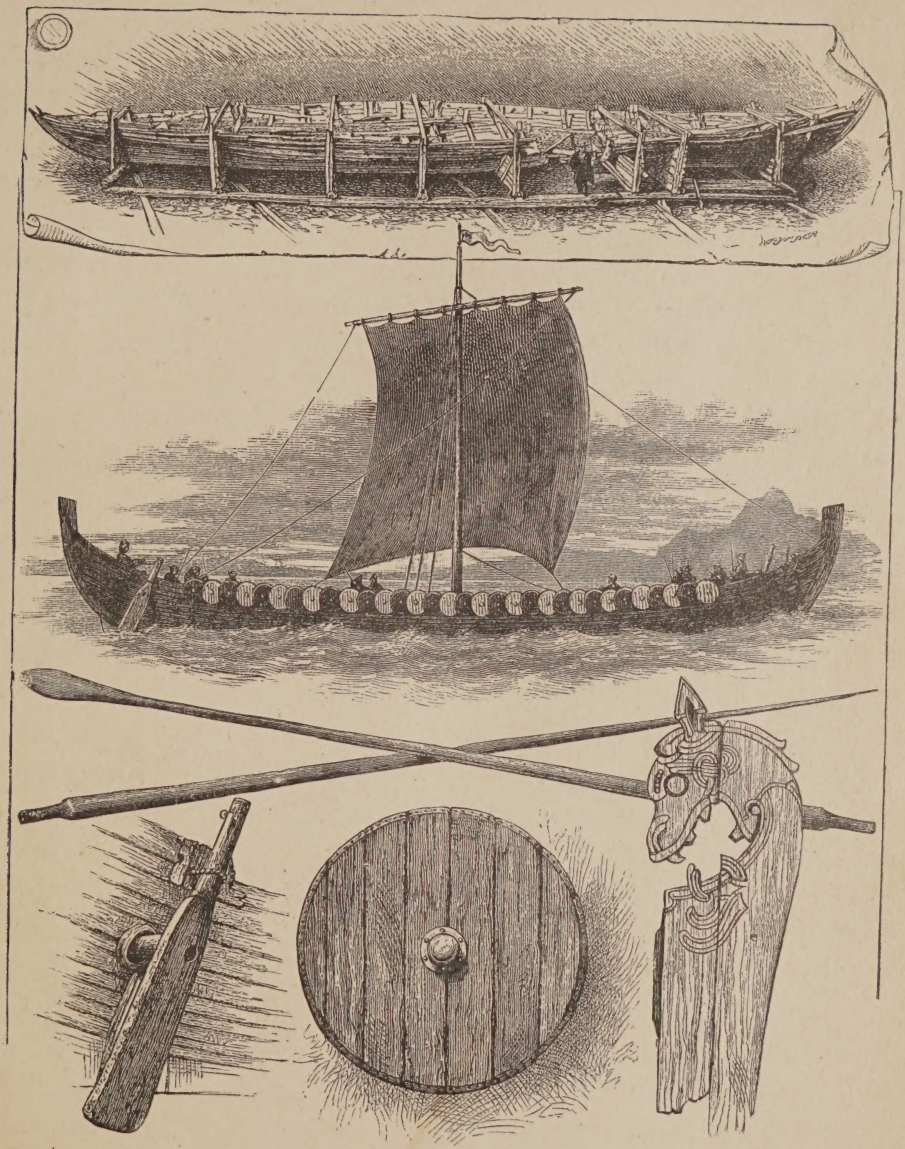
"During the past eight years three hundred and fifty communicants have been added to the church of which I am pastor. Of these, sixty have died, withdrawn, or otherwise left the church. *One hundred and forty* have emigrated from Norway."

I asked then where these had gone, and he said,

"About three quarters of them to the United States, and the rest to Denmark and New Zealand."

Perhaps the object in Christiania which interests most travellers more than any other, is the Ancient Viking Ship.

The practice among the Northmen, during the later periods of Paganism, was to bury their great warriors with one of their war ships. Excavations of grave mounds have brought to light ships from eight



THE VIKING SHIP.

SHOWING: 1. The vessel when brought to Christiania. 2. As she must have looked sailing before the wind. 3. The rudder, oars, a shield and one of the tilt-heads.

to nine hundred years old. They buried them thus: The vessel was hauled ashore and "laid on an even keel;" the body was placed in it, with such things as the dead would need in the other world; then a mound of earth or stones was thrown over the whole. Generally the ships rotted; but in Southeastern Norway, in two cases, blue clay was used for the mound, and the ships have been preserved. By far the more wonderful was found in 1880, at Sandefiord, excavated by the president of the Norwegian Archæological Society. The ship is now in the University of Christiania. There I saw it, and found it to be one of the most impressive relics of past times. It is of oak, clinker-built, iron-nailed, caulked with cow's-hair oakum spun into cords of three strands. The ties are made of roots; the planks are one inch thick; the keel was sixty feet long, and the whole length, from end of bow to end of stern, seventy feet. It was fifteen feet wide amidships, and four feet deep. It had both oars and canvas, and one mast, with machinery for lowering it when going against a head-wind or into battle. She carried thirty-two oars, each eighteen feet long.

In and about it were found fragments of three oak boats, the largest twenty-one feet, and the smallest twelve feet long; the stock of the anchor; fragments of four sleeping berths; parts of a finely carved wooden chair; many cooking utensils; a massive copper kettle, tubs, buckets, wooden plates, carved drinking-cups, and many other things. The body had been placed in a large grave-chamber of wood in the middle of the ship. This ship-tomb had been visited by grave-robbers in the Pagan era, and they stole many valuable things, the hole they made being still visible. In the chamber were found ornaments of gilded bronze, and fragments of wearing apparel of gold brocade.

Many animals were sacrificed at this burial. "The bones of at least twelve horses and six dogs, as also the bones and feathers of a pea-fowl," were found in the mound.

These demonstrate "that she belongs to the period extending from 800 to 1050 after Christ." Such were the vessels that "often crossed the North Sea in the fleets of the sea kings to ravage the British Islands

and the adjacent coasts of France." It was in such as these that the Norwegians discovered Iceland, Greenland and America, hundreds of years before Columbus was born. There is, however, reason to believe that many of the Viking war ships were much larger than this.

The measurements and relics are visible to all; the more recondite information I have condensed from the authorized account of the ship and its discovery sent, with a model, to the "International Ship-Model Exhibition," in London, 1882.

It would have been pleasant to linger for many weeks in Christiania, whose people as I became acquainted with them proved as attractive as the city itself, but, for reasons which those who follow my wanderings further will discover, it was necessary to hasten.

CHAPTER IV.

A PICTURESQUE JOURNEY, AND AN ANCIENT CAPITAL.

THE journey now to begin consists of three hundred and forty-seven miles by rail through the heart of Norway, from Christiania to Trondhjem, its ancient capital, and the birthplace of its civilization and its religion.

As soon as we were fairly outside the limits of Christiania, the characteristic scenery of Norway appeared. Next to Russia, the kingdom of Sweden and Norway has the largest area of the nations of Europe: it is more than eleven hundred English miles from its most southwesterly to its most northeasterly extreme.

If a Norwegian invites one to walk over to his house to dine with him, saying, "It is but a mile," it is necessary to know what kind of mile he means. A Norwegian mile on land is equal to seven English miles, and a Norwegian sea mile is equal to four of our miles.

The great peculiarity of Scandinavia is that on the west side it is a vast elevation which descends in precipices to the ocean, while on the east it gradually slopes to the plains of Sweden, many of which are as level as our Western prairies. This configuration makes Norway consist almost entirely of mountains, from which issue rapid and unnavigable rivers, leaving little tillable land. It gives Sweden fertile meadows and charming lakes. The geological formation of Norway has been described in few words, as follows:

"The mountains are composed almost entirely of primary rocks, presenting nearly the same form as when originally solidified, and rarely overlaid with more recent formations, so that for the geologist they possess the charm of the most hoar antiquity. These primary rocks consist of granite, gneiss, mica, hornblende, slate, quartzite, clay-slate,

limestone, and dolomite, disposed in the form of strata." In some parts of Norway the oldest of these, the gneiss, "towers in most imposing pinnacles," some of which are six thousand feet high.

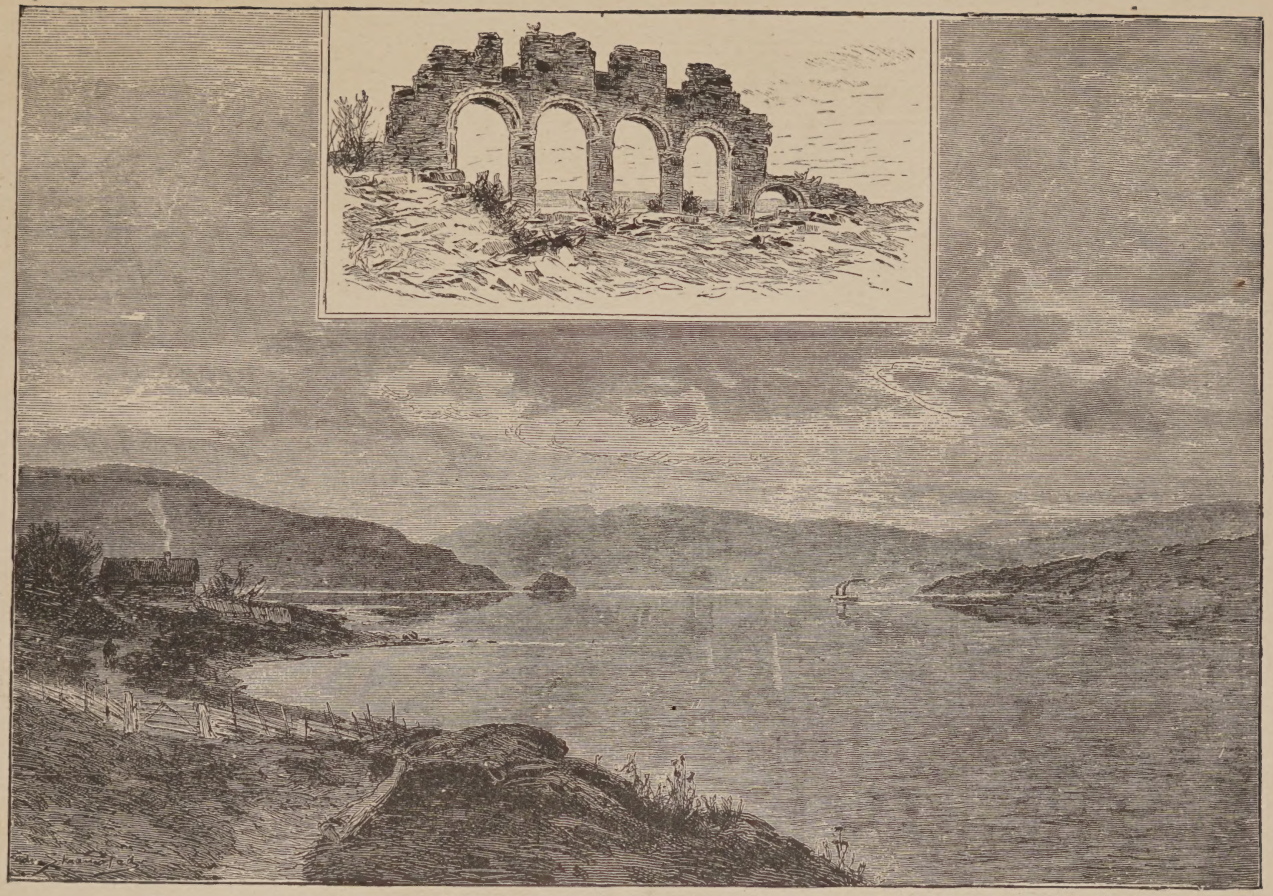
In the course of my travels in Norway I saw specimens of all the formations named in the foregoing description.

On the entire line of railway, at every station there is a sign stating the distance from Christiania and from Trondhjem, and the height of the station above the level of the sea.

Soon to the left appeared Lake Mjesen, the largest in Norway. It is sixty-two English miles long, and ten to eleven wide. We rode many miles along its shore, charmed with the scenery which is like that of Vermont. One hill on the west bank attains to nearly the proportions of a mountain — two thousand three hundred feet high. Woods, meadows, farmhouses, villas, surround the lake.

At Hamar, opposite, in the centre, was a large island, the only one in the lake. Soon a pretty little river, called the Vormen, came into view, which we crossed on an iron bridge sixty-five feet high and one thousand one hundred and eighty feet long. At Hamar we changed to narrow-gauge cars, and began to climb the mountains, ascending through thick woods till nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea.

When one hundred miles of the journey were passed, the Glommen, the largest river in Norway, appeared, and the line ran along its valley for a great distance. At last the mountains grew higher, and their tops were covered with lichens and yellow mosses. The river in the contracted valley was far beneath, and seemed as if immediately under us; we read at the station one thousand four hundred and eighty-five feet above *havet* (the sea) — saw high mountains all around us, and the mighty Tronfield on whose summit the snow never melts. All about were countless pine-trees killed by the winters, when the thermometer sinks sixty degrees below zero. At two hundred and twenty-two miles we saw the Glommen breaking through and dashing over walls of slate. At Tonsæt we stopped for the night — and "let that night be forgotten," for "it hath nothing pleasant to remember."



LAKE MJESEN AND THE RUINS OF HAMAR CATHEDRAL.

Resuming the journey at six in the morning, we continued to climb until the register marked two thousand feet above the sea level. Two hundred and forty-seven miles from Christiania the train stopped at Reros, the gloomiest spot I have ever seen except in the highest altitudes of the Rocky Mountains, or in the Alps just below the snow line, or in the Mammoth Cave.

Winter lasts there nearly nine months; snow may fall at any time. The place owes its existence to copper mines. The people work underground; the trees have been cut down for fuel; corn will not grow there, and Siberia can show few spots more dreary. Thence we ascended to the highest point reached by the railway, two thousand two hundred feet, descending afterward rapidly until within thirty miles of the end of the journey, when a beautiful transformation scene occurred. The country lost its rugged aspect, meadows, quaint farmhouses, and pretty villages appeared, and forests covered the mountains. At last, toward evening of the second day, we arrived at Drontheim.

The name of this ancient city, the classic ground of Norway, is spelled in three ways: Throndhjem, Trondhjem, and on English maps it appears as Drontheim. To give an idea of how far toward the North Pole this city is, it is only necessary to say that it is the same parallel as the south coast of Iceland; namely, sixty-three degrees and thirty minutes north latitude.

In old Norwegian traditions it is always spoken of as "the strength and heart of the country," and by all historians is recognized as the "cradle of the kingdom of Norway." It dates from the year 1016 of the Christian era. St. Olaf gave it its first impulse, and was buried there near the spring. Pilgrims came to the spot from all lands, and five large monasteries and more than twelve churches were built, either for their accommodation or from their contributions.

At the Reformation, which was so sweeping that the Roman Catholics have hardly an existence in Norway, all the pilgrimages ceased, the relics were removed, and the monasteries closed.

The cathedral, successor of the church built at St. Olaf's Well (said

to have sprung up at the spot where he was buried), is, together with the natural scenery and the shipping, the great interest of the place. When I was there the cathedral was not seen to advantage, because the process of restoration was still going on.

Rubbish, scaffolding and workmen were almost everywhere. Still, much of its original beauty, especially the frescoings of the thirteenth century, could be seen.

The harbor is filled with ships from all parts of Europe, and the fiord, or gulf upon which the city is situated, surrounded on all sides by lofty

TRONDHJEM, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NORWAY.

mountains, like most of the sea-coast towns of Norway, makes it interesting to the traveller who never wearies of the useful and noble works of man or of the works of God.

The people have suffered so much from fires that the streets are among the widest in Europe. The climate is severe, the days in winter being very short — only five or six hours — and the winters very long. The average temperature for the month of July being only fifty-three degrees,

the people are fain to cultivate flowers indoors. As one traverses the wide streets, the novel and beautiful spectacle is seen of every window in the houses being filled with flowers in full bloom.

Historically it is interesting to know that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the cathedral was the burial-place of the kings of Norway. But it is still more so to know that, by the Constitution of Norway, since 1814, the successive kings of Norway are compelled to journey to Trondhjem to be crowned in this famous cathedral. Here the present King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., was crowned in 1873.

Trondhjem is the most northerly spot in the world which evangelical missions from the United States have reached.

The public buildings of Trondhjem are not such as to require particular description. It is a small place, having a population of twenty-two thousand six hundred.

We visited the Lunatic Asylum, from which fine views are to be obtained of the surrounding country: the hills in the distance, the fiord, the fortress of Christiansen, "the picturesque Munkholm"—an island on which a monastery, founded in 1028, stood for many years. In that monastery the minister of the Emperor Christian V. was confined from 1680 to 1692. Victor Hugo described the island in his "Han d' Island."

The interior of the Lunatic Asylum did not exhibit the perfection of detail which we find in the best institutions in the United States; but the arrangements for the safety and comfort of the patients seemed adequate. Many of the inmates were peasants, and dressed in the style of the Norwegian peasantry. The female attendants were remarkably vigorous and healthy, and managed the unfortunates committed to their care with mingled good humor and force. When the superintendent learned that we were Americans, he gave us every facility, and remarked that we must not expect poor Norway to rival rich America in its provision for the unfortunate.

In every such institution there is a painful commingling of tragedy and comedy, and he who gleans materials for romances need only acquire a

knowledge of the causes which have produced mental alienation. Here is a young woman, betrayed and ruined by one whom she loved. Yonder a man who was convinced that he had invented something which was to revolutionize the world and reward him in honor and money. The tall man standing in the corner communing with himself, lost all his property through an unfortunate speculation; while the short stout woman who alternates songs with shrieks, is the widow of a sea captain who sailed away upon a voyage which had no end, for he has never returned. He who talks a mixture of English, German, French and Norwegian is a poor old soldier who came home to his native country after a life-time of wandering, and was made wretched by the discovery that all his friends were dead; while not far from him is the son of a rich man who ruined himself by squandering his inheritance. I found here a proof that human nature and its vicissitudes are the same in all countries. The foregoing is not an imaginary sketch, but a brief outline of the histories which were elicited in conversation.

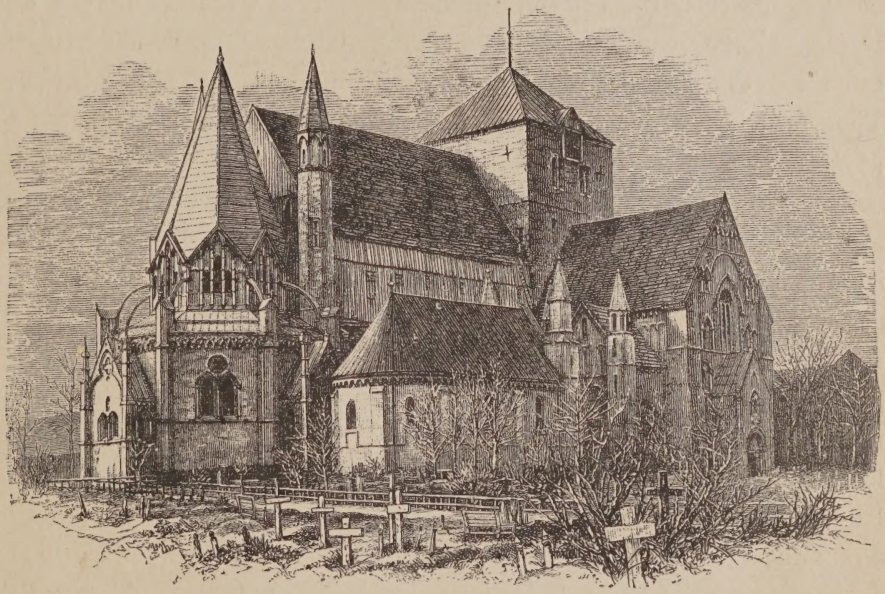
As we were passing along the streets of Trondhjem, Mr. Hendrickson was accosted by a young Norwegian who had been in America for some years working in a manufacturing establishment near his office. He was on a visit to his native land, and though he had little acquaintance with my companion, joyfully recognized him. This young man was very attentive, and the day before we left the city brought from his mother's garden, which was some miles in the country, a large bouquet of roses which he presented to us as a tribute of respect.

But he did us a much greater service. He introduced us to the travelling master-mechanic of The Baldwin Locomotive Works, who had been for many months in Trondhjem, "setting up" some locomotives for the Government railway. It appears that the monster engines, the most powerful in the world, are shipped in pieces and put together on arrival at the place of destination. This requires months of careful work under the superintendence of a master engineer. We visited the works, and received a courteous and full explanation of all the proceedings, from the manufacture of the separate parts, the packing

and shipping, the length of the voyage, the unpacking and setting up, to the final delivery.

An engine of the largest size stood there apparently complete, but through an error in packing a single piece, one of a smaller size having been put in by mistake, it could not be delivered until another arrived from Philadelphia.

Seeing no "cow-catcher," I learned that they are not used in Sweden



ST. OLAF'S CATHEDRAL.

and Norway. Cattle are not allowed to run at large, and the tracks are fenced and carefully guarded.

I noticed that some of the engines had American names, such as Franklin, Jefferson, etc., and asked if they were not changed by the purchasers after delivery. The answer elicited a most interesting incident of King Oscar and "Washington."

The representative of the Baldwin works told us that some years before, he had to deliver a very powerful locomotive to the Swedish Government. A special train of great length, filled with officials, and carry-

ing King Oscar II. and his staff, came to the rendezvous at the time set. It was drawn by two English engines. The plan was for the train to continue to a town a considerable distance beyond, and the line to which was up a very steep grade. The Swedish engineers proposed to take off *one* of the engines and put the new American engine in its place. The agent of the Baldwin Works, confident that it could pull the train unaided, after some trouble persuaded the engineers to consent. Without any difficulty the feat was performed. When the destination was reached King Oscar got out of the train, walked all around, and critically examined the monster engine whose name was the "Washington." Then said he: "Was there anything in that name which enabled it to perform this great feat?"

While in Trondhjem I heard an incident which shows that the tender sentiment will move King Oscar. In a church of that city a young minister assisted the pastor. Among the accessions was a young lady, the daughter of members of the State Church. My informant said that when the younger minister departed "he took this young lady's heart with him, but left his own in exchange." Her parents did not object to her marriage, and they were betrothed. But the law forbids a person to leave the State Church until he or she is nineteen years old. The young lady was but eighteen. They did not wish to wait a year, so the pastor wrote the facts to King Oscar II., whereupon he issued a decree to the Bishop, who made an order to the Provost who communicated the mandate to the *Praest*, that this young lady might leave the church before she was nineteen years old.

I was introduced to one of the persons by another of the three concerned in the transaction.

CHAPTER V.

NORTHWARD ALONG THE NORWEGIAN COAST.

FROM my childhood I have had the greatest respect for the Arctic Circle. A humorous English writer observes that the man who does not revere the Equator shows a destitution of reverence. I have never been wanting in respect for the Equator, but have been profoundly impressed by the Arctic Circle.

The origin of this difference of feeling is too subtle for analysis. Possibly it may be connected with the pictures of polar bears and icebergs which delighted me when in the most impressible period; or with the thrilling accounts of the achievements and sufferings of the explorers who through the ages have sought to reach the pole; or the pathetic tale of Lady Franklin's life-long search for her lost husband.

In later years the graphic descriptions of Longfellow, the very interesting letters published in the *New York Tribune* by the Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, rector of Zion Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, and the recently published work of Paul B. DuChaillu intensified and enlightened the interest. After reading Longfellow I said, "I should like to stand upon the North Cape." At the conclusion of the perusal of Mr. Tiffany's letters, the journey began to seem practicable. On finishing DuChaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," the resolution was formed that the next time I should cross the Atlantic I would stand where he stood, and see what he saw.

My passage to the North Cape, upon the steamer *Harkon Jarl*, had been secured by correspondence before leaving New York. I had also the good fortune to meet in the city of New York the special agent of that line of steamers in Christiania. On arriving in Christiania I called upon the agent, who courteously received me and imparted much valuable information.

Mr. Wahlstrom, a citizen of Trondhjem, to whom we had had letters of introduction, accompanied us to the steamer. We owed to him the consideration received at the Lunatic Asylum, the visit to which was described in the last chapter. I had spent the early part of the evening at his residence. Between ten and eleven o'clock it was light enough for me to see to write a letter. About half-past ten I complained of being unable to see quite distinctly, and asked for a light. After considerable search the lady of the house reported that she could not find any illuminating materials, and apologized by saying that they had had no occasion to use a light for the last three months. Then she raised the curtain, and sufficient light came through the window to make it possible to finish the letter.

At half-past eleven we went on board the steamer. My son and myself were quartered in the post-office, the season being so far advanced that that apartment was no longer used for its original purpose. We had ample accommodations, and the privilege of looking at one hundred and fifty or two hundred pigeon-holes that were empty during the entire voyage. The tables, chairs, abundance of light, ease of motion, and removal from the noise of the rest of the passengers, made the room satisfactory. Our legal travelling companion had a small state-room at some distance from us.

Precisely at midnight we began the voyage of more than one thousand seven hundred miles, going and returning — a voyage which on the ordinary mail steamers requires from twelve to fifteen days, but on the "express boats," that run only while the tourist season lasts, is accomplished in eight or nine days. It was light enough at midnight to read an ordinary newspaper upon the deck of the ship. We soon retired to our berths, and at seven o'clock on Monday morning rose and looked upon a wild scene. The wind was blowing and the sea raging. The steamer itself was a very fine vessel, made for speed and comfort. All its appointments were good; the table laden with very excellent and well-cooked food, with an abundant variety.

It need not be supposed that any hardship whatever attended this

voyage. There was very little seasickness, take it as a whole. With the exception of much rainy weather, it was as comfortable a voyage as I have ever made. For the greater part of the distance the course of the vessel lay within the belt of islands, and very little of the journey was upon the open sea. Views of the ocean, however, were often had. A guide-book truthfully states that a "cruise in one of the coasting steamers rather resembles a stay at a large hotel than a sea voyage."

As the captain and several of the officers spoke both English and German, and were very polite, all reasonable questions were sure of a prompt answer. And as there was no danger at any time, the officers were not compelled to be blunt, as they often are upon the sea-going steamers, but were willing to converse with passengers at almost any length.

Late as the season was, the cabin was well filled. Of Americans there were a gentleman travelling with three ladies, a Unitarian minister from Charlestown, Mass., a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, and our party of three. Of Englishmen there were a young Oxford student, and a young lawyer from Australia accompanied by his uncle, a retired merchant of Glasgow. The Oxford student had considerable reading to do with reference to some examination which he had to pass. A Russian doctor, a very learned man, was accompanied by his daughter. A large number of Germans from different parts of that empire were on board.

It was found that there were representatives of eleven different nations among the passengers, and that of these nine could speak English.

A Swedish sculptress attracted a good deal of attention. She was of masculine appearance, had a different head-dress and travelling suit for every day of the entire trip, and sometimes changed her attire two or three times a day. As a pedestrian, and as a converser with all classes and in several languages, and at the table, she exhibited an energy which, applied to her profession, if directed by taste and skill, must achieve high success.

The Germans were a mirthful party. They smoked, chatted, argued ;

sang, and drank wine and beer from the time we left Trondhjem until we returned. Almost all professions were represented among them — the lawyer, the judge, the railway director, the professor, the physician and the student. Among them was a very small man, who was little more than a dwarf. He had a large head, great simplicity of manners, and fine flow of speech, and did not know when he was laughed at. A huge German said of him, in broken English, that he was "the smallest

TORGHAETTA FROM THE EAST.

man and the biggest fool" on the trip. His politeness, knowledge of books, and general desire to please, made him, however, a pleasant addition to the company.

One of the most interesting experiences of the trip was to note how the various scenes, so unlike anything that most had seen, affected the representatives of different nations. The Scotchman was cool, observant, and laconic. The Germans, stimulated by the wine and beer which they drank, were as expressive and demonstrative as the average Frenchman. The Russian doctor, as became a man who had travelled in many

lands, who was familiar with many literatures, and who could converse in his solemn, stately way in every language spoken on the continent of Europe, was grave and silent except when drawn out in private conversation. What he lacked in fluency of speech his daughter supplied — a pleasant, smiling young lady, who had as much pleasure, in her way, during the tour as any other passenger.

The little Norwegian vessels, with their peculiar "raised cabins," rigged with a single square sail, were seen with their cargoes of wood and dried fish. It is said that these vessels, both in build and rig, are the lineal descendants of the piratical craft of the ancient Vikings, and certainly some of them in their shape much resembled the ship which the writer saw in Christiania. One of these vessels we saw had a cargo of coffins filled with bread and rusk. Another was laden with marble to be used for reconstructing the cathedral at Trondhjem.

The shores were rocky, and in some places covered with fish spread out to dry. Passengers were on the lookout for the marks on the rocks of the white planks in the water used to entrap the salmon, which mistake them for the white waterfalls, and swim into the nets. I was not satisfied that any of these were identified, but they must be somewhere, for the guide-book says so!

As we saw all the scenery of this voyage, passing by night on the journey to the North Cape what we passed by day on the return, I shall make no distinction in the narrative between the night and day voyages. For a long distance the voyage lay through a large number of small islands, from some of which rise hills and conical-shaped rocks, producing a very peculiar effect. A mountain called the *Lecko* is noted for a very singular legend. It is said to represent a giantess who was pursued by her brother while her lover attempted to rescue her. The legend says that the hat of the giantess was pierced by an arrow shot by her lover, when the sun shone through the hole made by the arrow and transformed the maiden into stone as suddenly as Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, the pursuer being at that time "only one hundred and five English miles off." Some of the sailors took off their hats to the Giantess;

but since public attention has been attracted to it, the ancient custom is but little observed.

The next object of marked interest was the island of *Torgen.* The island contains what is called the *Torghaetta,* the meaning of which is the "market hat." This resembles a hat about eight hundred feet high, floating on the sea. Through the centre of this hat is an aperture. In

A NORWEGIAN FISHING VESSEL.

passing through between the island and the mainland the sky is visible on this side. The Torghaetta is a curious natural tunnel, sixty-two feet high at the entrance, two hundred and three in the middle, and two hundred and forty-six on the west side. Like the Giant's Causeway, the sides look as if they had been "artificially chiseled."

In order that we might enjoy the marvellous view from the interior of

the tunnel, of the sea, with its islands and rocks, the steamer came to anchor, and we went ashore. Walking half a mile, we climbed to the entrance, passed through, and those of us who cared to do so, obtained the view, first of the sea from the entrance, then from the centre, and finally from the western end. The view below from the west of the plain includes several small farmhouses standing in the midst of meadows, in which women dressed in bright colors were at work with the men gathering in the hay. It is impossible to imagine a more charming contrast than the view of the cavern within, and the mountains and the sea to the east, and the meadows and farmhouses to the west. Mere words cannot depict it. All that one of the most enthusiastic writers could find to say is this: "The view of the sea, with its countless mountains and rocks, seen from this gigantic telescope, is indescribably beautiful and impressive."

Reclus, the French geographer, describes it thus: "One of the most imposing grottoes in the whole world is that which penetrates the splendid rock of Torghaetten, rising like an enormous pyramid to more than nine hundred feet, on an island of Northern Norway. This gallery, through which seamen see the light glimmering, is of astonishing regularity. The thresholds of the immense portals, one of which has an arch of nearly two hundred and thirty-four feet, and the other of nearly one hundred and forty-four feet span, are found on each side to have the same elevation of three hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. The ground, covered with fine sand, is almost level, and formed like the floor of a tunnel, where carriages might roll. The lateral walls present almost throughout a polished surface, as if they had been cut by the hand of man, and rise vertically to the spring of the arch; only toward the centre of the grotto the vault is less elevated than at the two extremities. Seen through this gigantic telescope, nine hundred feet

THE NATURAL TUNNEL THROUGH TORGHAETTEN.

long, the promontories, islets, innumerable reefs, and the thousand white crests of breakers, form a spectacle of incomparable beauty, especially when the sun illuminates the whole landscape with its rays."

Proceeding north we saw before us the imposing Seven Sisters. On the east, a very lofty mountain, rising three thousand three hundred and eighty feet perpendicularly from the level of the sea, while on the right is a very conspicuous red hill. The Seven Sisters are three thousand feet high, and consist of six mountains, the summit of one of which is

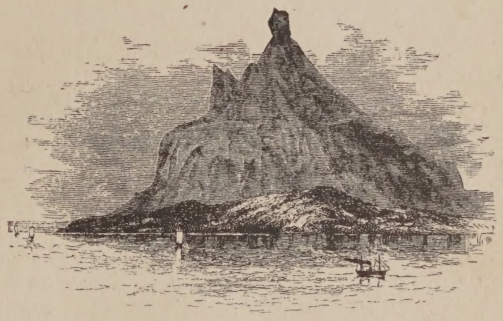
THE SEVEN SISTERS.

divided so as to produce the effect of two. For several hours the view of these seven mountains is the most striking feature of the scenery.

When the "singularly shaped islands of Lovunden and the group of Threnen" came into view all on board were interested. The islands of Lovunden are two thousand feet high, and the group of Thrénen consists of four very precipitous islands which, though thirty miles away, seem

but a very short sail in clear weather. The guide-books quote an ancient Norwegian proverb as follows: "*Se! hvordan han luder den gamle Lovund.*" The translation of this sentence is, "See how it overhangs, the ancient Lovund." Another ancient Norwegian proverb is, "*Hestemanden tute, Lovunden lute, og Threnen er laengere ute.*" The translation of this is, "The Hestemand blows his horn, the Lovund overhangs, the Threnen lies farther out."

Baedeker declares that the Hestemans, one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet high, is the most interesting island in the archipelago. The meaning of this word is "the horseman's island." It certainly greatly resembles a horse and its rider, with a long cloak hanging down from the rider and partly covering the horse. Both the head of the horseman and that of the horse are distinctly seen.



THE HESTEMANS.

Before reaching this point we had become convinced of the truth of a description read before beginning the journey: "The weather, the winds, and the fogs, the play of light and shade, the purity of the atmosphere, are all quite unlike the same natural features in other parts of Europe."

Many years ago when I returned full of enthusiasm, from a first visit to the Alps, and described what I had seen to an old traveller, at the end of each period he would say: "Norway, my friend! Norway! You want to go to Norway!" At last growing impatient, I said,

"You don't appear to consider the Alps worth seeing."

"O yes," said he, "they are; but you want to go to Norway, my friend. There the ocean and the mountains struggle for the supremacy. The atmosphere serves them both; its translucent purity makes the ocean greater, the mountains more sublime. You wish that you were an eagle and might fly from the summit of the loftiest mountain down to the sea and catch a fish, and then soar to the mountain tops to eat it."

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG THE GLACIERS BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

AT this point we crossed the Arctic Circle in latitude sixty-six degrees fifty minutes. The Government has erected a peculiar monument there. As I passed the Arctic Circle, and found myself within the limits of the North Frigid Zone, I confess to have been more thrilled than I had ever been up to that time.

The Glacier of the Svartisen is "an enormous mantle of snow and ice," equal to anything in Switzerland — forty-four miles long and twelve miles wide, containing five hundred square miles, and extending over a vast mountain plateau which is between four thousand and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Down from this lofty plain, from which rise a few elevations, giving it the appearance of a succession of peaks, the glacier descends, reaching within a few feet of the sea. On the way north we saw these beneath the evening light, and on the way back, at two P. M., we went ashore and explored the glacier for two or three hours. At its base is a large lake, in the centre of which there were some islands of yet unmelted ice, while the stream which ran from the glacier was about thirty feet in width and six or eight feet in depth, and ran with the force and beauty of a cataract toward the sea. It has a short journey into the ocean, accomplished in less than five minutes. Leaving the large number of passengers, who were wandering up the glacier, I pursued this stream up to its source, and, standing in the hollow, surrounded by vast masses of ice, beyond the reach of human voice, and out of sight of anything that man has made, beholding on either side "the precipitous, black, jagged rocks, forever shattered, and the same forever," the scene which I then saw was as worthy of the genius of Coleridge as the Valley of Chamouni. Then, climbing up on the

hill just opposite the glacier, I gazed upon the lake and upon the mountains. Turning around, I saw before me the sea. Upon it were a few fishing-smacks. In the distance a small steamer could be seen making its way to the south, and at anchor, a few yards from the shore, lay the *Harkon Jarl,* a thing of beauty, while about it careered the sea-fowl, watching for the offal which from time to time was thrown overboard.

Amid all this desolation a little farmhouse, standing in the midst of a meadow, but with various indications of civilization, was not the least

ON THE EDGE OF THE SVARTISEN GLACIER.

pleasing to the eye. Without it, "the convulsive and resistless elements of nature" were, indeed, sublime, but merciless and cold. With it, the shipwrecked sailor or exhausted traveller may hope to find warm hearts and kindly welcome.

As we proceeded northward we caught our first glimpse of the Lofoden Islands. The very remarkable promontory of Kunnen, lacking only five feet of being two thousand feet above the level of the sea, was a striking object. It is visited by most tremendous storms, and the breakers are frequently fifteen to twenty fathoms in height. The sea

was quite smooth when we passed, and still the waves dashed ominously against the base of the promontory. Not far from this could be seen the open sea, and a very slight addition to the motion which we had at that time would have produced seasickness.

A PINNACLE OF THE SVARTISEN GLACIER.

The natural history of Norway informs us that when we reach this promontory and the fjord called *Beierenfjord* — a very narrow gulf, on each side of which are very high mountains of extreme steepness — we have reached the northernmost limit of a tree with which all travellers are quite familiar — the silver fir. From this point the scenery becomes still more grand. Snow-clad mountains were still all around us, and in every direction peaks that seem to pierce the sky with such wonderful brightness that they seemed worthy of the poet's description.

Bathed in heaven's own light,

were so close to the fleecy clouds that it was not easy to say where the earth ended and the sky began.

The steamer entered the Saltenfiord. Fortunately the weather admitted a transient view of the Sulitjelma. The best description of this

"spectacle of surpassing grandeur" that I have seen, is by an author to me unknown. The paragraph, quoted in various works, always without the author's name, is prosaic in style, but furnishes materials of which the reader, if a lover of the sublime, can form a vivid picture for himself.

"The extensive pedestal of the gigantic Sulitjelma, which is formed of a kind of mica-slate as hard as glass, rises almost immediately from the Langvand, extends from east to west for upwards of a mile, slopes towards the south, and ascends again at its northern margin, where it is four thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea-level, and where, with its various peaks, it assumes a nearly semi-circular form. The mountain is covered with enormous masses of snow, which have forced the glacier to descend seven hundred feet below the snow line, and it culminates in two colossal peaks, often concealed by clouds, the northernmost of which is six thousand four hundred and eighty-five feet in height, while between them the tongue of the glacier descends into the narrow valley. The South peak is divided by a deep cleft into two rocky pinnacles, which, as well as the North peak, rise in tremendous precipices from the glacier below. To the North extends the vast and gently sloping glacier of the Blaamand, and to the South the mountain is adjoined by the flat Lairofjeld."

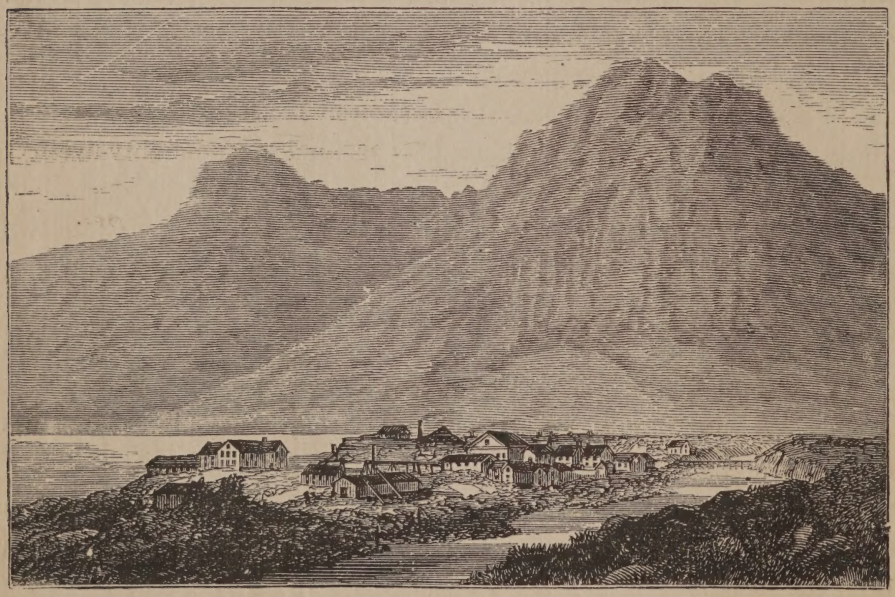
Guide-books say that the name Sulitjelma is a compound word of Lapp origin signifying "threshold of the island world." They also state that the word Blaamand which appears in the above quotation, is derived from a mass of blue glacier ice somewhat resembling a human figure, which becomes visible when the snow melts.

The great difference between Alpine and Norwegian coast mountain scenery is in this: that it is impossible to see the high Alps except at a great distance from a low point, or from a lofty elevation which is nearer to them. Whereas the mountains of Norway rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, and present a greater mass to the eye of the observer than can be seen from any one point in Alpine scenery. I am aware of the fact that the view of Mont Blanc from the Breven, and the Col de Balme, and some of the views from the Rege and Lake Luzerne approach, but

am convinced that they do not equal the spectacle presented when standing upon a ship's deck at a distance of less than half a mile from a mountain mass almost perpendicularly projected upward from seven to eight thousand feet — two thirds of the stupendous bulk being above the snow line.

At last, a wild rocky harbor opened before us, and the steamer came to anchor at Bodo.

This is an important place. All the steamers call at Bodo for coal, and even the express steamers make quite a long stay. It has a popula-



VIEW OF THE LOFODENS.

tion of fifteen or sixteen hundred, and boasts an old stone church, which has in it ancient pictures and coats-of-arms of noble Danish families. Just a little beyond the town can be seen at the right a few of the Lofoden Islands, and at the left a lofty, snowy range, and far in the south the Svartisen, previously described.

The upper margin of the Midnight Sun appears for the first time to the inhabitants of Bodo on the thirtieth of May, its centre on the first of

June, and the whole disk on the third of June. From that time until the eighth of July the whole sun is above the horizon. On the tenth its centre is seen for the last time, on the twelfth of July the margin disappears, and from the twelfth of July the night increases, until finally it becomes perpetual. If one, therefore, does not wish to go any further than Bodo, and arrives there at any time between the third of June and the eighth of July, he may see the Midnight Sun and live in its beams, unless clouds should intervene, for the entire period. As we did not reach Bodo until late in July, while the days were twenty-one or twenty-two hours long, the Midnight Sun was not visible. If it had been we could not have seen it, for a heavy mist hung dark over the scene for the greater part of the time that we were there.

Louis Philippe King of the French from 1830 to 1848, the immediate predecessor of Louis Napoleon, visited Bodo under extraordinary circumstances. His career was of the most stormy character in the early part of his life. In 1793 he was suspected of having taken part in the conspiracies of Dumouriez. It was proposed to offer a reward for his head. His father, the famous Philippe Egalité, was arrested. Louis Philippe, his sister, and Madame de Genlis spent some time in wandering about. Even the monks of St. Gothard would not give him shelter. Afterward he gave lessons in mathematics and geography, under the assumed name of Chaboud La Toure, at a boarding-school in Switzerland. Then he went to Hamburg, in March, 1795, expecting to come to the United States, having secured the friendship of Gouverneur Morris, then our Minister in France. But he could not start upon the tour until 1796. Thinking to go where he could not be pursued, between March, 1795, and January, 1796, he explored Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland. When he arrived at Bodo, he took the name of Muller. He was at this time accompanied by the famous Montjoye, who travelled under the assumed name of Froberg. They show the place where Louis Philippe was entertained, and a room in the house named for him.

Celebrated men make the places which they visit celebrated. This ancient Norwegian town was worthy of a visit before Louis Philippe, was

entertained there. Its worthiness brought him there. But it accounts him among the most celebrated of its visitors. In 1796, when he was there, no steamer conveyed him safely from point to point, but in the small Norwegian ships, scarcely as large as an average fishing-smack, he went slowly from harbor to harbor.

It has been intimated that a diary of the tour is accessible, and abounds with many interesting observations made by him and Montjoye, but I do not know that such a diary ever existed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS AND THE MAELSTROM.

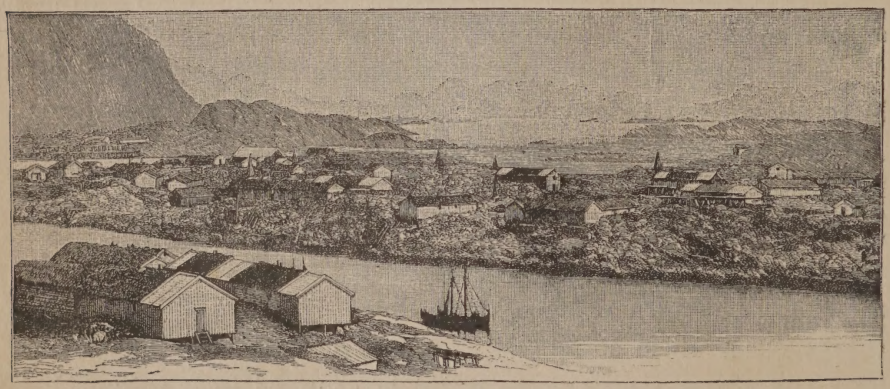
WE had already been fascinated by the magnificent appearance of the Lofoden Islands as seen from the deck of the steamer before reaching Bodo. All day long and far into the night we never tired of the surprising succession of cloud, mountain, glacier, island and ocean billows.

Of these islands, Kieth Johnston's London Geography says: "The most important of the many lofty islands with which the Atlantic coast of Norway is studded is the mountainous, granitic group of the Vesteraalen (sixty-eight degrees to sixty-nine degrees north), which runs out southwestward like a long promontory broken through by narrow tortuous fissures. The largest of the group is Hindoe, fifty miles long, and the five islands furthest to the southwest, including the West-Fjord, are the Lofoden, which sometimes give their name to the whole group." This is a correct statement, as might be expected from such authority and from such a work — the best general and descriptive geography in the world; but it gives no more idea of the spectacle than a statement of the mathematical measurements of the sun affords of the brilliancy of its light at noonday. The islands of these chains are separated by such narrow streams that at a distance of a few miles it seems difficult to believe that they consist of different bodies of land, for no opening in the chains of mountains is visible.

Another writer says: "This chain forms a perfect mass of mountains, bays and straits, interspersed with thousands of small rocky islets." The mountains rise immediately from the sea. Some of them are nearly four thousand feet in height, and constitute a kind of wall — in fact, the whole range is called the "Lofoden Wall" — and above it

are innumerable pinnacles figuratively spoken of as "sharks' teeth." Most of them are covered with snow, and such as are not are spread with green moss, which, in damp weather, looks as if it were charged with electricity.

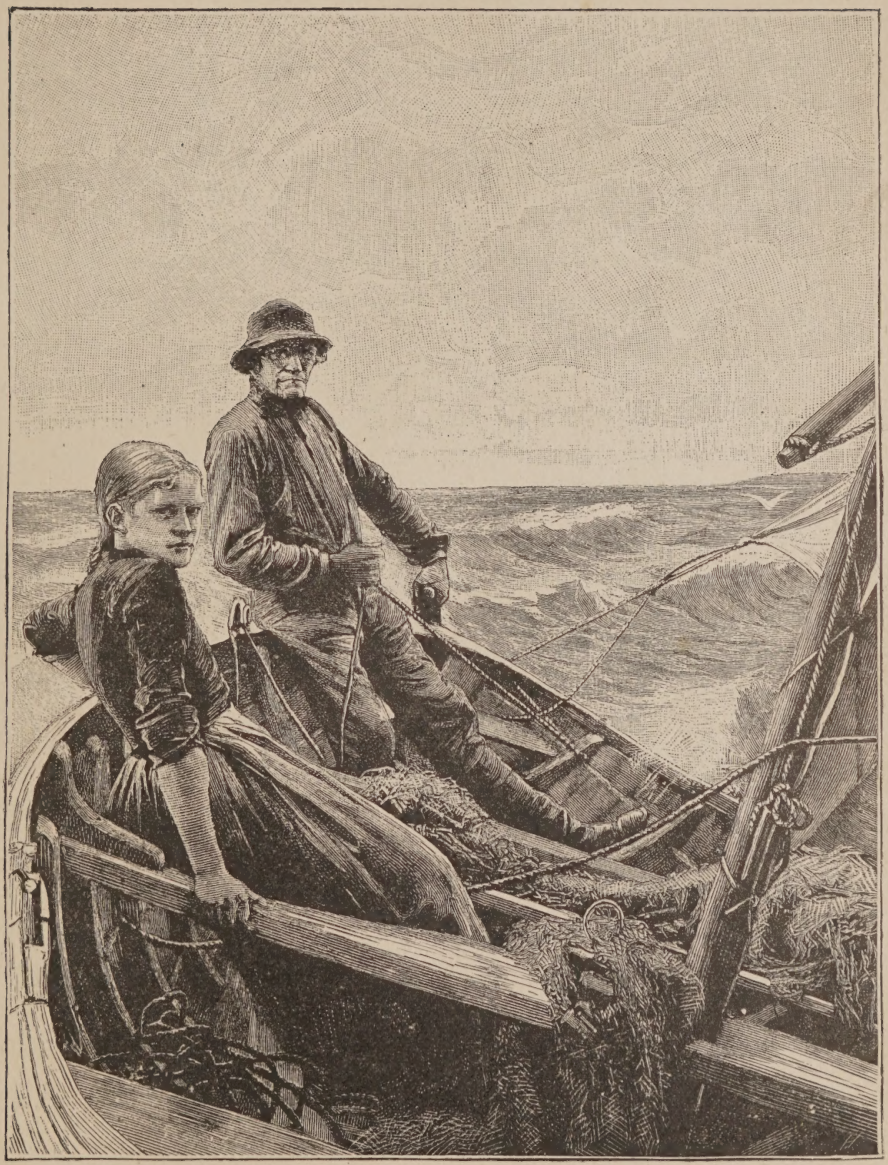
A traveller states that along the harbors the largest vessels look like nutshells as they lie close to the walls of rock several thousand feet high. On one side these islands are beaten by the wild waves of the Arctic Ocean, and not far from them on the other runs the Gulf Stream. We had a glimpse of them at ten o'clock at night, while the sun was still up and the moon was as pale as an ordinary cloud. On the return voyage



THE LOFODENS.

wild clouds were driven about the sky, broken and rent by the silent mountain peaks, while the wind, echoing from the hills nearer at hand, produced an effect which would justify some of the weird, mythical representations of the battles of Odin and Thor.

The business of the Lofoden Islands is fishing. There is hardly anything for the people to live on upon them, but much around them. Twenty-five thousand fishermen are employed upon the coasts, remaining there only about three months. They are brought up upon steamers from below, and the *Harkon Jarl*, among others, is used for the purpose of transporting them ; and though the vessel has accommodations for only about one hundred cabin passengers, it is allowed to carry one thousand of these sailors. This permission is given only upon condition that the



A FISHING BOAT.

steamer under no circumstances goes into the open sea. The fishermen employ five thousand to six thousand small boats, and fish about the banks, which are within a mile of the islands. The shoals of cod are so dense that, on their way to the great banks farther north, which run as far north as Spitzbergen, fishermen can catch them as fast as they can throw in their lines. An average haul for the season is six thousand cod per boat. The whole yield has been known to reach thirty million. Small huts are built for the accommodation of the fishermen. An additional minister is stationed upon the island during the season, for the purpose of performing services wherever the greater number of fishermen are.

To keep the peace, no opportunity is given for the purchase of spirits. Fishermen make a great deal of money in good seasons. Some very queer things are done here. After the fish are cleaned, and dried on wooden frames, they are called *torfisk*. If they are slightly salted and dried on rocks, they are called *klipfisk*. The *torfisk* go to Italy, the *klipfisk* to Spain. The heads, which were formerly thrown away, are now dried by fire, pulverized, and used for manure. In some places they are boiled with seaweed, and then fed to cattle. This practically changes the cattle from herbivorous to carnivorous animals.

Great numbers of sailors lose their lives in this work, especially in what is called the winter fishery. When a gale from the west springs up, they cannot get back in their little boats to the islands. They are driven forty or fifty miles off across the fjord, and often upset. When the boats are picked up the knives of the crew can sometimes be found stuck into the outside of the vessel, where the poor men held on until they were exhausted. Some boats have handles for the purpose. On the eleventh of February, 1848, five hundred fishermen perished in this way. The islands are one hundred and thirty of our miles in length — that is, the entire chain of Lofoden and Vesteraalen.

I have collected and given the above facts that some idea of life upon the Lofoden Islands may be imparted. I heard so many descriptions, and saw so many who had witnessed this lively scene, and for so many

hours in going and coming saw the islands, that it almost seems as if I had been present during the fishing season.

DuChaillu, speaking of them, says: "They are unsurpassed in their wild beauty. The tempestuous sea beats almost the entire time against their walls. The warm Gulf Stream laves their shores. As one sails among them their fantastic forms are ever changing in appearance, some of their peaks appearing like needles against the blue sky. Their outlines stand out clear and sharp, and their color grows dimmer and dimmer as they fade away from sight like a vision of the sea. No wonder that in ancient times the mariner regarded them almost with reverence, and believed that a maelstrom should guard their approach from the south, so beautiful are they."

I must be permitted to say that "beautiful" is not the word to apply to these mountain islands. They answer Edmund Burke's description of the sublime, and fully confirm and illustrate the statement of that great critic: "What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city, but the hoary mountain and the solitary lake — the aged forest and the torrent falling over the rock — the awful precipice — the ocean, not from its extent alone, but from the perpetual motion and resistless force of that mass of waters." All these elements are united in this scenery, and not in a low, but in the highest, degree.

We now drew near the Maelstrom. The real name of this extraordinary whirlpool is the Moskoestrom. It is near the southern extremity of the archipelago of the Lofoden Islands. There are several other races or whirlpools of the same sort, and one very extraordinary, called the Saltstrom, is found further south, which consists of three very narrow straits, through which great masses of water have to pass four times daily as the tide pours in and out. They form a tremendous cataract, and during spring tides it is stated by Baedeker that no vessel dares to attempt the passage, and that the violence of the cataract has even proved destructive to whales. There is only an hour or two at high or low

tide when a steamer can pass through. Baedeker also states that this surpasses the Maelstrom. But it is not so generally known, nor are there connected with it the legends which have furnished so many poets and orators with similes and metaphors surpassed in terribleness only by the octopus or devil-fish. The explanation of the Maelstrom can be found in *The Ocean*, by Elisée Réclus, who says: "The somber imagination of Northern peoples, always tending to the creation of monsters, saw in the strait of the Maelstrom an awful polyp with arms several hundred yards in length, which caused the waters to whirl in an immense eddy in order to draw ships into it and engulf them. From this ancient legend there is even yet remaining with many the idea that this current is a sort of abyss in the form of a funnel, which floating objects approach by degrees, forming nearer and nearer circles, until they finally plunge forever into this revolving wheel. But it is nothing of the sort. The only eddies are small lateral ones, produced by the meeting of currents, and hardly two or three yards deep."

Certainly the funnel idea existed until at a comparatively recent day. I remember to have heard a very eminent minister appall a congregation by a description of the Maelstrom, myself being conscious of his spell. He represented the sinner as in a bark, sailing gayly along, with a clear sky overhead and a favoring but not too strong wind. All was bright, beautiful and hopeful. He, with his friends, was engaged in playing cards upon the deck, and did not notice the tendency of the vessel to a circular movement. At first it was very slight. But after a while the seamen became conscious that they were moving in a circle. They sprang up in alarm, and cried, "The Maelstrom! the Maelstrom!" But the sinner enjoyed the motion, and was still intent upon his game, and would not give heed to the warning cry. At this time, according to the minister, the bark was supposed to be about twenty-five miles from the danger, and it was easy to escape it. But on and on went the ship, drawing still nearer and nearer, and at last it began to move with terrific fury. The seas seemed to assume the form of a vast caldron, around the sides of which the bark moved at the rate of thirty or forty miles an

hour. Now every effort was made. The mariners struggled against the tide, but all in vain, and at last, with one wild despairing cry of terror, the vessel straightened up and, assuming the perpendicular, shot down into the centre, disappearing forever from sight, and the shrieks of the victims mingled with the dashing of the waves and the howling of the winds.

Such descriptions of the Maelstrom are chiefly fanciful. The phenomenon is produced by the water rushing through a narrow strait between the island of Moskene, within a few miles of which we sailed, and a large and solitary rock which lies in the middle of the strait. In 1859 the Norwegian Hydrographic Survey included the examination of the Maelstrom in its official reports.

The facts are these: When the wind is steady, and not too violent, at flood and ebb tide, the whirlpool is still for half an hour. Any boats may then pass through. Half-way between flood and ebb tide it becomes violent. Boats would then be in danger. At certain times it can be passed at any state of the tide by steamers and large vessels with a steady wind. In winter — in storms — it is highly dangerous for any vessel to attempt to pass through. In winter, when a storm is blowing from the west the strait runs eastward at the rate of six knots an hour. But in certain states of the wind the whole stream boils in mighty whirlpools, against which the largest steamer could not successfully contend.

According to the official statistics the stream during westerly gales runs in strong whirls with a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. At such times it would be impossible for the most powerful steamer to escape destruction. But it is obvious and indisputable that whirls would not draw vessels to the bottom, but would dash them against the rocks, and, in the case of smaller vessels, fill them with water and sink them. Nor is there any attraction at any great distance from the straits tending to draw vessels therein. No doubt small boats within a radius of a few miles would get into a current difficult to resist, but the whole theory of the gradual tendency at a long distance, slowly increasing, and finally

constituting a funnel in which vessels are dashed in pieces, is a delusion. We passed through a similar strait on our voyage, waiting for the tide to allow us to do so, and had the opportunity to observe the phenomenon.

The steamer continued its journey in the midst of scenery more grand than anything to be found upon the lakes of Switzerland. Indeed, if one were to imagine Lake Luzerne five hundred miles long, and himself riding upon a steamer through its whole course, nothing grander than this Norwegian scenery would be seen. By glacial action the lower part of the mountains has been worn smooth, "while their summits are pointed and serrated like the Aiguilles [Needles] of Mont Blanc." In some of the narrow straits through which the steamer passes it is possible to see the bottom at one hundred and fifty feet. Gissund is such a strait, and the water is of a clear, green color. Soon, reaching the West Fjord, the entire Lofoden range comes into view. The sea itself adds immensely to the effect, while as one turns to the mainland, hundreds of snow-clad peaks, with here and there waterfalls of great height, appear. So wondrous is the general effect that sometimes scenery, which would give many parts of Europe a world-wide fame, here appears tame.

One of the grandest spectacles was an expanse of water resembling a lake, having in the background high snow-mountains. Who, without seeing it, can imagine the effect? A huge mountain with a large glacier and a magnificent cataract upon the left of the fjord where it is less than a quarter of a mile wide, and on the right a peculiar peak rising perpendicularly above four thousand one hundred and twenty feet. This spectacle we saw both in sunshine and in storm. All along were snow-clad mountains, lofty promontories, glimpses of the open sea, gulfs as quiet as though the wind never blew there, harbors from which there seemed to be no exit, when suddenly the lofty mountains would open and leave a space not much larger than the steamer required — mountains over five thousand feet high, exactly resembling extinct volcanoes, clouds upon their summits, and mists ascending and descending, with here and there little patches of meadow: steamers, and fishing-boats appearing

and disappearing, sometimes near at hand, and at other times at great distances, the sun not disappearing until nearly midnight, and the twilight continuing until the sun returned after the absence of two or three hours.

Finally we reached Tromsöe. This is a very important place. It has nearly six thousand inhabitants, is situated on an island consisting exclusively of shelly rock with a slight coating of vegetable mold. It is a very warm place for one in such a high latitude, and contains many objects of

TROMSÖE.

great interest. The influence of the ocean upon it is such that while a short distance inland the average annual temperature is twenty-nine degrees, and the average in the month of January five degrees, at Tromsöe the average annual temperature is twenty-five and three fifths, and that of January twenty-three degrees.

Here is something not often seen in Norway — a Roman Catholic church. Tromsöe looks very much like any prosperous town of Europe. It has several large shops; many of the inhabitants speak English and German, and some French in addition to Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish. Russian is not unknown. The streets are properly laid

out, and from the centre of the town snow-clad mountains can be seen. The view is not altogether unlike that of the Wahsatch Mountains from the streets of Salt Lake City. There is also a museum containing many ethnographic curiosities, and a department of natural history, in which there is an excellent collection of zoölogical specimens. Grammar schools, a kind of normal institute for teachers, banks, telegraph offices, and other fruits of civilization, are here to be found at sixty-nine degrees thirty-eight minutes north latitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE LAPLANDERS.

WE spent altogether nearly twenty-four hours at Tromsöe, and were much interested in wandering about the harbor. Several German and French, and one or more Dutch vessels, were there.

Tromsöe exports fish, herrings, oil and furs. Seeing certain vessels employed in the Russian trade, and others which were being equipped for voyages to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, for the capture of seals and walruses, gave us a realizing sense of our high northern latitude.

A very interesting detour was a visit to an encampment of Lapps. In Norway there are about eighteen thousand Lapps, and in Sweden and Russia about twelve thousand more. The ancient race that once ruled the whole of Scandinavia has dwindled to thirty thousand. Nearly two thousand of the Lapps in Norway still wander from place to place, and within four or five miles of Tromsöe there is a Lapp encampment, to be reached in a walk of an hour or an hour and a half. Boats and guides are telegraphed for by the captain before the arrival of the steamer, and as soon as the party is made up they cross the Sound, about one thousand five hundred feet wide, and enter the Tromsdal.

Some of the heavy Germans had to ride, and the horses provided, though small and short-limbed like all the Norwegian horses, did not seem to mind the weight of two hundred and eighty pounds in one case, and two hundred and fifty in another, and walked where the ground was soft and marshy, and trotted where it was hard, entirely indifferent to the puffing, heavy rider. At last a sort of valley in the shape of a huge basin was reached. On one side rose mountains, and on the other hills, down which plunged two or three waterfalls.

Here is settled a colony of Lapps from Northern Sweden. There is a

treaty between Sweden and Norway one hundred and thirty years old which provides that Swedish Lapps can go to the coast of Norway in summer, and Norwegian Lapps can go inland to Sweden in winter. There were five families. Their huts, made of stone, birch-bark, and turf, without a window, but with a hole at the top to let out smoke and admit light, are called *gammer*. In the centre a fire is always burning, and over it hangs a pot, and around it, upon the ground, lie the family. They have a herd of five thousand reindeer. But there is a little enclosure into which several hundred of them are driven to be milked and exhibited to travellers.

LAPP HUT.

I remained there until the party had got some distance on the way back to Tromsöe, carefully observing this most peculiar people. We were recommended to drink the reindeer milk. I did not, because I saw the Lapp women milk the animals. Up to that time I supposed that nothing could prevent me from trying any experiment that came in my way. I had been able on the Western plains to drink milk from which insects of three kinds were removed in my presence, and a specimen of a fourth kind found at the bottom of the tumbler, and had risen up with composure; but when I saw the Lapp women milk the reindeer, I made up my mind that unless there was some process of washing the milk, I would not touch it. The animals were shedding their coats at the time, and the Lapp women, after milking, clutched a handful of hair from the side of the animal, used it as a kind of towel upon the udder, then wiped their hands with the aforesaid hair, and, for a reason which I could not discern, placed the hair in a bag, which they carried at their sides.

Perceiving that capillary specimens were largely mixed with the milk, I cannot tell how reindeer milk tastes. The guide-book says that it is

drunk diluted with water, and that it is very rich and sweet. The reindeer are milked only twice a week. Lapps live upon it, making a cheese out of it, which is their main food of this kind in the winter.

It is exciting to see them catch the reindeer. One of the short, sturdy Lapps would take a lasso, and advance upon a herd of perhaps a hundred, and with unerring precision throw the lasso around the horns of an animal who meekly submitted. We saw two or three hundred reindeer run perhaps an eighth of a mile. I had always fancied the greyhound the most agile runner. It is still my ideal of graceful running. But the reindeer seemed to make no effort. Their motion through the air was suggestive of flying rather than any kind of locomotion upon the surface of the earth.

The Lapps are very shrewd. Most of them can read. They make a number of interesting articles: fur boots, fur bags, spoons made of reindeer horn and bone; and in the centre of the bowls of these spoons appears a sketch of a reindeer made by the Lapps. If the spiritual rapping mediums had knee joints like reindeer their fortune would be made. When the animal moves, the joints emit sounds like an electric battery. It is well known that many of the rapping mediums produce raps in this way.

The Fox girls were thus detected and exposed. When their feet were placed upon pillows they could get no brace, and therefore could not produce the rap, and were always silent unless they could get their feet off the pillows, which they were several times detected in making the attempt to do. Boys sometimes have the same power of cracking their muscles, as it is called. But the reindeer when they move, constantly produce a sharp, cracking sound, much like the cocking of a pistol or an old-fashioned musket.

These Lapps were very dirty, and were dressed from head to foot in garments made of reindeer skins, with the fur turned inside. Both men and women were short, and thickset. It is a mistake to suppose that they are of dark complexion, as generally represented. Their faces so appear, but this is a result of dirt and the effects of the wind. I saw

HERD OF REINDEER IN LAPLAND.

both a man and a woman roll up their sleeves, and their arms were as white as those of an average citizen of the United States. Infants are kept clear of vermin by being washed once a day. But they soon get very filthy.

The most comical scene I saw in the whole journey was a little Lapp baby, just able to walk, dressed heavily in garments like those of his parents. He had in one hand a huge sausage, and in the other a piece of bread, and was crying. The tears were running from his eyes. He was wailing, and, in the interval of the wails, was breaking off a piece of the sausage and a piece of the bread, and trying to continue wailing while masticating the huge mouthfuls. Usually a crying child will excite sympathy in the hardest heart if the said child is not in a public assembly, or has not worn out the nerves of the listeners. But on this occasion, as there was obviously not suffering enough to divert his attention from the sausage, he got little sympathy.

LAPP CRADLE.

I wish that I could place before the reader a true picture of these Lapps, their tents, the cradles of their babies, their reindeer, and their dogs. The cradle is made of a single piece of wood, little less than three feet long, and perhaps eighteen or twenty inches wide, covered with a skin. It looks like a canoe or a shoe. In very cold weather they put extra skins on, the mothers sling the cradles over their shoulders, and carry them around the country.

I was interested to inquire on what the Lapps live. Of the reindeer

milk and cheese I have already spoken. Of course they eat the meat of reindeer, and a great deal of fish. They bake bread in charcoal, using no yeast in connection with it. They dry the blood of the reindeer, and turn it into a powder, mix it with flour, and make a porridge of it. Sometimes they mix it up with warm water, and make pancakes of it. It is said to be very nutritious. I asked about it, and if I could have remained until the next day, and stayed in one of their *gammers,* they would have made me a specimen. But I was satisfied that if I tarried with them I should have considerable company when I left.

LAPP WOMAN.

The reindeer is the physical salvation of the Laplanders. They eat even his intestines, after carefully cleaning them. The skin is used to make gloves and shoes. The sinews are employed for threads. The bladders make their bags. The horns and hoofs are sold for glue.

Lap dogs, when the lap is spelled with one *p*, few persons except their owners have any respect for, most people agreeing with Julius Cæsar, of whom Plutarch, in his opening sentence of the life of Pericles, thus speaks : "When Cæsar happened to see some persons in Rome carrying some young dogs and monkeys in their arms, he asked whether the women in their country never bore any children, thus reproving with a proper severity those who lavish upon brutes that natural tenderness which is due only to mankind." Still, I have not forgotten what the philosophical humorist says : "To me there seems to be but little in a poodle. Nevertheless, I am glad there is a poodle; for if there were not some folks would have nothing left to live for or love in this world." But whatever anyone may have said or thought or felt about lap dogs with one *p*, I have a profound respect for these Lapp dogs. So fierce are the wolves and the bears in the mountains that the Lapps are compelled to have regular watches in the winter, and relieve them with as much regularity as sailors

relieve each other. And every "man, woman, and grown child, and maid-servant has his or her own dogs, which obey and listen only to the voice of their owners." Every one of these Lapps had a dog, apparently, and they paid little or no attention to the strangers. Only one dog out of the whole number reciprocated any attentions paid to him. They look as if they had been accustomed to hard living. Du Chaillu says about them: "In order to keep them hardy, strong and healthy, they are treated roughly and never overfed, and are not allowed to rest until their owner does. Indeed, they seem to get only the food they can steal. They are exceedingly brave, and not afraid of wolves and bears, which they attack with great cunning, taking great care not to be bitten by them, and choosing their time and place to bite." He also says that some of them look very much like small bears. He records that he saw some without tails, said to belong to a peculiar variety, and to have come from ancestors whose tails at first were always cut off. I saw one dog without a tail, but I also saw that, if he had not been abused, he could have said with the poet, "I could a tale unfold."

A TYPE OF LAPP.

It was amusing to see the dogs keep the reindeer together. It is said that panics sometimes seize the herds, and that a thousand of them will scatter in every direction. The Lapp dogs are equal to the Scotch shepherd dogs in this particular. I was told by a Lapp who spoke a little English that they rely a good deal on the scent of the deer to know whether the wolves are coming. In the winter time they collect a force and pursue the wolves on snow-shoes, as they cannot get away when the snow is deep. These now-shoes I saw. They resemble somewhat those used in this country and Canada. In the vicinity of a cottage which I sometimes occupy in New Hampshire in the summer, forty deer were caught in one winter by men upon snow-shoes, in the same way that Lapps pursue wolves.

The Lapps are great drinkers of alcoholic liquors. They are very sharp at a bargain, and know precisely what they want; but after they have dealt with the visitor and got their money they go either that day or the next day to Tromsöe to purchase the necessaries of life, and, like too many of our own countrymen, spend the surplus for rum. A few days after we were at their camp, I saw three or four of them staggering about the streets of Tromsöe miserably drunk.

GROUP OF LAPPS.

I had an amusing encounter with one of the Lapps who had been drinking a little. He had something to sell which I did not want. He offered it to me, and made signs which showed how much money he wanted. I offered him only two thirds of the amount, and held up the money. He would not take it. Then I increased the amount very slightly. He would not take it. A Norwegian woman, who spoke the Lapp language, denounced him as "a fool." Then he came down a little, but I would not budge. Then I raised the price slightly, but he went up to the price first named, refusing anything less. The Norwegian woman again denounced him as "a fool," and I turned to walk toward the ship, followed by him and a large crowd. He ran in front of me, being about five feet high, and stuck the article in my face. I then went back to my original offer, shook my head, and started for the vessel. The Norwegian woman still denounced him as "a fool;" and finally he took what I offered. The captain said that he would have taken less.

A WATERFALL.

obstruction to safe navigation than the ordinary fog. The Norwegian name is *Skoddebuer; skodde* signifying mist, and *bue*, bow. Here and there lonely islands, destitute of trees or vegetation, began to appear. At last we reached the Kaago, which lacks only thirteen yards of being four thousand feet high.

From this point, in every direction, the view, if nothing else could be seen, is an ample reward for the time taken to make the journey. Looking south and west there is an immense chain of mountains, most of them covered far up their sides with glaciers. These mountains are from five thousand to six thousand five hundred feet in height, and so nearly perpendicular as they rise from the sea that they appear to be higher than Pike's Peak or Gray's Peak in the Rocky Mountains. I have stood upon the summit of Gray's Peak, and seen the amazing mountain masses that surround it, but among them all there was not one that gave such an impression of perpendicular height as is to be obtained here. In this part of the world the snow-line — that is, the line above which snow never melts entirely away — is only about three thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. This will give, in some cases, two thousand five hundred feet perpetual snow above this line, from which descend glaciers of vast size. They come down into the valleys, and form at the base lakes similar to that at the foot of the glacier of Svartisen. From these streams run out into the sea.

Another feature of the stupendous scene is the perpendicular waterfalls of great height which plunge down the rocky sides. Only the Yosemite can parallel them. Some plunge down with great rapidity; others break up into spray like the famous Staubbach in the valley of Lauterbrunnen in Switzerland, which has often been compared to the folds of a lace veil, but was by Lord Byron compared to the tail of the white horse in the Apocalyptic Vision.

A strange optical illusion frequently attracted attention. At a distance of a few miles some of these waterfalls of a deep green color appear to descend so very slowly, estimated in connection with their apparent perpendicularity, as to overthrow the laws of perspective. The

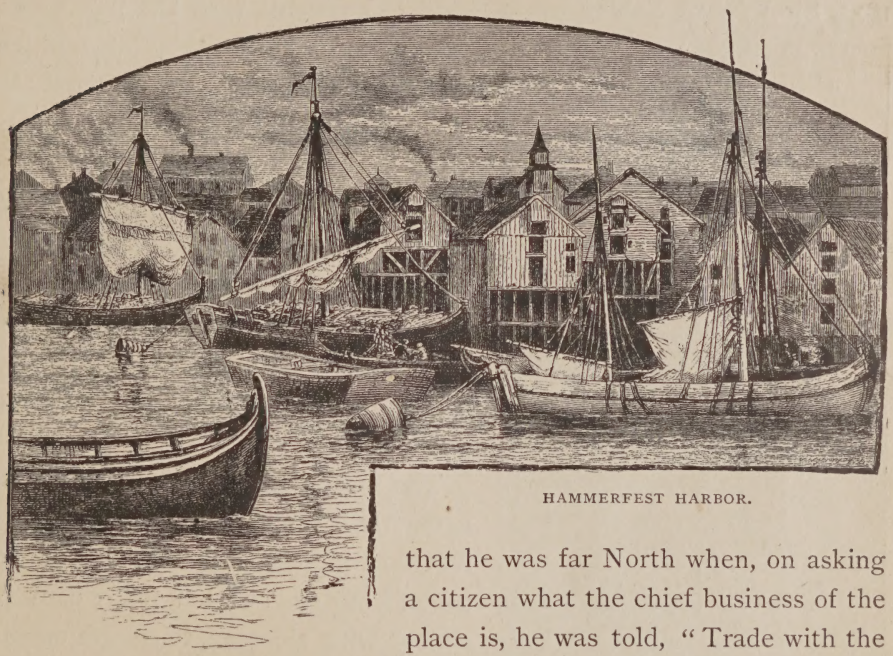
only explanation of the phenomenon is that the eye is deceived with regard to the perpendicularity. It was maintained by one of the passengers that the apparent rapidity of the motion of any moving body diminished according to the distance. But that this has any effect upon such cases I doubt, for this reason: that upon the sides of the same mountain, at no great distance from each other, some waterfalls appeared to be descending with great rapidity, while others crept sluggishly along.

Loppen is an island which may be taken as the type of desolation. It is so situated that it has no protection from the gales of the Arctic Ocean. We did not stop there, but saw vessels making a landing. To the traveller, a few hundred yards from the shore, nothing appears but a little church, with its parsonage; and it does not look as if anything grew upon the island. Baedeker declares that there is a two-storied house, occupied by a merchant, and that a few fishermen live upon the island, but that the only vegetation which can be brought to perfection "consists of a few meagre patches of potatoes, everything else being unable to defy the fury of the storms which prevail there for weeks together." The clouds hung low as we saw the island in the distance, and suddenly sank so very low that it and the mountain ranges upon which we had been gazing disappeared from our view.

We went within a few miles of Bossekop. The meaning of this word is "whale bay." *Bosse* is derived from the Lapp language, and means "whale," but literally "a blower," while *kop* signifies bay. We did not visit the spot. It is stated that important fairs are held there, and hundreds of Lapps attend them in sledge-boats, carrying reindeer flesh, butter, and game, which they exchange for fish, flour, and groceries. The ptarmigan, a kind of grouse of the smallest species, is a celebrated bird of this region. I had met with it on the summit of the Great St. Bernard many years before. Salmon are very plenty in the rivers that run down into the Bossekop. All through that region whales were formerly very numerous, and are not unknown now.

It was a great occasion when we reached Hammerfest. I am very

desirous of giving a definite idea of this place. It is the most northerly town in the whole world, being situated in latitude seventy degrees forty minutes. It is quite old, and has been recognized as a town since 1787, though as late as 1801, it had only seventy-seven inhabitants. It now has a little less than two thousand three hundred. Certainly one felt

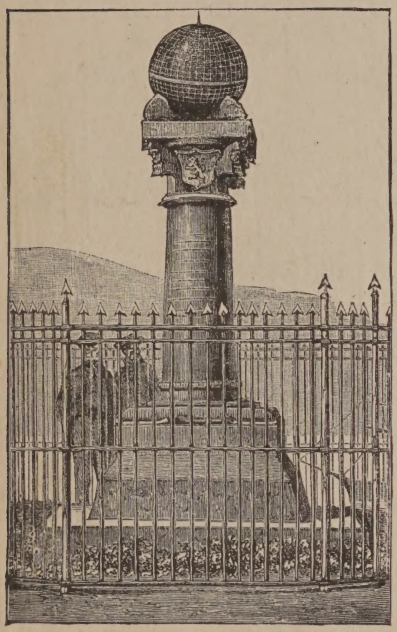


HAMMERFEST HARBOR.

that he was far North when, on asking a citizen what the chief business of the place is, he was told, "Trade with the Russians through the White Sea, and organizing expeditions to Spitzbergen." Going and coming I spent nearly twelve hours in this place, and amused myself by sending a few postal-cards to acquaintances in different parts of the United States. There, too, is the telegraph, and I might have sent a message to New York, with the certainty that it would reach that city *some hours before it was sent.* Arctic explorers and sportsmen charter vessels here. They make a regular contract, stating whether the explorer goes to Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. Wherever one walks he smells cod-liver oil, of which there are several manufactories. The streets contain many Lapps, and I must bear witness to the truth of Baedeker when he says: "Lapps, in their queer and picturesque cos-

tumes, often intoxicated, are seen." All about the town, and particularly on the east, appeared wooden frames on which fish are being dried. Civilized Lapps live in the outskirts. Russian sailors and vessels can be found in the harbor.

Very important experiments have been made in Hammerfest. In 1823, Sir Edward Sabine made noted experiments with the pendulum. Also, there is a granite column which commemorates the measurement in 1816 and 1852, of the number of degrees between the mouth of the Danube and Hammerfest. It has upon it an inscription in Latin and Norwegian, which declares that the investigations were made "by the geometers of three nations by order of King Oscar I. and the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas."



THE MERIDIAN PILLAR.

The sensation of being in the most northerly town in the world was peculiar, and increased during the entire time of our stay. I had many conversations with shipmen, telegraph operators, and others who could speak English. I asked them if they did not grow weary of the long day that lasted so many months. They acknowledged that they became very nervous on account of the influence of the light and its effect upon sleep and upon the regular hours. I then inquired how the long night in which the sun never appears affects them. To this they replied that there is frequently a strong twilight visible toward the south, and that the Aurora Borealis shows with such splendor that it is possible to transact many kinds of business.

They informed me that it is impossible to conceive the splendor of the Aurora Borealis in those regions. Nevertheless they confess that,

long before the three months' night ends, a dull stupor comes over them, broken only by an intense longing for the first appearance of the sun. At Hammerfest the margin of the Midnight Sun appears on the thirteenth of May, the centre on the fourteenth, and the whole disk on the sixteenth; for the last time the Midnight Sun can be seen, the whole disk, on the twenty-seventh, and the upper margin disappears on the twenty-ninth, of July. The day we reached Hammerfest the Midnight Sun could have been seen had the weather permitted.

CHAPTER X.

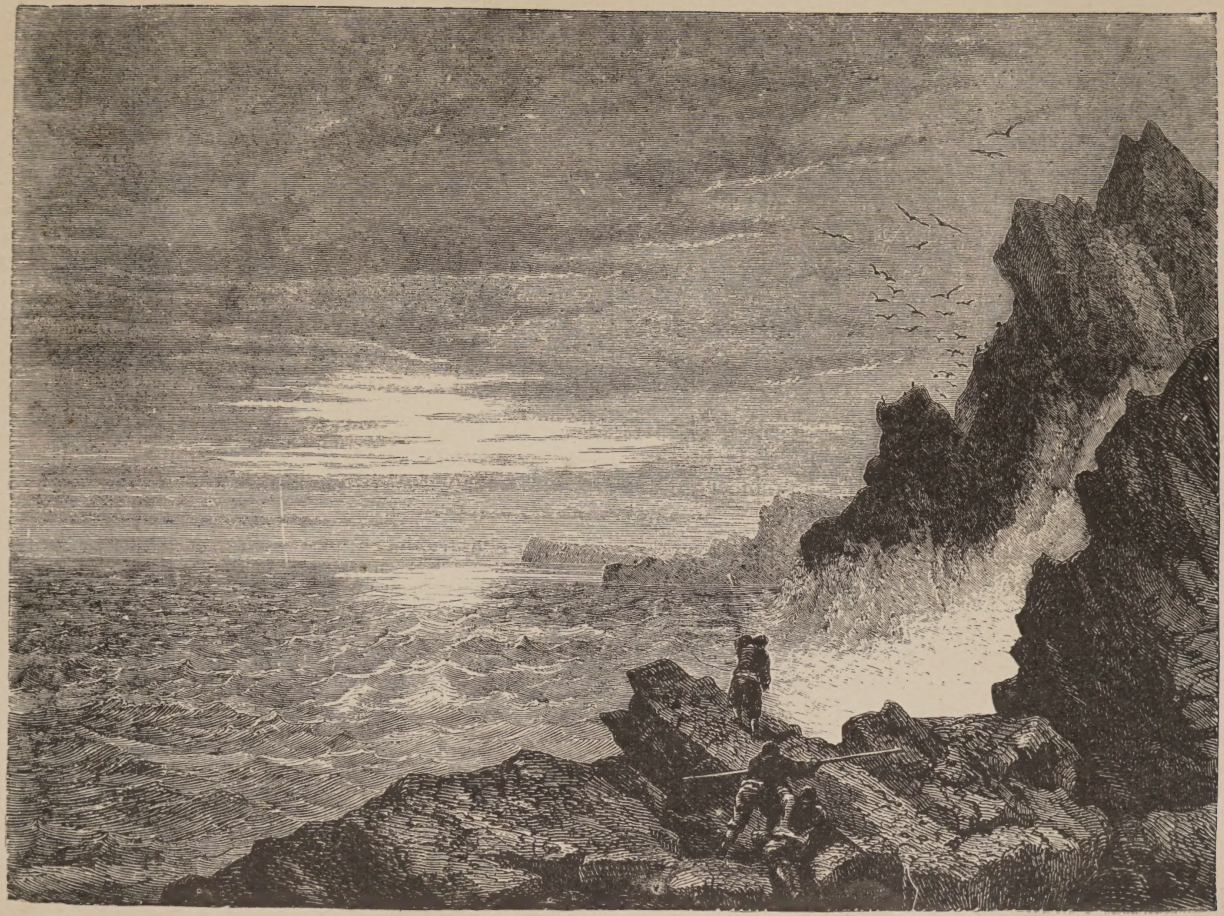
FAREWELL TO CIVILIZATION.

UP to the time we took leave of Hammerfest, the land had surpassed the sea in interest, but now we left behind the magnificent Alpine scenery, which, by the light of the morning, afternoon and *evening* sun, had never failed to delight our eyes.

I must at this point reveal to the reader the fact that the weather, though there had been some hours of clear sunshine every day, had been very discouraging. Heavy clouds hung about the mountains, and there had been hardly three consecutive hours without some rain, and during two of the nights it had rained the greater part of the time. We had prepared ourselves for disappointment. Very little encouragement as to the weather was offered by the captain or officers. Treacherous at all times in mountain regions, it is doubly so along the seashore in such a climate as that in which we then were. To have travelled so far and fast, and at such an expense, to see the Midnight Sun, and to fail, would, indeed, be a great disappointment. I tried to make myself believe that the view must be precisely the same at midnight that it would be at any other time of the day when the sun is exactly the same distance above the horizon, and determined to maintain that fact against all opponents to the end of time.

But the wind changed, and for thirty-six hours the sky was absolutely clear, without the first vestige of mist — as clear as on a starlight winter night. But no stars were to be seen, for the sun still shone on.

The view of the land, whether upon the continent or upon the islands, was desolate and monotonous in the extreme; consisting of elevated plateaus, perhaps two thousand feet above the level of the sea, with no visible valleys. The steamer traversed hour after hour, long gulfs and



VIEW OF THE COAST.

bays without one vestige of vegetation, nor a sign of a human dwelling. At the head of these bays, however, could be found "smiling little colonies, surrounded with bushes and trees, and houses boasting of the amenities of pianos, newspapers and engravings. In some places a patch of grass, which might be covered with a copy of the London *Times*, is hailed as a meadow, and attracts a colony of several families."

No one can imagine the effect of such a scene — silent, solemn, severe, every rock a sphinx, and all things apparently covered with a pall of death. Now and then vast flocks of sea-gulls, auks, and other birds, swept over the sea, darting down upon a shoal of fish, and frequently whales appeared.

After a while we caught a glimpse of Fruholm, upon which stands the northernmost lighthouse in Norway. It is in latitude seventy-one degrees sixty-one minutes. Upon this island a noble Danish lady was once compelled to live for several years, "having been banished there for certain misdeeds." Tradition says that she perished crossing in a small boat to another island where there is a church. At last an island came in view very close to the North Cape, one thousand six hundred miles northeast of London, and nearly five thousand miles from New York. Yet it has both mails and telegraph stations, and one can telegraph from there to America at the rate of about one dollar a word.

As the probability of fair weather increased to certainty, the greatest delight was manifest among the passengers.

The captain of the *Harkon Jarl* had taken on board at Hammerfest a brass band consisting of six or eight pieces — about as poor a band as I ever had the misfortune to hear. It was indeed "sounding brass" unrelieved by "tinkling cymbal." The performers meant well and felt well. They had their passage free for their music, and brought their wives along; but their blowing, when it was not discordant, was doleful. They alternate between vociferous waltz music, making a fierce clangor, and solemn church tunes. Long before we got to the Cape we would have been willing to reward them handsomely if they would disembark.

A good hand-organ would have been preferable, for we could have broken the crank. But in this case we were helpless.

In this part of the world sailors ascertain the proximity of the shore by the black look of the water and the vast flocks of sea-gulls wheeling above it.

Here we saw a promontory of slate, the name of which is Svaerholtklubben, rising a thousand feet, almost perpendicularly, and covered with sea-gulls and other birds. It is a common practice for the steamers as they pass this island to fire several shots from cannon. This has a most peculiar effect. Two thirds of the gulls remain sitting on the ledges of the black rock, "contrasting picturesquely with it, and looking not unlike long rows of pearls." The other third rise up and fly in sufficient numbers to almost shut out the sun. For a few seconds after the cannon-shot is fired there is a perfect silence; then all the gulls that are flying utter with great force their well-known cry. All agreed that it sounded exactly like the escape of steam from several boilers at the same time. Why the two thirds remain sitting while the other third fly, I was not able to ascertain.

It was determined to tarry long enough to allow two or three Germans, who had brought their guns with them, to go ashore and shoot a few gulls which they desired to take home with them from that remote point. One of the passengers bitterly opposed it, declaring that it was cruelty, and that to detain the steamer and all the passengers for such a thing was an outrage. Finally, after having exposed himself to animadversion for the violence of his threats to attack the Management in the press for allowing such a thing, he appealed to me for some support. I fear he was quite dissatisfied with the result. The sea-gulls are among the most rapacious of birds, living almost entirely upon fish, which they destroy remorselessly, and I could see no harm in these men killing a few to take home to have them stuffed and preserved.

A few days later, when a shoal of cod and other fish passed by as the steamboat lay at anchor, many of the passengers indulged in fishing, and in a short time caught an amount of fish that would have filled several

barrels. Among the most enthusiastic fishermen, was the passenger who had been so incensed at the Germans for wishing to shoot the gulls. As I watched him hauling in the fish with the greatest delight, I suggested that catching fish for a pastime was of precisely the same nature as shooting sea-gulls, as the fish in this case were not necessary for his subsistence; a great many more having been caught than could possibly be eaten. To which he replied that he considered the point to be entirely beneath his notice.

In point of fact, the nearest human inhabitant makes a large part of his living by collecting and selling eggs, and by shooting the gulls and using them as fodder for cattle. The general impression is that cattle are obstinate vegetarians; but I found that in some places from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty large casks of gulls are used for fodder, which are prepared for the purpose by burying them in the earth for a while.

The *Land-handler*, near the above island, must be a very interesting person. He is very hospitable, and informs visitors of his way of living. One important item in his means of support, that reflects much light upon ocean currents, is drift-wood, and he showed to a visitor two enormous trunks of mahogany which he afterward sold to a merchant.

In that region it is easy to catch five hundred cod in a single day. Sometimes they are so dense that it is impossible to sink a hand-line with a lead of a pound in weight through them. Whales are about there in large numbers. This *Land-handler*, awakened in the midst of the night by a great noise in the sea, in the front of his house, went down to the shore and found thirty large whales playing about and spouting water.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NORTH CAPE.

The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape.

AT last the North Cape, the goal of our journey from the time we sailed from New York, appeared in sight. The passengers, except one or two who were intoxicated, stood as quiet as if in a cathedral during worship, and very little conversation was carried on until we made preparations to go on shore. The brass band ventured to play, but a deprecatory "Sh! sh! sh!" taught it that though its speech was brazen, silence would certainly be golden.

Anchoring at the base, we began a long journey up the mountain side. The summit of the Cape is nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The ascent is very precipitous, the path not wisely chosen, but made tolerably passable even for persons of ordinary strength, by a line of rope fastened to iron rods. At certain points it is so steep as to be somewhat dangerous because of the loose stones dislodged by those highest up, which fall with very great force and increasing velocity, and bound across the track. In one case a young lady was quite seriously injured by a blow upon the back.

The sky being perfectly clear, we ascended the summit of the Cape. When I reached the end, and stood upon the extreme summit, beneath me rolled the Arctic Ocean; on the west were gloomy heights; on the northwest the Nordkyn, the highest point of the mainland of Europe, the North Cape being upon an island named Magero. Due north from the Cape rolled the boundless Arctic Ocean. "With the North Cape terminates the Skjaergaard, or island-belt, of Western Norway, and the coast is here washed by the long, sweeping waves of the Arctic Ocean."

The great object, which surpassed all others, which dwarfed the

VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF NORTH CAPE.

ocean, reduced the mountains and rocks to dust in comparison, was "the triumphant King of Day," at that time — 10:15 P. M. — far up in the heavens. There was not a cloud, and only a scarcely perceptible mist upon the water's edge. The scene was brilliant: three old travellers declared it equal to the vision upon the Bay of Naples. The motion of the sun was similar to its movement as it approaches its setting in the west, but while its direction was obviously toward the horizon, it was

THE NORTH CAPE.

slightly toward the east. At the very summit stands a granite column erected by Oscar II. on the occasion of his visit, July 21, 1872. It is about twenty feet above the pedestal — it may be a little less. This column stands facing due north and south.

I shall now describe with literal exactness, the sublime phenomenon as I saw it.

It is first necessary to understand precisely the relation of the sun to

its final setting. It appears for the first time, showing the upper margin, on the eleventh of May; that is to say, the sun at midnight on the eleventh of May, does go down, but shows its upper margin. On the twelfth it shows its centre. On the thirteenth its whole disk. From that time it never sets; but on the thirty-first of July its lower disk disappears, and only the centre remains above the horizon. On the first of August the upper margin is seen for the last time, and on the second it dips out of sight, but only one half of its own diameter, and so continues until the night increases in length and the day grows shorter and shorter.

COLUMN OF OSCAR II. — GROUP TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT.

We were on the summit on the twenty-fifth. Hence, when the sun sank to its lowest point, it was about three times its own diameter above the horizon. For a little time the sun appeared to be travelling parallel with the horizon eastward.

At half-past eleven I stationed myself immediately behind the pillar of King Oscar. While I stood close against the column I could see the sun on my left. It still appeared to be travelling parallel with the horizon, but in an easterly direction. Soon it disappeared behind the pillar. At twelve o'clock I was looking due north: the pillar stood between me and the sun. I remained there twenty-five minutes, when I saw the sun on the right hand of the pillar, moving rapidly eastward, and gradually rising above the horizon.

This circumstance will enable the reader to understand precisely what occurs. The sun, instead of apparently travelling from the east to the west, disappearing in the west, and reappearing the next morning in the

east, travels from its westernmost point toward the horizon as if it were about to set, but with an easterly tendency. Instead of going out of sight, its eastward tour is performed above the horizon.

Two or three days before, we had seen it set at eleven o'clock and rise at one. If we could at that point have ascended a mile or so up a mountain, or in a balloon, it would not then have set to us, but we should have seen just what we saw from the North Cape.

In like manner, if one week sooner we had been at Bodo, the first point at which we stopped after crossing the Arctic Circle, we might have seen what we now saw from the Cape, and if we had remained upon the Cape one week we should have seen the sun set there as we had at Bodo, though it would have risen, the first time after it had set, in a very few minutes.

The twenty-first of June is our longest day. Before that, for some time, the sun has been rising earlier and setting later. Suppose that at the same rate it should keep on rising earlier and setting later, it would produce in a few months the phenomenon of the Midnight Sun. On the other hand, December twenty-one is our shortest day. For some time before the sun has been rising later and setting earlier. Suppose it were to continue so doing, in a very few months it would entirely disappear from our gaze, and we should have the midnight winter darkness of the North Cape.

The one impressive fact was that the orb whose rising and setting had marked our day and night, and enabled us to say, "the evening and the morning were the first, or the second day," no longer rose and set, and the metaphor of the hymn,

> Blest be that name, supremely blest,
> From the sun's *rising* to its *rest*,

had lost its pertinency. Yet Nature appeared in still grander form. For law governs all these mysteries, and I might have set my watch to the second by the phenomena there observed. True, "the undevout astronomer is mad." These are, indeed, "Jehovah's wonders in the heavens."

The North Pole in miles very near! North Cape is in north latitude seventy-one degrees ten minutes. Our steamer went nearly five miles due north of that, so that we were within about one thousand three hundred and ten statute miles of the Pole — a little more than the distance from New York to St. Louis, Mo. The highest point that has ever been reached is that attained by Lieutenant Lockwood, eighty-three degrees twenty-four minutes north latitude, which is about four hundred and fifty-six miles from the Pole. Hence, with all the hardships, cost of time and money, and destruction of human life, navigators have gone only eight hundred and fifty-four miles nearer to the North Pole than we were on that never-to-be-forgotten night! Eight hundred and fifty-four miles — the *Oregon* can make more than that in two days! Still, I was content to say of the Pole what the poet says of the star: "Thou art so near and yet so far." To travel the last one hundred and fifty miles of the eight hundred and fifty-four took *ages*.

Many of the passengers, though they had come so far, seemed to have little perception of the grandeur of the scene. They had ordered large quantities of wine and of some stronger liquors to be taken to the summit of the Cape, and spent much of their time in drinking, some of them continuing until the journey down became quite dangerous for them. Most of the Germans, however much wine they appeared to drink, kept comparatively sober, delivered speeches to each other, drank toasts, and finally invoked God's blessing upon one another in that truly affectionate manner that marks either the highest degree of piety or of vinous stimulation. Several of them were very able men, and some of the addresses made on the occasion were worthy of the place and of the scene.

The deck-hands and others who had carried up the liquors were, of course, allowed plenty to drink. To them it was "business," and the Midnight Sun seemed to have no more effect than anything else. There was music, but it was not that of the spheres.

About the time the scene had reached the culmination of the sublime that vile band began to play. It is the only time in my life that I have *hated* music. The fall of an avalanche, the explosion of artillery, or the

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

deep tones of a great bell might not have diminished the impressiveness of the occasion. But that band drove me from the spot. I determined to go so far that none of its sounds could be heard. I travelled along the rock-bound summits for the space of a mile before it was entirely unheard. Then, alone, I entered a ravine which led to the summit of a precipice. Below it was the ocean, and as I lay down upon the rock and stretched my head over the side, I was appalled. The sea was quiet and smooth as glass; the shore a mass, apparently, "in stony fetters fixed and motionless." I thought for a few moments of my past life — of various troubles and sorrows; of the unknown future — and it seemed so easy to glide down the rock into the quiet sea, and disappear beneath the green waves of the Arctic Ocean, that I fancied that it would be dangerous for some temperaments to be there. Nor did I care to tarry long, for I knew the true language of the human soul is:

O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

I rose, and far off on the summit of a rock, along the edge of another precipice, I saw a human figure. After, perhaps, fifteen minutes of climbing over the rocks, I approached near enough to see that it was the Unitarian minister. I said to him: "What brought you so far away?" "O," said he, "I wished to get away from the revelers, and from the noise of that band."

We were kindred spirits, differing in creed, but uniting in the belief that the voice of Nature needed no human interpreter on that occasion.

About two A. M. we began the descent. I was among the last to reach the *Harkon Jarl*, which was at two-thirty. The sun was then as high in the heavens as it is at ten o'clock in the morning in the city of New York, on an ordinary day in spring.

For the convenience of those who had not been able to make the ascent, the steamer had sailed out into the open Polar Sea, and with the mountains and solid land behind, had given the passengers an hour and

a half of uninterrupted view of the sun's triumph over its ancient enemy — night.

The weather soon became stormy. The only day during the entire voyage which would have admitted of seeing the Midnight Sun was that on which we reached the North Cape. Though not supposing that the weather on the day of our arrival was arranged for our benefit, but believing that it is safe to thank God for everything, I find it much easier to do so for fair weather on that occasion than it would have been for storms and clouds.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM TRONDHJEM TO UPSALA.

NOTHING occurred on the return voyage which has not already been described. After resting a day at Trondhjem, we started out for Stockholm.

From the ancient capital of Norway to the modern capital of Sweden, is five hundred and thirty English miles. We began that journey by taking the train for Storlein, sixty-six miles distant, through scenery similar to the finer and more gentle parts of that between Christiania and Trondhjem, yet so rugged and diversified as to be described as wild.

The Norwegian language has many words which, as spelled, are very different in meaning in Norwegian from the sense to which we are accustomed. Thus, in one of the railway stations, we were told, by a large sign, to leave our "*gods*" there, a direction that might have been useful in the old pagan times of Norway. "*Pen*" means "pretty"; "*fodder*," "on foot." We had noticed these upon signs and elsewhere, but were hardly prepared for the following statement in Baedeker. After passing the twentieth mile we read the announcement, "The train now passes through a short tunnel and reaches HELL." This was indeed the name of the place, which is at the mouth of a river. In the English sense of the word, this description would fit the cases of many gamblers, reckless speculators and dishonest politicians.

Soon we came to the last station in Norway. The line climbed the hills; population became less numerous, there being nothing to support it; snow-clad mountains appeared on the distant horizon in Sweden, and at last, nearly two thousand feet above the sea-level, the guard pointed out the line that separates Sweden and Norway, which is indicated by a kind of avenue about eight feet wide, cut through the forest on each side of the track.

We passed some high mountains, and saw several copper-mines, but by the time the train reached Ostersund it was obvious that if the grandeur of Norway is its mountains, the beauty of Sweden is its lakes. At this place a beautiful lake is seen, one thousand feet above the sea-level, surrounded by cornfields on the one side and pine forests on the other, having in its centre an elevated island. The bridge from the town to the island is one thousand four hundred and twenty feet long. It forms a striking object in the landscape. On this island, the name of which is Friso, near the end of the bridge, is a Runic stone, which commemorates "Ostmadur, the son of Gudfast, the first Christian missionary to that district."

After riding all day, all night, and all the next day till three P. M., we reached Upsala.

It is impossible thoroughly to understand institutions without knowing something of those whence they sprung. "Like Trondhjem in Norway, Upsala may be regarded as the historical and intellectual centre of the empire to which it belongs." In former times it was the citadel of heathenism. Here Christianity was most stubbornly opposed. The word means "those lofty halls." *Old* Upsala is three miles from Upsala. There the kings of Sweden lived, and then this was their harbor and business centre. In 1176, the country having been Christianized, an archbishopric was established, with its seat at old Upsala. In 1276 the archbishop came to Upsala, and the kings made Stockholm their capital.

So soon as the baggage was taken to the hotel, and rooms were secured, procuring a carriage, we went three miles to old or Gamla Upsala. Once the ancient pagan temple stood here, lined with slabs of polished brass, but every vestige of it has disappeared. The chief interest of the place now is in the three Tumuli of the Kings. These are mounds fifty-eight feet high, and two hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter. The traveller, ignorant of their origin, would be struck with their roundness and similarity, and would tax his brain to imagine what natural force had so fashioned them.

They are named after the three Scandinavian gods: Thor, Odin, and

Freyr. Excavations have been made twice within the last thirty years, and ample evidence found of their origin and object. These ancient mounds had a purpose similar to that of the pyramids, built by a very different people, with a very different mythology. Near them is the hill called the Tingshog, or Assize Hill, about forty feet high, from which

UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

all the kings, down to Gustavus Vasa, spoke to their subjects. Ascending the Tumuli, and standing on the Assize Hill, I felt the presence of that "Spirit of the Past" which Ossian says still hovers among the ruins of its achievements.

Returning, the remainder of that day and the next were spent in visiting the Cathedral, the Cemetery, and the University.

The Cathedral is six hundred years old, and within is very imposing. Its chief interest to me consisted in the tombs and monuments it contains. Here is buried Eric IX., "the patron saint of Sweden." He sleeps in a sarcophagus of gilded silver. Here lies Gustavus Vasa, to

whom a chapel is devoted. It is frescoed with incidents from his life, and with the words of the last Address to the Estates in 1560. His figure, lying between "those of his first two wives, is in the centre of the chapel," and his third wife, who survived him sixty years, is buried in another part of the chapel.

Linnæus, the great naturalist, is buried here. There is a monument to his memory, consisting of a pyramid of porphyry surmounted with a bronze medallion of himself.

As the Norwegians claim that a spring burst forth where St. Olaf was buried, so the Swedes have a tradition that a spring burst forth at the spot where St. Eric was executed. A hydropathic establishment has the water now. This should be a great success, for it has all the undoubted benefits of water, and can utilize the influence of St. Eric for faith-cure purposes also.

The university was founded fifteen years before Columbus saw America. It has fifty professors, and fifteen hundred students. The Swedes are a race of giants. It is strange that the Norwegians should be a little under stature, and the Swedes much above it. Among the students was a greater proportion of large men than I had ever seen in a college town.

The arrangement of the university is singular. Each student when he enters must join a "nation," of which there are thirteen. They have their "own buildings, presided over by curators, inspectors, and a committee of management. The members of each nation are divided into seniores, juniores, and recentiores'" It is said that on the "nation" a student joins, his future, socially and intellectually, depends. They remain members for life.

Gustavus Adolphus gave large sums to this university. He was strenuously opposed to duelling, and in 1682 heavy punishments were decreed against it. Hence the practice which remains as a relic of barbarism in the German universities does not exist in Sweden.

I obtained access to the library, and though applying at the wrong time, through the courtesy of Prof. Dr. Anderson, had the privilege of inspecting the "famous *Codex Argenteus*," a translation of the four Gos-

pels into Mæso-Gothic, by Bishop Ulphilas, dating from about the second half of the fourth century, written on one hundred and eighty-eight leaves of parchment in gold and silver letters on a reddish ground. This, Dr. Anderson informed me, is the principal source of the knowledge of the Gothic language, which is to the Germanic languages what Sanscrit is to the entire Aryan race.

Among the seven thousand manuscripts which the library contains are some originals of Emanuel Swedenborg. I had considerable curiosity to see them. Swedenborg has something of a following in the United States, and at a recent celebration in London, one of his admirers and votaries put forth the statement that the "Church" is growing faster than any body in this country, and that when it never yet has had, and does not now possess, as many adherents as any of the chief sects have in a single city.

The singular fact in Swedenborg's case is that, while he was insane, there was a method in his madness, and some of his peculiar ideas were rational, and some very plausible. Many have heard of these, and never read the conclusive evidence of his mental derangement. In fact, that assumption is the most charitable mode of accounting both for some of his *moral* teachings and actions, and for his intellectual vagaries.

In Sweden he has no theological following, though his memory is respected for his undoubted scientific attainments, and his achievements before his mind became deranged. He is, I am assured, universally believed to have been mentally unsound, and to have lived and written under the influence of hallucinations during the latter part of his life. The manuscript which I saw and read in the library at Upsala contains an attempt to show that all the sects have missed their way in fundamentals, but that God had given him, by special revelation, the key of truth.

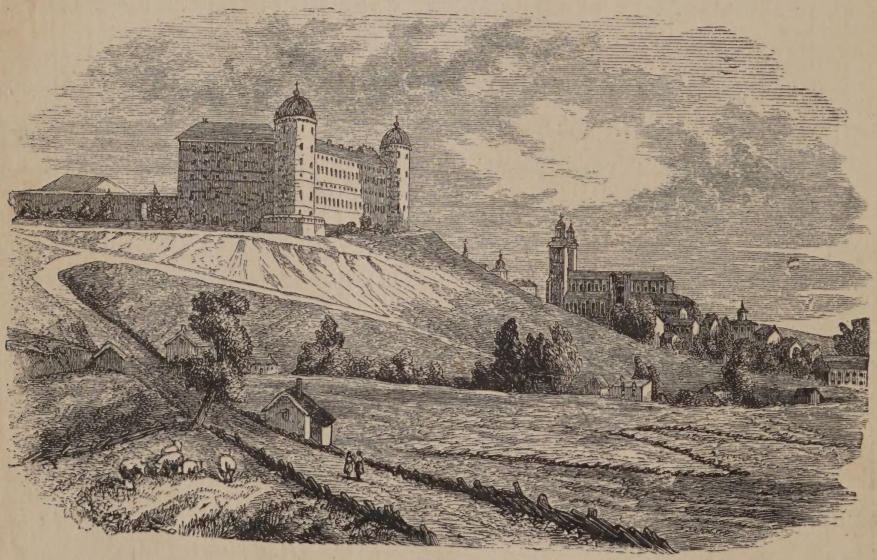
The cemetery is a city of learned men. Almost every other monument is that of a professor, judge, doctor, or student. Among them is the monument of Geijer, the most distinguished Swedish poet. After a

What about Tegnér. He was no good

search of more than an hour in a drizzling rain, I found it, and copied the following inscription :

ERICO GUSTAVO
GEIJER.
NATO MDCCLXXXIII.
DENATO MDCCCXLII.
Amicorum et Discipulorum Pietas.

One of his poems of particularly high repute, is entitled "The Last of the Bards," in which the ancient seer extols the grandeur of the temple at Upsala, and then describes the destruction of the sanctuary by fire enkindled by Christian warriors, and the baptism of the people, who, perceiving that their gods could not save themselves or the temple, rushed panic-stricken to the minister of Christianity for refuge.



THE CASTLE AT UPSALA.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE VENICE OF THE NORTH."

UPSALA is the ecclesiastical, and Stockholm the political, capital of Sweden. The journey from the former to the latter required but two or three hours, and was barren of incident, except that we met an Oxford undergraduate, who asked us two questions. These were: "What is the size of an American forest, where they hunt, you know?" and, "Are there any towns in New Jersey?" He was the son of a member of Parliament, and had with him a Fellow of the University who was "coaching him" for the next examination. Certainly the tutor planted in virgin soil.

We arrived in Stockholm in a drizzling rain, and drove directly to the Grand Hotel, worthy its name in location, edifice, and general management. Our travelling companion here took final leave. He had not visited Upsala, for, being pressed for time, he had hastened on to Stockholm.

We were soon absorbed in the very remarkable attractions of the far Northern capital. It is worthy to be styled, as it often is, "The Venice of the North." The visitor to Venice only, however, can form no proper conception of the peculiar situation of Stockholm, which I must try to describe. Some of the cities of Europe are situated, like Berlin, on a plain; others, like Edinburgh, among hills; others, like Copenhagen, upon islands. But Stockholm in its site unites all these: parts of the city lie upon islands, other parts upon rocky hills several hundred feet in height, while a considerable portion is as level as a prairie. In almost every direction water interspersed with islands surrounds it.

As we approach other cities, cultivated fields and villas attract attention, but Stockholm "lies in immediate proximity with primeval forests

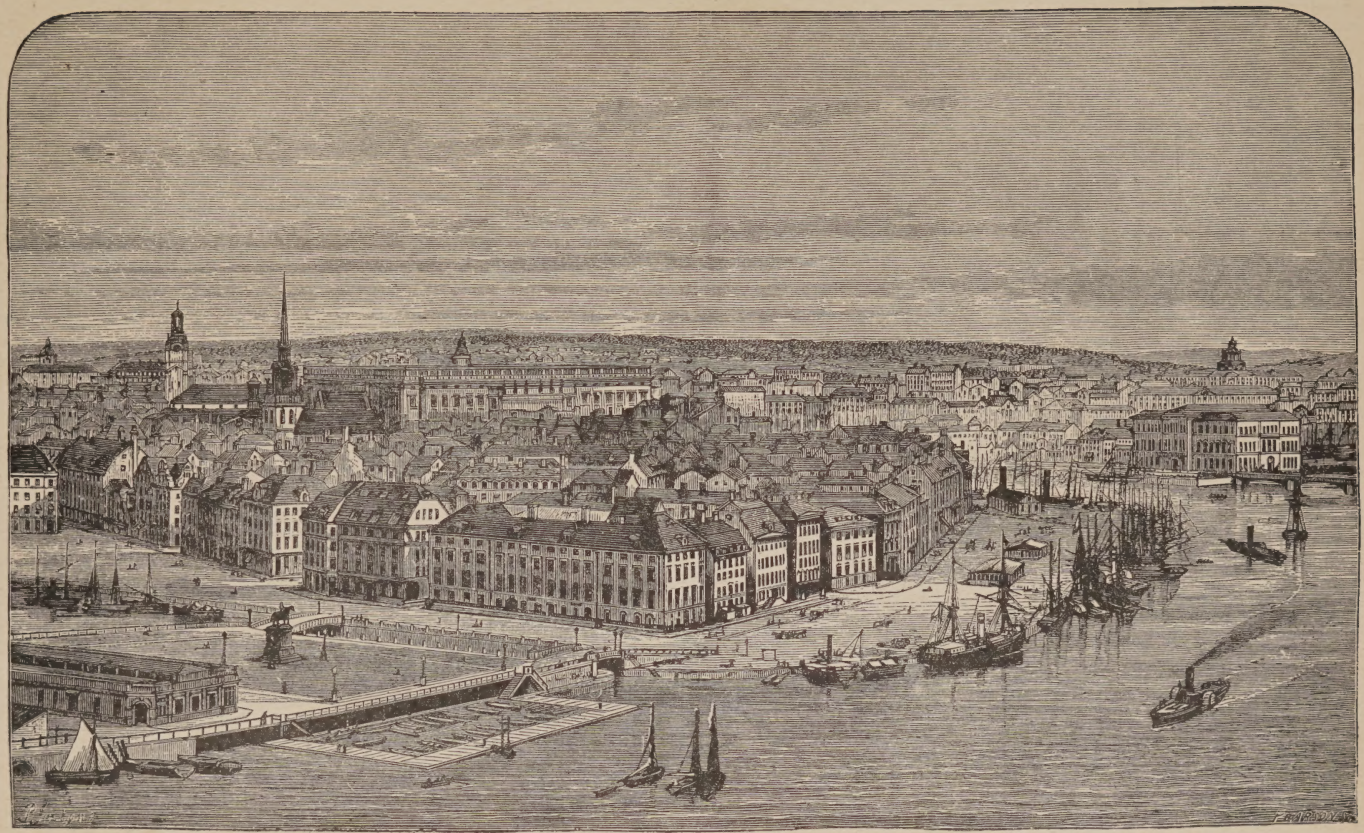
and rocky islands, where to this day there is hardly a trace of cultivation." All published accounts of travellers, and all with whom I have conversed, agree that Stockholm is one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe; to which good report, after spending considerable time there, I add my testimony.

It has its gloomy aspects, which I will despatch at once, lest the pall should cover the whole chapter. The gloom is historical, not contemporary. While I stood in the *Riddarhus-Torg*, contemplating the statue of Gustavus Vasa, erected by the nobles of Sweden, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the entry of the king into Stockholm in triumph over the Danes, I was reminded that here, only so recently as June 10, 1810, Marshal Axel V. Fersen was murdered by the people, who were terrified by the death of the Crown-Prince, and falsely imagined that the Marshal had poisoned him. Looking across the street, from a point near the hotel, at a large building, I asked what it was, and learned that it was an edifice built by Gustavus III., and completed in 1782, dedicated by the king, to the "National Poetry." But there, only ten years later, at a masked ball, the same Gustavus III. was assassinated by Captain Ankarstrom.

The first time I was in Europe, when I saw the scene of the assassination of one of its kings, I turned to a foreigner and proudly said, "Thank God! nothing of that kind ever happened in the United States!" Now, as the forms of Lincoln and Garfield passed before my eyes, I thought much, but said nothing.

In 1818 the people erected a magnificent monument to the murdered monarch. The statue leans on a rudder, which is a reference to the great victory of the Royal Navy in his reign.

The highest point in ancient Stockholm almost rivals the Tower of London in sanguinary history. Here, in 1280, Magnus Ladulos caused the beheading of several of his own family. Other royal personages and nobles were executed there, and there also, on the tenth and eleventh of November, 1520, the "Stockholm Blood Bath" occurred. Christian II. of Denmark caused so many of his opponents to be executed that it took



GENERAL VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

two days to do the bloody work. This reconciled me to the fact that he was subsequently imprisoned for twenty-seven years.

In front of the National Museum is the *Bältespänare*, the masterpiece of Molin, a Swedish sculptor of the highest renown. "Bältespänare" means "Girdle Duelists." In ancient times the Scandinavian duels were fought on this wise: The combatants were tied together with their own girdles, and fought with knives till one or both were dead. How cheerful their banquets must have been! As they drank and generally got to quarrelling, the women used to carry a winding-sheet for their husbands, when they went to feasts, to have in readiness; for, when duels occurred, they generally ended fatally for one or both. The four reliefs on the pedestal represent the beginning and end of the combat. They have Runic inscriptions from the Edda:

1. JEALOUSY. Translation: "*Mighty love makes fools of wise sons of men.*"

2. DRINKING. Translation: "Not so good as they say it is, is ale for the sons of men; for the *man knows in his mind always less the more he drinks.*"

3. BEGINNING OF THE COMBAT. Translation: "*They draw the knife out of the sheath, the edges of the sword, to the satisfaction of the evil spirit.*"

4. THE WIDOW'S LAMENT. Translation: "*Solitary am I become like the aspen in the grove, poor in relations as the fir in branches.*"

There are those who say that "there is no harm in *malt liquors*, in *ale* and *beer:* they rarely intoxicate, and when they do, the tippler is in a good humor." The quotation about *ale* and its effects in stirring up murderous quarrels is many centuries old, and goes back to a time long before the art of distilling alcohol was invented.

From the lofty Stromparterre there is a view of unsurpassed loveliness. Of it the poet Tegner says: "How magnificently do the tower, heroes' statues, palace, and temple of the Muses, reflect themselves in the stream, and the evening red over the Riddarholm, where Sweden's honor sleeps beneath marble."

The Royal Palace, though not on a scale so grand as some in Europe, is not beneath the dignity of any monarch. Its apartments, halls, concert-room, and audience-chamber are all of large proportions and embellished with painting and tapestry, and made interesting by frescoes

and carving. The Grand Gallery, one hundred and fifty-six feet long and twenty-three feet wide, has marble statues and sculptures made by Sweden's most celebrated sculptors. There is a curious banqueting-hall, called "The White Sea," its walls being of a dazzling white stucco. Above is the Seraphim Saloon, for the Knights of the Seraphim Order, the highest and oldest in Sweden. This apartment is similar in purpose to the Knights' House.

Here, we saw a room whose walls were covered with the armorial bearings of the whole Swedish nobility, and another containing portraits of all the Swedish marshals from 1627 to 1809, with the exception of one who lost his head on the scaffold for not losing it in the war against Finland.

The tombs of the kings are in an ancient Gothic church, with a spire about three hundred feet high. Religious services are not held in it, except when members of the royal family are buried. It is a weird place. The very pavement is made of tombstones. In various parts hang Russian, Danish, Polish, Austrian, and other flags captured by the kings and generals near whose tombs they hang.

That which most interested me, however, was the Burial Chapel of Gustavus Adolphus. It was built after his death, and in pursuance of instructions given by him before he started on the fatal campaign in Germany.

Gustavus Adolphus was killed at the battle of Lützen, November 6, 1632, and since the two hundredth anniversary of his death his body has been in a magnificent green marble sarcophagus made in Italy. The finest statue in Stockholm is the equestrian statue of the same great king. The statue, in bronze, rests upon a very high and broad base of Swedish marble and granite.

On the anniversary of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the citizens of Stockholm, and other Swedes who may be in the city, assemble in large numbers about this monument, and sing hymns and national songs. One which they never omit, is the hymn composed by the king himself, before he went into the battle in which he lost his life.

The following is the best English translation of this famous Battle-hymn of the Reformation:

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REFORMATION.

Fear not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword.

As true as God's own promise stands,
Nor earth nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail;
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy Church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end.

CHAPTER XIV.

STOCKHOLM (*continued*).

OF the scientific collections in Sweden, the Scandinavian curiosities were a source of unflagging interest. A journey from New York to Sweden would not be too large a price for me to pay for another week among them. Houses with life-like wax figures and costumes are reproduced. In one you see a kitchen complete, a girl receiving presents on the third and final proclamation of her bans of marriage; in another, an ancient, white-bearded Finnish harper, harp in hand; in a third, a group of five figures, in ancient costumes.

I will enumerate a few of the quaint relics of ancient life there to be seen. Old horse-collars, charms used by peasants, wooden mortars for pounding coffee, queer pocket-knives, spoons, pouches, dolls made by Esquimau women in Greenland, sledges, old belts, spears, snuff-boxes, carved spoons and butter-moulds, goblets in the shape of geese, a chair with a number of human teeth in it—the ancient Swedes thought that they could ward off toothache by driving teeth in a tree. There were also old lanterns from men-of-war, wooden locks, steelyards, and, finally, a convict in irons, wooden stocks, executioner's axe, etc. The rooms are in charge of Swedish peasants in their ordinary costume. The girls, who are very intelligent, are not allowed, by the rules, to accept gratuities, but I judge, from some indications, that they are not unwilling to do so.

The National Museum is also an honor to the Empire. Its contents are similar to those described in Christiania and Copenhagen, though more extensive. Many of the paintings are very fine, and have the merit of being true to nature.

In the department of minerals, an incident of interest occurred. A

student had left his specimens and book there. Inadvertently taking up the book, I found it to be one of our American authority, Professor Dana's. This would have been pleasant, but the book was open at New Hampshire, the State in which I resided for several years, and all of whose mountains of any importance I have ascended in search of health or fine scenery. Every town exhibiting important geological strata was named, with the formations found there, and around me on the table were specimens taken from the vicinity of a romantic spot where I have spent some time for every one of the past eleven summers. One often stumbles on similar suggestive coincidences, and they are always among the pleasantest experiences of travel.

Desiring to see a great Lutheran church, and attend its services, on Sunday morning we went to one of the largest in Stockholm. The congregation was immense. The church was built up by an energetic preacher, rather more sacramentarian and High Church of late than formerly. The service was tedious, and the singing the poorest, the feeblest and most uninspiring that I have heard in any land, in any language, or under any religion. The people were very devotional in manner. When the preacher ascended the pulpit, a change came over the scene. His manner was earnest, affectionate, most reverential, and apparently he reached the hearts of his hearers. Oratory, like music, has a language of its own independent of words, and it is possible to understand what men *mean*, and how they *feel*, without understanding what they *say*.

The leading divine of Stockholm is a young man named Fahr, who has been promoted to the highest position in the clergy of the city. His scholarship, especially in Hebrew, is in advance of that of any other Swede. As an orator he is said to be very impressive. Since his elevation he preaches but seldom, and so, though I endeavored to hear him, it was impossible to do so.

Roman Catholicism has scarcely any hold in Sweden. In no part of Europe was the "Reformation" so sweeping as in Norway and Sweden. The State Church is Lutheran. In the chapter upon Gottenburg, I

spoke of meeting the first Baptist in Sweden; yet, at the present time, from the small beginning of a few years ago, the Baptists have twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-six members in Sweden, and twenty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-one scholars in their Sunday-schools. A great many free churches, Congregational, have been organized in Sweden within the past ten or fifteen years.

The Baptists have not withdrawn from the State Church, but their churches are composed of people belonging to the lower walks of life. As one of their ministers observes: "This is not to be wondered at. In a country like Sweden, well-to-do people are not apt to affiliate with a despised sect, even if these well-to-do people, some of them, are sealed with the Spirit of God. A reformation that strikes at the root of things is not apt to reach the top in a day, nor even in thirty or forty years, especially if that which is to be reformed is as old as Christianity, yes, as creation, and borne up and sustained by all that society and mankind look up to as venerable, great and worthy." This movement, however, is certainly spreading very rapidly. I saw, in different parts of Sweden, elegant churches, belonging to the Baptists, in course of construction.

A very striking illustration of the influence of American methods is found in the fact that, on visiting one of the very largest of the State churches, when no service was progressing, and ascending the pulpit, I found by the side of the regular hymnal of the church, a Swedish version of Moody and Sankey's Gospel Hymns, and ascertained that at the evening service these were exclusively used.

By the side of the American Baptists are the American Methodists, to whom reference has been made. The English Wesleyans, many years ago, established a society in Sweden, but it died out. About twenty years ago, the American Methodists established a society that consisted chiefly of Swedes who had returned from this country. One Sabbath evening I visited their church which was crowded with hearers of all classes. The great majority were of the humbler walks of life, but many were of the middle class, which, in every land, makes an excellent, not to say a necessary, cohesive element in every social organization.

In the congregation I perceived a man of distinguished appearance. He was, apparently, not far from seventy years of age, more than six feet in height, with snowy hair, faultlessly dressed in broadcloth, and upon his person were various rings and ornaments of gold. There was about him the air of a man accustomed to public life, to serious responsibilities, and to receiving great respect. He sat among persons of the plainer sort, and my attention was first attracted to him by the devout manner in which he participated in the services. On inquiry, I learned that he was one of the judges of the Courts of Sweden, a resident of another city, who had become interested in Methodism on account of its zeal, in which it seemed to him a great contrast to what he had seen in the State Church.

The Methodists have about twelve thousand members and candidates for membership in Sweden, and about four thousand in Norway.

These facts illustrate one phase of the peculiar influence which the United States exerts upon all the nations of the globe. Scandinavia gets its locomotives, some of its forms of religion, and some of its democratic principles also, which have already greatly modified its institutions, from the new nation in the West.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SWEDES AND NORWEGIANS.

A NORWEGIAN PEASANT'S HOME.

THE Swedes are among the most polite people in the world; the Norwegians among the most blunt and cordial. The guide-books say that though the Swedes are very hospitable and obliging, by the ordinary tourist who traverses the country by railroad and steamboat they are seldom seen to advantage. We had no personal experience which would justify that statement. It is true that having many acquaintances, letters of introduction, and business relations to persons occupying respectable positions, gave advantages and enabled us to obtain access to the home life of various families. Nevertheless, we narrowly observed the conduct of Swedes generally, and being compelled to apply for admission to the library of the university at Upsala at an unusual time, and to introduce ourselves to the professors, we had the opportunity of ascertaining how an absolute stranger would be received.

The Swedes have courtly, and yet affable manners. Their politeness appears to be natural and entirely free from affectation. It does not manifest itself with quite as much vivacity as the French exhibit, but frequently I was reminded, by Swedes of all classes, of the manners of French people a little past middle life.

The Swedes make great use of bows, and lift their hats to all whom they meet. It is a preliminary to addressing any person, whether of high or low degree. To wear a hat in a shop or a bank is a breech of good manners. All the Swedes appear to bow on entering or leaving a café to all in the room. When a train or steamboat starts, those standing upon the deck or the platform lift their hats to the travellers, who reciprocate the courtesy. So when steamers pass each other, and, in many instances when carriages do so, salutations of a similar kind are exchanged. Pushing, crowding, and roughness of all kinds are comparatively unknown in Sweden. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose them a taciturn people because of their quietness. They converse almost constantly among themselvs, and are willing to converse with strangers after a certain amount of ceremony prepares the way for familiar intercourse.

Norwegians resemble, to some extent, the residents of the more rural districts of New England. They are ready to serve and accommodate, but they have comparatively little of the polish of hospitality. They like to see their guests eat, but do not facilitate the replenishing of their plates unless they happen to notice that they are empty. All classes mingle without reserve: peasants, guides, stage-drivers, sit at the same table. They have one custom which struck us peculiarly, but not unpleasantly: if one give a sum of money to a boy, or a fee to a waiter, the recipient will step up and shake hands with him. The young children among the Norwegians are so respectful and simple-hearted that it is a pleasure to see them. I presented three children with some money and they gravely came forward without a smile and separately shook hands with me.

The population is so sparse in Norway that comparatively little social

intercourse occurs, and if the traveller depart from the public roads the Norwegian peasants will look at him with that peculiar mixture of curiosity and bashfulness which in all parts of the world marks those who seldom see persons beyond their own circle of acquaintances.

The Norwegian women are for the most part very wholesome-looking, if not handsome. The men have a weather-beaten look, and as most of them are fishermen or workers in the open air, this is not remarkable.

Both the Swedes and Norwegians are very susceptible to emotion of all kinds. Whatever they do, they do heartily: anger, pity, grief or joy, takes full possession of them and absorbs them while the paroxysm lasts.

They yield readily to the influence of religious oratory. A vein of superstition appears to run through the common people, and some of the strangest sects have arisen, and some of the most peculiar notions have obtained a strong foothold. All sorts of itinerant preachers are traversing Norway and Sweden, and never want for congregations. The preachers in both of these countries appear to be eloquent men. More animation attends their public speaking than is generally found, and their voices are usually managed with extraordinary facility, which gives variety to the sounds. Their gesticulation is vehement, midway between the angular and pointing gesticulation of the Scotchman, making his metaphysical distinctions, and the curving gesticulation of the Frenchman delivering his ornate descriptive passages.

The deportment of both Swedes and Norwegians in religious services is reverential in the extreme, and no ordinary disturbance can distract their attention. In one of my visits to the churches of Stockholm, on a very warm day, the church doors being open, in the midst of the service two small dogs began to fight in the chief aisle, near the altar. A large black dog, on the other side, rose majestically and surveyed the conflict without participating. His expression had more of sorrow than of anger. A woman, probably the owner of one of the dogs, mingled in the fray, and chastised one of the combatants. Men removed them yelping — that is, the two small dogs — from the room. In the United States, the scene would have thrown the congregation into confusion,

A NORWEGIAN CHURCH PORCH.

and in some places convulsed it with laughter. Here, not one person showed the least symptom of levity. The only smile was the incipient one of which I was conscious.

The use of alcoholic liquors, in both Sweden and Norway, is marked, and its effect deplorable. The people are not content with light wines or beer, but drink immense quantities of the strongest distilled liquors.

The Swedes are not rich, but they are, on the whole, better off than the people of Norway. For some years, business has been passing through a severe crisis. We found it to be so at Stockholm especially, and it has continued until the present time.

The entire population of Sweden is about five millions; of these, about one million pay taxes to the support of the government; but the official statistics authorize the statement that of all the tax-payers, only six thousand possess what one might call any degree of wealth. On the other hand, about twenty-three thousand of the tax-payers, strange as it may seem, are, in a greater or less degree, recipients of aid as paupers, yet without being officially classed among the pauper population of the country.

The Swedes and Norwegians, like the French and Germans, have reduced economy to a science, but it is practised in these far Northern countries under conditions of far greater hardship than the milder climate of Germany, and especially of France, requires.

The majority of the people of Norway have less to live on than the laboring classes in the United States waste: and many a mechanic in this country spends more in tobacco and amusements, to say nothing of liquors, than the corresponding classes in Norway and Sweden have to spend upon all the necessities of life.

To perceive their cheerfulness, and how much happiness they extract from their situation, and consider their history, are sufficient to show that they have enduring elements. I took leave of Scandinavia with the conviction that the more Scandinavian emigrants come to the United States, the better it is for us; for they will prove a reliable and homogeneous element.

CHAPTER XVI.

FINLAND AND ITS HISTORY.

IT was on a pleasant evening, in the early part of August, that we embarked upon the steamer *Finland*. How beautiful the Swedish capital as its palaces, churches, streets, canals, were bathed in the yellow light of the fast declining sun! How exquisite the shades as the rays of the sun fast softened into the silvery twilight of that long Northern day!

My plan was to see as much as possible of Finland, a country now a part of the Russian Empire, but the home of a hardy race, between which and the Russian people there is no affinity, and little sympathy.

The Finns are believed to have migrated originally from the neighborhood of the Altai Mountains. They passed *through* Russia, leaving scattered settlers here and there. The Hungarians and Esthonians belong to this race. The Laplanders came first, and were driven North by others, until now they are on the outer edge of the nations; so with the Samoyeds on the White Sea. The Finns were heathen till St. Henry, an Englishman, but Bishop of Upsala, about 1157, introduced Romanism. In 1528 the Reformation extended to Finland, and all the treasures and lands of the Catholic clergy were seized by Gustavus I. and his bishop. For more than five hundred years Finland was incorporated with Sweden. Since 1809 it has been a part of Russia, the treaty guaranteeing the Finns their constitution, and the free exercise of their religion and other rights and institutions.

The population is something more than two millions, distributed over the six thousand two hundred and seventy-three square miles of its territory. Almost all the people can read and write, as the Lutheran ministry will not admit any person to the sacrament who cannot read and

VIEW OF ABO FROM THE HARBOR.

write. The language sounded to my ears wholly unlike any that I had ever heard. On consulting a grammar, and conversing with those who speak both English and Finnish, I found that, unlike most European languages, it uses no prefixes, but makes its conjugations, declinations, and all changes in the form of words, by means of suffixes. The root always begins the word. It has fifteen case endings, but has no grammatical distinction of genders, and no articles. Every syllable is pronounced as spelled, and the accent is always on the first syllable. It has rather a musical sound. Along the coast, however, Swedish is generally spoken.

The natural scenery of Finland is very remarkable; "its granite floor, elevated above the sea level, probably in a recent geological period, is worn into thousands of angular lake-basins, which form a perfect network over its surface. To the sailor on the Baltic, its margin presents a girdle of steep cliffs guarded by a fringe of rocky islets or skerries." This quotation, from Keith Johnson, the geographer, is seen by the traveller to be a perfect description.

After a voyage of seventeen hours we landed at Abo, where the ship remained at anchor about ten hours, the whole of which, except an hour for luncheon, I devoted to a view of the natural scenery and a study of the historical remains and the aspect of the people.

It is the oldest city in Finland, and its history is that of the country and of Christianity therein. The two great monuments of those early times are the Castle and the Cathedral. The Castle was built in 1157, the year from which Christianity dates. It was long a royal residence, and for many years a part of it was used as a prison for political offenders. Its site is commanding, but the Castle is now in ruins.

The Cathedral is a place of great importance. It is nearly six hundred years old, and in it the first Episcopal chair was established. It contains many illustrious tombs and monuments. Here is the tomb and monument of a woman who had a most romantic career. Her name was Catharina Mansdotter, and she was taken from the peasantry, by Eric XIV., who made her his queen. After having worn the diadem

of Sweden she came back and died in Finland, while her husband, the king, died in confinement. A stained-glass window in the chapel containing her body is painted to represent the queen descending from the throne, her hand affectionately placed on the shoulder of a page who represents Finland; at the same time she is taking leave of another, who typifies Sweden. Here are several bishops, and many noble families.

Beneath, are vaults in which the bodies of noble ladies who have been dead two hundred years are exposed, and retain their weight and elasticity. A process of embalming and a peculiar quality of the atmosphere have combined to produce a most remarkable, unparalleled, but by no means pleasing, effect.

From several lofty summits, which I ascended, magnificent views of the harbor, the city, the surrounding country dotted with lakes, and the distant hills rising upon the horizon could be seen. In the sunlight a succession of little lakes surrounding a church resembled a diamond necklace.

Having finished my exploration, I returned to the ship, and was informed that we should remain some hours longer than was at first expected. As I was conjecturing how best to use the time, a long funeral procession appeared, slowly ascending a neighboring hill. Supposing that they were proceeding to the Cathedral, and that I could hear the service, I went ashore and followed. Soon the Cathedral was reached and passed, and the *côrtége* began to move so swiftly that I could not, by walking, keep pace with it. Perceiving that the services had been held, and that the people were on the way to the place of burial, I hailed a drosky (the queer hackney carriage of Finland), and made signs to the driver to join the procession. After a drive of two miles, the cemetery, situated on a rocky plateau, was reached, and I walked with the mourners to the hill where the open grave was in readiness.

My thoughts on the occasion were sad enough. Here, more than five thousand miles from home, on this wild, rocky, shore, I stood among a people, not one of whom could speak a word of my native tongue, and

CRONSTADT HARBOR.

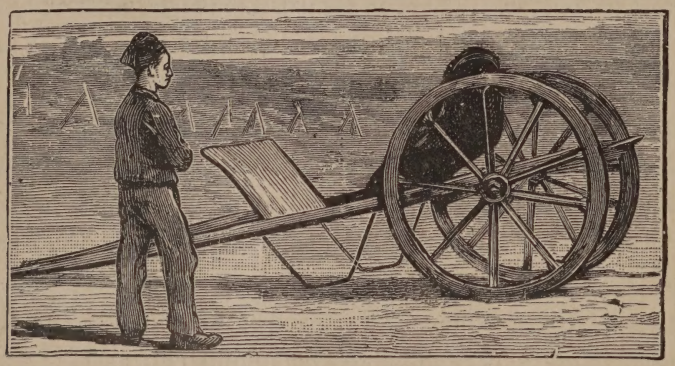
theirs I had never heard till this day. But they and I were bound by a common tie of sorrow and bereavement. Their tears flowed fast, for it was a wife and mother that was to be laid to rest. The minister, a grave and solemn, yet kindly, man, conducted the services with tenderness.

Some strange things were done. The coffin was placed upon the bars across the grave, and a liturgy was read. At a certain point the minister seemed to address the corpse in a most direct and positive manner, throwing a handful of earth upon the coffin at the end of each sentence. This was done at least six times. On the edge of the grave, at right angles with the larger coffin, was the white coffin of a little child. To this he turned, and addressed it in the same way, casting earth upon it as before. Then, in a most plaintive and truly dirge-like tone, he chanted for five minutes, the weeping friends joining with him. Last of all was a moment of silent prayer. Then the body was lowered into the grave, and all the friends, falling on their knees, including the little children, rapidly threw in handfuls of earth till the grave was nearly filled. I had fancied that the little child's coffin would be lowered also, and supposed that mother and little babe had died at the same time. To my surprise, another undertaker and four persons took that body to a remote part of the grounds, and buried it without further ceremony. Then another undertaker conducted the minister to a grave two thirds filled. None followed but myself. Here he read the same service as before, addressed the corpse, and threw dust at the end of each sentence, omitting only the chant. So it appears that the service must be read before the burial is completed, and the poor, or those who for any reason do not have a minister at the time of interment, wait till one visits the ground before the grave is closed. The little babe was brought to the grave first mentioned for the same reason.

Then followed a somewhat unpleasant transition. The mourners hastened to the gate, and, once in their carriages, began to go more rapidly than I ever saw so many carriages moving in the same direction. The horses drawing the hearse were much of the time on a gallop.

Carriages containing the mourners were three or four abreast, trying to pass each other. As we went through the town the drivers and passengers exchanged smiles and nods with people on the streets. Up hill and down, over the stones we sped, the resounding thwacks of the drivers of the droskies mingling with the rattling of the vehicles over the hard roads. On the deck of the steamers sat the passengers filled with hilarity as they saw the cavalcade that had gone by so decorously, returning at such terrific speed and spread all over the road. When I appeared among them, and came up with a round turn on the pier, the climax was reached.

This is the common method of driving in Finland. Twelve and even fourteen English miles are made per hour. The common speed of post-



FINNISH DROSKY.

ing is ten miles per hour. Speaking on this subject, the British Consul at St. Petersburg wrote some years ago : "The carrioles and droskies of Finland far excel vehicles of any other construction for whirling down hill at a full gallop, the only plan of descending the sharp pitches in the road with which the Finnish horses appear to be acquainted. The roads, however, are generally excellent throughout Finland, and ten miles an hour may be easily accomplished."

At Hango the stay was short, and in the night, so I did not land; but at Helsingfors a day was pleasantly spent. Since 1819 this modern city has been the capital of the Grand Duchy, and here the Sen-

assembles. To this place, also, the university was removed from Abo. It is the oldest university in the Russian Empire, founded in 1640, one year before the introduction of printing into Finland. Two years after it was founded, the library contained twenty-one volumes and a globe. Now it has all the apparatus of modern times, a large library, nearly fifty professors and one thousand students.

The great church here is most magnificently located, and of vast size, and the Russo-Greek church, upon a lofty summit, is so fine as to make a deep impression upon the memory. Though I have since seen some superior to it, its outline and beautiful paintings still remain a vivid and pleasing recollection.

On arriving or departing by water, the traveller is struck with the entrance to the harbor, especially by the fortress and outlying works of Sveaborg, which occupy the seven islands of different dimensions. We made an excursion to them. Here Sweden made her last stand against Russia, and, here, in May 3, 1808, she surrendered the fortress and army, and with it Finland, to the Tsar. The projector and builder of this fortress was Count Ehrensward, High Admiral of Sweden. His request while dying was that he might be buried there; this was complied with. On his monument is the following inscription, almost equivalent to that of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's:

On this spot, and surrounded by his own work, repose the remains of the Count Auguste Ehrensward II.

The last port in Finland which we visited was Wiborg. Here, apart from the beauty of the harbor and some ancient ruins, the chief interest attaches to the Baron Nicolai's house and park of *Mon Repos*, three miles inland. They are constructed upon a peculiar plan—that of representing the scenery of Finland on a small scale. Here are rocks, hills, deep valleys, precipices, lakes, fountains, rivulets. Our drive to and through the grounds was charming.

General Grant rode on this very steamer on his visit to St. Petersburg some years ago. When the vessel reached Helsingfors, and also at Wiborg, a message reached him from the Emperor offering him a

special train to St. Petersburg. The General pleased with the vessel, declined it. We had no such attention, but so grand was the scenery on shore and sea that if we had received it we, too, should have declined. The captain still boasts of the General's preferring to stay on the ship. It is his big story.

On this vessel we met a Swedish iron merchant, who said: "What travellers you Americans are, even your ladies! I met, the last time I was here, two old ladies from America. They said that they had been a year in Europe, visiting ancient and modern capitals. When they got home they remembered they had forgotten Moscow, and had come all the way back to see it!"

Among the passengers was a family of genuine Russian nobles of the higher grade, with their English and French governesses. They had with them the Scotch aunt of one of the governesses, a lady who had lived in Russia forty-two years. She gave me much valuable information. The young princes and princesses, besides Russ, could speak English, French, and German. A bright boy of ten was quite at home in all these languages.

On the evening of the fifth day we cast anchor in the harbor of Cronstadt, with its famous fortifications on the right, the lights of the Emperor's residence and grounds at Peterhof visible ten miles away, the mingling rays of the setting sun and the full moon far up in the heavens covering the scene with splendor: and here we waited for the morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUSSIA'S "WINDOW INTO EUROPE."

I ENTERED Russia proper through the city which its greatest Tsar built that he might have "a window looking out into Europe."

From my childhood I hoped some day to see England, Switzerland, and Russia: England because it was the native land of my father, and the mother of my native land; Switzerland because of its mountains and lakes, its history and legends of heroes; Russia because it was so vast, inaccessible, and peculiar—the terror and mystery of mediæval and modern Europe. While my desires had long since been gratified by several visits to England, and an extended tour in Switzerland, two things had stood in the way of a journey through Russia: the want of leisure and of the necessary resolution.

They came at last. Though I had read every thing attainable on Russia, I found on reaching the country that much which I thought true was false, and much was true of which I had never even heard. How, then, can I hope to give a just conception of this wonderful country and peculiar people? Only by keeping in view these surprises of my own, and assuming that what I needed to learn will be new to most, if not to all, who have never been in Russia. Fortunately for myself, I had acquaintances who had been living in Russia, some for more than twenty, and one for forty, years. These acquaintances put me in communication with the best sources of information. Besides, I had letters which were of great value. Then, armed with books, and procuring English and Russian speaking couriers, I gained such insight as could be obtained without long residence in the country and mastery of the Russian language.

The bay of Cronstadt in which we had anchored, communicates with

the gulf of Finland, and into that bay flows the waters of the Neva. This great river rises in Lake Ladoga, and as it flows into the Bay of Cronstadt, separates into many branches, and by these branches various islands are formed. Here, upon the banks of the river, and upon the islands thus formed, Peter the Great determined to found his modern capital. It was early in the year 1703 that he began it.

Many thousand of Russian and Finnish peasants were sent there to do the work; the Tsar lived on the site in a little cottage, superintending the works. For many years upward of forty thousand men were drafted and employed in carrying out his plans. In 1704 private houses were built, and in 1705 more elegant establishments were erected by foreign residents. As the soil was marshy, Peter made a law that all vessels and carts coming into the city should bring a prescribed number of stones for paving the streets.

The mainland is connected with the islands by the great Nicholas Bridge, resting on the most magnificent iron arches and piers of granite, and three floating bridges. All but the Nicholas Bridge are removed when the Neva is frozen over. Michell, formerly British Consul in St. Petersburg, and author of many publications on Russia, Murray's Hand-book included, speaks of the city as floating on an immense body of water: "like a bark overladen with precious goods, while the waves seem as if, deriding the false foundations, they would overturn in a few hours that which the will of man has raised with such untiring labor and energy. When a gale from the southwest is lifting the gulf furiously towards the city, and the Neva, rejoicing in its strength, is dashing along the quays within a couple of feet of the level of the street (as is frequently the case in autumn), the danger that would result from the continuance of such a wind for about twelve hours becomes very apparent. Guns are fired from the fortress whenever the river begins to rise, and when it reaches a certain point a very frequent discharge of cannon warns the occupants of cellars to seek refuge upstairs, the police and naval authorities begin to prepare boats, and the safety of sentries is looked to."

GENERAL VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG.

This is the extraordinary site chosen by Peter the Great, and these the conditions under which the city exists.

Floods and fires are the constant terror of the inhabitants. Fires are much more dangerous in the winter, when the river and canals are frozen over. Indeed, it is demonstrable that the city will be destroyed when three things unite : namely, that the Neva and its branches shall be frozen over, a furious gale shall blow for thirty-six hours, and fires get well under way in several different parts of the city at the same time.

To prevent a fire getting started without its being generally known at once, various precautions are adopted. In all parts of the city, and especially upon the islands, lofty watch-towers rise, from which a constant lookout is maintained day and night. These are of circular shape, and iron machinery containing a system of signals surmounts them. By day balls are hung out, and by night huge lanterns. The number of these and their relations to one another vary, and show just where the fire is.

We went ashore early in the morning, and rode rapidly along, crossing the great Nicolas Bridge. At the end of it is a little chapel. In that chapel are holy pictures, and the citizens as they pass cross themselves and bow. Some perform elaborate devotions in the street, attracting attention only from foreigners, like ourselves, on their first arrival in the country.

Soon the carriage drew up opposite St. Isaac's Cathedral, whose stupendous gilded dome we had seen glittering in the morning light more than ten miles down the bay.

After arranging at the hotel, we made a general tour of the town. The streets are very straight, and the widest I have ever seen in a large city. Even the cross-streets are, many of them, wider than Broadway. The public buildings are more numerous than in other capitals, and of vast size. In one part of the city, near the Admiralty, there is almost a continuous mile and a half of public buildings. In another section one may walk along the Neva for a mile and see nothing but massive columns and stupendous walls.

The city, however, is built upon a flat surface, and the eye is not satisfied with the effect, especially as the colors are uniform. From one of my books I take the following, which is correct: "No buildings are raised above the rest; masses of architecture, worthy of mountains for their pedestals, are ranged side by side in endless lines, and the eye, nowhere gratified either by elevation or groupings, wanders unsatisfied over a monotonous sea of stuccoed palaces, vainly seeking a point of antiquity or shade on which to repose." In winter, when all things are covered for months with "the pale shroud of snow," it is so uniform that were it not for the animation caused by the skaters on the river and the sledges, moving, swift as the wind and much more silently, through the streets and along the canals and rivers, it would be intolerable.

Generally speaking, the city has a deserted appearance. Fewer people, in proportion to the extent of the city, are seen in the streets than elsewhere. This arises from the length and width of the streets, from the number of very large uninhabited public buildings, and the number of streets bordering on rivers and canals, which, of course, give only one side for population. No population that could live in St. Petersburg, or do business there, could ever give it the appearance of Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, or New York.

But some of the business streets are equal to any in the world. This is notably true of the Nevski, which is like Regent Street in London, or Broadway in New York. It is three miles long, nearly straight, and full of life. To walk half an hour here and then turn into some of the silent avenues above referred to is like going out of a fair into a cemetery.

The only collocation of words that I can recall to describe St. Petersburg adequately, is the phrase "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." The gloom to me seemed to predominate over the grandeur. Most of these vast edifices are the signs, the results, and the bulwarks of a despotism as absolute as any which ever existed, and the labors and money to build and maintain them have been wrung and pressed from the hearts, and snatched from the backs and mouths of the suffering millions. Even if they were not what they are, they are too silent, monotonous,

THE NEVSKI PROSPECT.

and vast to produce other than a depressing effect. The skies often clouded, the river dull and dark, the atmosphere laden with dust, the wind howling, shrieking, whistling, moaning, or sighing, add to the impression. Ruskin, writing of Switzerland, speaks of the "mountain *glory*" and of the "mountain *gloom*," and accounts for some of the characteristics of the people by the predominancy of one or the other. The gloom of St. Petersburg predominates over the glory, though the glory is such as to justify national pride when the obstacles surmounted in building so great a city in such a place are taken into the account. None but a despot, of almost boundless resources, whose intellect was as imperial as his power, could have achieved it.

Some of my foreign friends, long resident in St. Petersburg, tell me that they were similarly affected on first settling there; that it continued for some years, then gradually passed away; but all said that if any personal cause for low spirits arises it is sure to return. Only one person, a lady, who has lived there thirty-five years, was really enthusiastic, and said that "she liked St. Petersburg, and hoped to live there till she died."

One glorious transition they have. In the language of one who has often seen it, it is "when the sun in springtime removes the pale shroud from the earth and the waters, the lively green of the painted roofs, and the bright cupolas of the churches enable the eye again to revel in the long untasted enjoyment of color, while the river gayly mirrors the splendid houses that grace its banks."

Before entering upon a description of St. Petersburg more minutely, I will describe a visit to a suburban village. A merchant of St. Petersburg, whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to make, and from whom I derived much valuable information, invited me to dine with him at the country house which his family occupied during the summer. The reader will observe that I say during "the summer," not the *hot weather*. A summer in Russia is not at all times hot. It is, however, either hot or cold — seldom lukewarm. Russia being a flat country, when the wind blows from the north, whether in July or August, it is

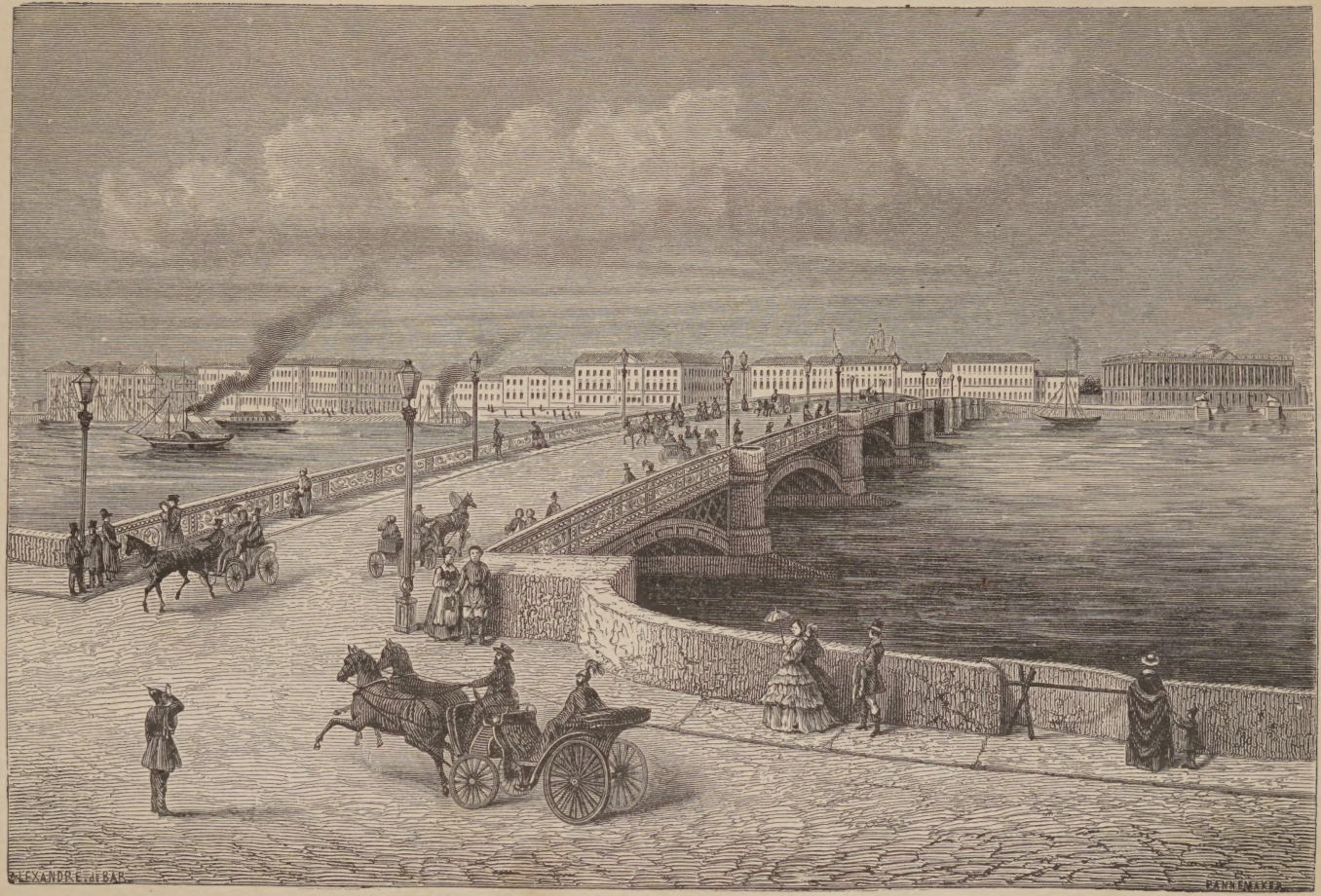
cold, and when it blows from the south it is intensely hot. So, on this occasion, early in August, the day was cold enough to require fires and an overcoat.

Leaving the office of my host, we took a steamer upon the Neva, riding past the magnificent buildings on either hand until we reached the station. The suburbs of St. Petersburg, for a few miles, are very unprepossessing. But after passing over twenty miles, fine estates began to appear, in which all that art could do to supply the defects of nature had been done. Trees had been planted in large numbers, and flowers and fountains rivalled each other in sparkle and beauty.

The village, when reached, resembled some of our Western towns, where some of the original log-huts remain, while new and ornate houses exist among them. The streets showed signs of unknown depths of mud, and what sidewalks there were, like those in the Western towns referred to, were made of plank. Beautiful suburbs, such as the banks of the Hudson, the shores of Long Island Sound, and the hills and sea-coast of New Jersey, give to New York, or those surrounding Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or any of our large cities and several of the European capitals, are wholly wanting.

It is claimed that the air is much more healthful thirty miles from St. Petersburg than in the city. This may be so, but, so far as I could judge, the advantage of going "into the country" there is not as great as in most other places. My friend, however, took issue with me on this point, and held that the great relief experienced in the change from the dust, heat, and gloom of the city, to the enjoyment of the free range of the hills, was delightful. As to the hills, they were smaller than those in the streets of Brooklyn or Cincinnati.

The Rev. William Nicholson, the representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Russia, had lent me an account of a tour in Russia by an English clergyman. I had that morning read about twenty pages of it, giving a sketch of his voyage from Hull, England, to St. Petersburg. As we were walking through the village, my host saw a lady on the other side of the street, and said to me, "Let us cross;



BRIDGE ACROSS THE NEVA.

there is a lady to whom I would like to introduce you." When we met, and her name, Mrs. D——, was announced, I said:

"Mrs. D——, your husband is a banker?"

"Yes."

"You have three children?"

"Yes."

"You are a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Brown?"

"Yes."

"And a granddaughter of the famous John Brown of Haddington?"

"Why, yes, sir" [with great astonishment]; "how *did* you know anything about me?"

In point of fact, this book had contained the account of the writer's meeting this banker's wife on the steamship with her three children, and of her ancestry. I had leaped to the conclusion from her appearance and unusual name, and the limited number of English ladies there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ST. PETERSBURG IN DETAIL.

M'KENZIE WALLACE, in his intensely interesting and, in general, very accurate, work on Russia, speaks of St. Petersburg thus:

"From whatever side the traveller approaches St. Petersburg, unless he goes thither by sea, he must travel several hundred miles of forest and morass. In the midst of a waste and howling wilderness he suddenly comes on a magnificent artificial oasis. Of all the great European cities, the one which most resembles the capital of the Tsars is Berlin. Both are built on perfectly level ground. Both have wide, regularly arranged, badly paved streets. In both there is a general look of stiffness, which indicates military discipline and German bureaucracy; but there is at least one profound difference. Though Berlin is said by geographers to be built on the Spree, you might live a long time in the city without ever noticing the sluggish, dirty little stream upon which the name of a river has been undeservedly conferred. St. Petersburg, on the contrary, is built on a magnificent river, which forms the main feature of the place. Like the river, everything in St. Petersburg is on the colossal scale. The streets, the squares, the palaces, the public buildings, the churches, whatever may be their defects, have at least the attribute of greatness, and seem to have been designed for the countless generations to come rather than for the wants of the present generation."

He then says that what the St. Petersburgians may justly be proud of is the general grandiose appearance of their city, and not the particular beauty of their residences. This remark is true. Nevertheless, there are many buildings and many other things in St. Petersburg which com-

CHURCH OF PETER AND PAUL IN FORTRESS.

pare favorably with those in the other capitals, and I am inclined to agree with another writer who says that "none of the oldest and prettiest of European cities have much to boast of when brought into comparison with St. Petersburg." I shall describe some of the chief objects of interest, interweaving accurate information, derived from various sources, with personal experience.

We will begin with the fortress and cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul: The cathedral stands in the midst of the fortifications. It is two hundred and ten feet long, and ninety-eight feet wide; has a belfry one hundred and twelve feet high; and above this rises a spire in the shape of a pyramid. The spire is one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, the globe five feet, and the cross twenty-one. The top of the cross is three hundred and seventy-one feet above the level of the ground, which makes it ten feet higher than St. Paul's in London. It is, with one exception, the tallest spire in Russia, and is elegantly gilded.

It has had a peculiar history. Between 1733 and 1756 it was struck by lightning three times. The third time the spire fell in, and ruined a clock which had been placed in the tower at great expense. In 1830, a peasant climbed to the summit of the spire with only a nail and a rope, and repaired the angel and cross.

In this cathedral, all the sovereigns of Russia, since the founder of this city, lie buried, except Peter II., who died in Moscow and is buried there. Opposite the tomb of Peter the Great, is an image giving his size at his birth, which was in harmony with his subsequent gigantic proportions: he was nineteen and one quarter inches in length, and five and one quarter inches in breadth. Paul and Nicholas, the latter buried opposite Peter the Great, and the assassinated Emperor Alexander lie close to the walls around which hang standards, flags, shields, and battle-axes taken from the French, the Poles, the Swedes, and the Turks.

Services were progressing when we entered. The priest performing them had the deepest and heaviest, as well as the most musical, bass voice that I have ever heard. It is not extravagant to say that in chant-

ing and in reading it was louder and stronger than the voice of any two of the great singers that appear in oratorios and have a world-wide fame. As a person remarked, it was grand and terrible to hear him. Of these bass voices and their relation to the Russo-Greek services I shall have something to say in another chapter. Surrounded by tombs, he read the services, and the grandeur of the decorations, and the awful roll of his voice, gave a new meaning to the words:

> Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
> My ears attend the cry,

and the mighty fortifications, erected by the despots whose bodies fill those tombs, gave impressiveness to the other words of the same hymn:

> Princes, this clay must be your bed,
> *In spite of all your towers.*

The grandeur of the interior cannot be adequately described, as the style is different from anything that I had ever seen.

The fortress in which the cathedral stands has long been used as a state prison. It was here that Peter the Great imprisoned his oldest son when he was arraigned for treason. Here his father visited and examined him, and immediately after the visit he suddenly died, and it has ever since been believed that, according to the custom of those times, he was subjected to torture, and died as a result of his suffering.

In this dreary dungeon, also, the conspirators of 1825 were imprisoned and tried, and some of them were executed. Here, too, many Nihilists in recent times have been imprisoned. Some of them have written accounts which have been circulated by the Nihilist propagation societies, of the awful suffering which they have had to endure. An English newspaper correspondent, who obtained access in some way to the cells, has also written harrowing accounts. Tombs of the dead sovereigns — some assassinated, some tortured, and some heart-broken, which was practically the case with the great Emperor Nicholas, whose death was hastened by the report of an unsuccessful attack made by his armies — and these gloomy cells, into some of which the light of day never comes,

make a combination the true emblems of which are sightless skulls, instruments of torture, and rusty keys, all of which may be seen in different parts of the edifice. In pleasant contrast to these depressive objects is the celebrated boat of Peter the Great, which bears the title of *The Grandfather of the Russian Navy.* It is the boat that Peter

KAZAN CATHEDRAL.

found under a shed at Ismailovo, the country residence of his grandfather. He was told by his shipbuilder that it could sail against the wind, and this fact so aroused his curiosity that he gave orders to have it put in order and launched on the Yáuza River at Moscow. Sailing this boat gave him an interest in naval matters, and resulted in the construction of a fleet and the extension of the Russian monarchy.

Passing along the Nevski Prospect, the visitor sees two large statues,

one of Kutuzof, and the other of the famous General Barclay de Tolly. Behind these statues stands Kazan Cathedral. It is built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, and cost three million dollars. They profess to have the miraculous image of the Virgin, which was brought from Kazan in 1579. It is covered with fine gold and precious stones worth more than seventy-five thousand dollars. Among those the most conspicuous is a huge sapphire. Several immense candelabras of silver hang down in front. The pulpit, the seat for the emperor, and the floor are made of marble, the steps of jasper.

The keys of many fortresses captured by the Russian arms hang around the palace ; among others, those of Dresden, Hamburg, Leipsic, Utrecht, and Rheims. The name of the Almighty, in the centre of the *ikonostas,* is rendered in precious stones. The people were constantly coming and going, and we could see the manner in which the revenues of the Church were kept up, as all who came bought candles or left money.

After an hour in Kazan Cathedral, we proceeded to the Winter Palace.

This stupendous edifice is four hundred and fifty-five feet long, three hundred and fifty feet wide, and is divided into twelve or fifteen rooms filled with most magnificent paintings. These paintings represnt great battles, such as the battle of Leipsic, August 6, 1813, the taking of Paris, March 30, 1814, and some sixty or eighty other great battles in which the Russian army has participated. Magnificent portraits also, can be seen there of the greatest generals and princes of Russia, including Mentchikof and Count Nesselrode, the Chancellor of the Empire.

The most striking apartment is the drawing-room of the empress. It is affirmed that no court in Europe presents such a brilliant appearance as that of Russia. The illuminations are grander than are seen elsewhere. In this drawing-room is a table containing the rules of Queen Catherine, enforced at her *conversazioni.*

These rules are wise and witty, and reflect much light on the semi-barbaric state of the nobility in the time of Catherine, as will be seen from the following translation :

THE WINTER PALACE.

I. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.

II. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling, outside the door.

III. Be gay, but do not spoil anything. Do not break or gnaw anything.

IV. Sit, stand, walk, as you will, without reference to anybody.

V. Talk merrily, but not very loud, so as not to make the head of anybody ache.

VI. Argue without anger and without excitement.

VII. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

VIII. In all innocent games, in whatever one proposes, let all engage.

IX. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, and drink with moderation, so that each can find his legs on leaving the room.

X. Tell no tales out of school. Whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

Whoever broke one of those rules, on the testimony of two witnesses, had to drink a glass of cold water and read a page of the *Telemachiade.* Whoever broke three of the rules the same evening had to commit six lines of the book. Whoever broke the tenth rule could never again be admitted.

The crown jewels are kept here. The imperial crown carries on its summit a cross made of five diamonds, supported by a huge ruby. Eleven great diamonds separate these diamonds and its cross, and on either side is a hook of thirty-eight very large and perfect pearls, and the value of the jewels in the crown is 823,956 rubles. The coronet of the empress is the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever brought together in a single ornament. Altogether there are one hundred and two. There is a diamond necklace there composed of twenty-two large diamonds. Strings of imperial pearls, beryls mounted in diamonds, and the famous Orloff diamond, weighing one hundred and eighty-five carats, valued at 2,399,410 rubles, make up a mass of treasures of this kind equaled by no empire in the world. A place of interest to most visitors is the room in which the great Emperor Nicholas died, March 2, 1855.

Owing to repairs in progress, the whole of the Winter Palace could not be seen when I was in St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XIX.

FURTHER WONDERS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

A REST of a day, gave us time to reflect on what we had already seen, and to prepare for additional excursions. Our first visit was to the Hermitage.

This was founded by Catherine the Great. Here she spent her evenings conversing with philosophers, poets, artists, and foreign travellers. She intended it to be a refuge from the labors of government; hence its name.

It has been improved and reconstructed in modern times. It is claimed that for elegance and beauty and the costliness of the materials of which it is constructed, it has scarcely any equal in Europe. A bare catalogue of its contents would fill a chapter.

Here, for the first time on the Continent, I found English paintings. The different schools are represented according to the following numbers: the Italian by 333; Spanish by 115; Flemish, Dutch, and German by 944; English by 8; French by 172; and Russia by 65.

The catalogue from which I took these figures being somewhat old, they are probably incorrect.

The collection of Spanish pictures is said to be the best to be found out of Spain.

In my wanderings through the galleries of Europe, including those of Dresden, which have an unusual number, I have seen more than five hundred of Philip Wouverman's paintings, and one peculiarity was that they always had a white horse in them. At the Hermitage they exhibit a picture of his without a white horse, and consider it a great curiosity. A critic informed me that, considering the number of Wouverman's paintings, he attained a higher average than any other great painter of his time.

A most striking painting is one executed by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the Empress Catherine II. He was to exhibit Russia vanquishing its early difficulties, and the Empress gave orders that he might take any subject that he pleased, and she would pay any price that he might name. He named fifteen hundred guineas as the price, and represented an infant strangling serpents. The queen was delighted, and sent him a message by the Russian ambassador, and a present of a gold snuff-box, with her portrait enclosed in large diamonds.

In one of the rooms they exhibit a clock which executes "overtures with the effect and precision of a band." In another room are the turning-lathe and carving instruments of Peter the Great, his mathematical instruments, telescopes, and books, the heavy iron staff that he carried about, a rod that marked his height, and the cast of his face made when he was alive. They have a time-piece in the shape of a gilded peacock. It is now broken, but once the peacock expanded its wings, just as a cock of the same color clapped his wings and crowed, an owl rolled his eyes, and a grasshopper went to feeding on a mushroom.

Anyone who has visited the Hermitage will say, How imperfect this description is! But he will also wonder that I was able to select anything from the almost unlimited accumulation of treasures, works of art, relics and curiosities.

The Scientific Institutions of St. Petersburg amply repaid the day's attention which I was able to give them.

The university has about eighteen hundred students. Previous to the time of Nicholas, Russians of wealth sent their sons to foreign universities. Nicholas set himself against that, and persuaded his ministers to send their sons to the University of St. Petersburg.

The Academy of Arts has many fine pictures.

The Mining School has the richest collection in the world, unless the British Museum equals it. The latter has the advantage of being better arranged. I was very much interested in this collection which contains a huge bar of native gold, and crystals of gold from the Siberian gold-fields. One was worth twenty thousand dollars. An ingot of platinum, upward

of ten pounds in weight, was also shown. In this building was a mineral that I had never seen — the petzite, composed of silver and tellurium; also huge masses of native copper from the Kirghiz steppes; the largest crystals of topaz, one yellow, and another blue: the yellow one is valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. We saw a single crystal of crown beryl, weighing five pounds, and worth twenty-five thousand dollars. There is a solid mass of malachite, weighing twenty-five hundred pounds avoirdupois; a single crystal of quartz weighing one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five pounds. The library I did not visit.

In the mineralogical collection of the Academy of Sciences, I saw a huge aerolitic stone that fell at Smolensk in 1807, and in the zoölogical collection the remains of the great mammoth that had endured "through countless ages in the ice of Siberian rivers, with its flesh so preserved from decay that wolves and bears came down to feed upon it." They show fifteen hundred relics of an ancient and extinct species of rhinoceros. They have a stuffed specimen of the sea-otter six feet long, whose skin is valued at six thousand dollars.

In the Asiatic Museum there are one thousand three hundred and sixty-nine volumes in the Chinese language.

The monasteries of Russia are the wealthiest, the most powerful, and the most celebrated in the world. Three of them far surpass all others because they are the seats of the Metropolates. These are in Kief, Moscow and St. Petersburg.

The monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, which we are now to visit, is inferior only to that of the Trinity in Moscow. The site is the extreme end of the Nevski. It occupies a vast space, surrounded by walls, within which are churches, dormitories for the monks, high towers, and large gardens.

On this spot, in the year 1241, St. Alexander defeated the Swedes and their allies in a hotly-contested battle. He was first buried in Vladimir. Peter the Great selected this spot on account of the battle, for the site of the monastery, and brought the remains of the saint there with extraordinary display. The grandeur of the cathedral has been maintained

without regard to expense. Italy has yielded its finest marble, Siberia many precious stones, and very many pearls have been brought from Persia. Here is the shrine of Alexander Nevski.

This shrine is of solid silver, and, with its ornaments, weighs three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds of absolutely pure metal. It is a pyramid fifteen feet high. On its summit is a catafalque surrounded by angels "as large as life," having trumpets and flowers made of silver.

Immensely valuable presents for the monastery were obtained from Persia. A Russian envoy was murdered at Teheran in 1829. As an offering of peace and penitence, the Persians sent a "long train of rare animals, gold webs, gold stuffs, and pearls." The following account of the way in which those things were brought, is worth quoting:

"The pearls and gold stuffs and rich shawls were carried on large silver and gold dishes, by magnificently dressed Persians. The Persian prince, Khosra Mirza, drove in a state carriage drawn by six horses. The elephants, bearing on their backs towers filled with Indian warriors, had leather boots to protect them from the cold, and cages of tigers and lions were provided with double skins of the Northern Polar bear."

Many of the finest pearls were given to this monastery. Among the great treasures exhibited are miters set in the most costly jewels, pontifical robes of gold brocade, and gifts of individual metropolitans and princes. The episcopal staff turned by Peter the Great for the first Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, is the property of this institution. The crown of St. Alexander is also to be seen, and the bed on which Peter died.

It is the fashion for illustrious Russian families to bury their dead within these walls. They have to pay immense sums for the privilege. The graves are very close. There are sixty or eighty monks, and an academy is sustained. The services are magnificent. The priests wear gorgeous robes, and the monks are divided into two antiphonal choirs. Their singing is worthy a journey of a thousand miles to hear, and is an astonishing illustration of the powers of the human voice.

I visited the monastery twice, and listened to the singing and the

prayers for more than two hours on each occasion. The bearing of the monks after the service ended, and the hurried, irreverent manner in which they left the altar, did not impress me favorably; nor did the visit which I made to the cells occupied by them. But their singing, and especially the voice of the chief celebrant, can never be forgotten.

Some remarkable monuments and statues are to be seen in St. Petersburg. The monument of Sir James Wylie suggests a romantic history. This celebrated Scotchman was practising medicine in St. Petersburg, when a certain count and favorite of the Emperor Paul had an abscess on his neck. The best medical men attended him without benefit. He was near death, when, on the advice of his friends, he sent for Dr. Wylie in the middle of the night, who opened the tumor, and the count was almost restored to health at once. Paul made him court physician. This was one of the class of lucky accidents by which medical men have often emerged from comparative obscurity. It was a proverb in Russia, that Dr. Wylie had made his fortune by cutting Count Kutuzof's throat. When Alexander I. ascended the throne he retained Sir James Wylie, as did also Nicholas. Under their reigns he was president of the Academy. In 1812, by the particular request of the Emperor Alexander, he was knighted by Great Britain, and also made a baronet. The monument to him is in the court of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, and is a very imposing work.

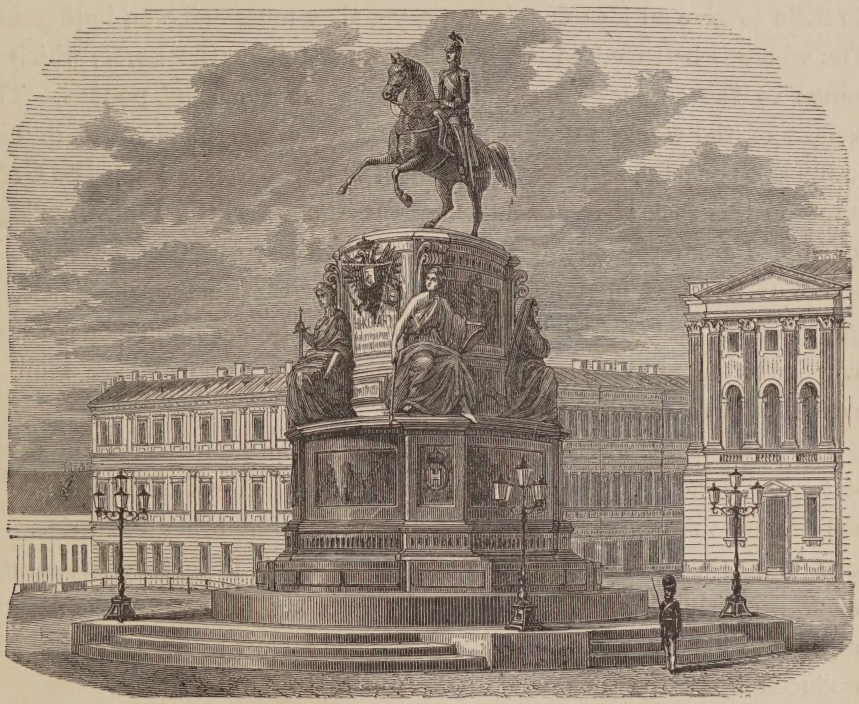
The next is the monument to Field-Marshal Barclay de Tolly and Marshal Kutuzof. I spoke of this in describing the Cathedral of Kazan. There is also a monument to Krylof, who was a kind of Russian Æsop; and another monument to Suvoroff. This stands almost in front of the building of the British Embassy. A magnificent statue of Emperor Nicholas resting on a pedestal of granite of various colors, attracts great attention.

A stupendous work is the Alexandrian Column, "the greatest monolith of modern times." It is a single shaft of red granite, eighty-four feet high, besides the pedestal and capital. The base of the pedestal consists of one enormous block of red granite, the shape of a cube,

ALEXANDER'S COLUMN.

twenty-five feet in every dimension. The shaft alone weighs four hundred tons, and the whole rests on six successive rows of piles. It is beautiful, and has this inscription: "*To Alexander I. Grateful Russia.*"

In the Nevski Prospect is a monument of Catherine II., resting on immense blocks of Finnish granite. Around it there are nine figures in bas-relief, of those who assisted Catherine in reforming the country. One of them is a woman, the Princess Woronzoff Dashkof, the first



STATUE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

president of the Academy of Arts. Among the others is the famous Potemkin.

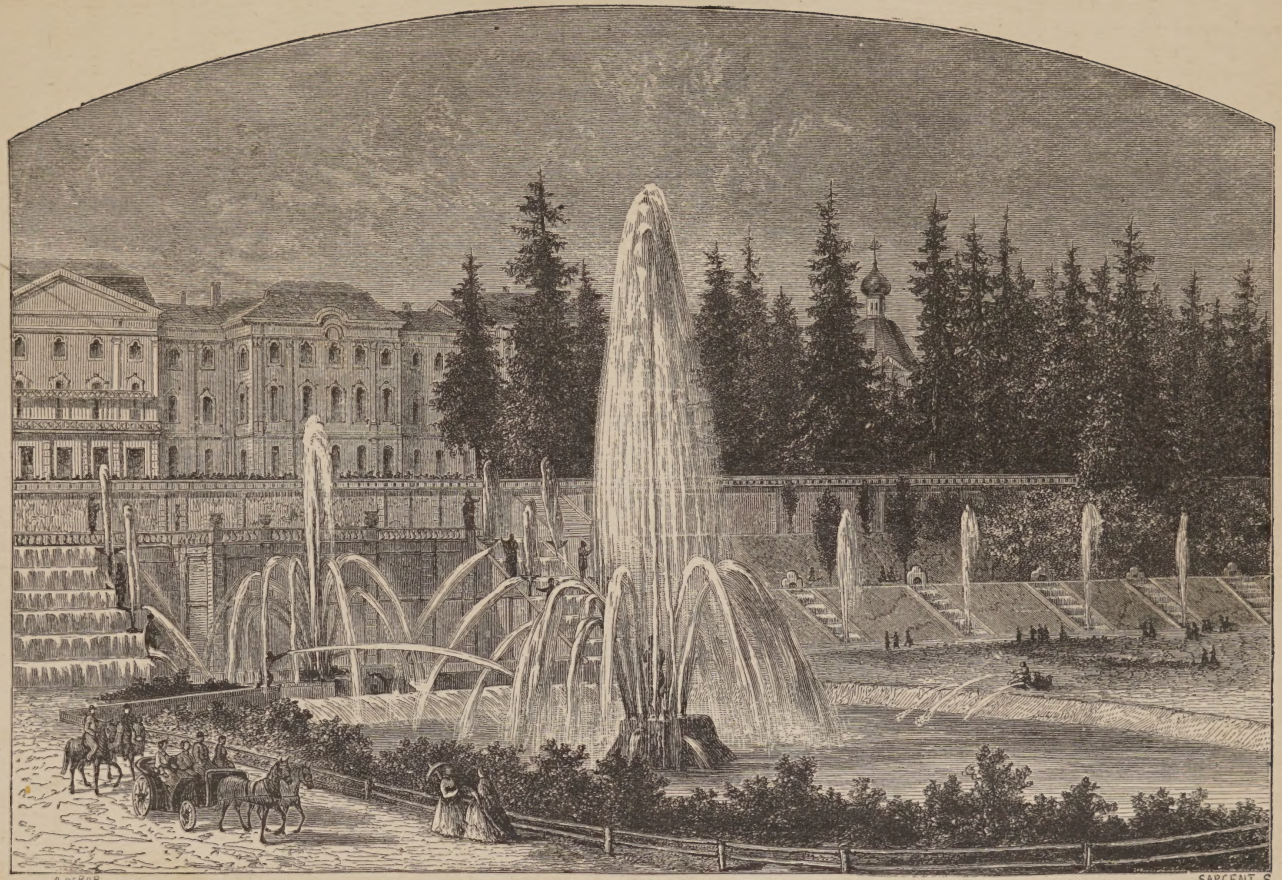
An equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands in front of the School of Engineers. It was put up by the Emperor Paul, and has on it in letters of gold, this inscription: "*The Grandson to the Grandfather,* 1800."

But the greatest of all the monuments in St. Petersburg, is the eques-

trian statue of Peter the Great, between the Cathedral of St. Isaac and the river Neva. This is a most amazing work of art. Peter the Great is represented as reining up his horse upon the brink of a rock. On both sides, as well as in front, there are steep precipices. His face is turned toward the Neva. His outstretched hand points toward the result of his work. A serpent, typical of the obstacles Peter contended with, lies writhing under the foot of the horse. The mere figures can do little to give an idea of this work, yet they must make an impression. The whole is balanced on the hind legs and tail of the horse, which is joined to the serpent's body. It weighs ten thousand pounds. The weight of the whole metal is sixteen tons. A single block of granite forms the pedestal, and it weighs fifteen hundred tons. Peter the Great stood on this rock at the place whence it came — a little Finnish village, four miles from the city — and watched a victory over the Swedes. It took five hundred men five weeks, with a great number of horses, to transport the pedestal to its place, hauling it over cannon balls rolling over an iron tramway. Vastness, expenditure, and will, are seen in everything the Russians do.

The bells of St. Petersburg are of vast size and corresponding depth of tone. None of them are swung in ringing. The Russian method of bell-ringing might, with propriety, be adopted in other countries. A rope is attached to the clapper, the end of which is fastened to a huge plank, properly balanced. The bell-ringer takes a seat and works the plank with his leg, striking with the clapper a blow as hard as would be produced by swinging the bell, and also keeping perfect time.

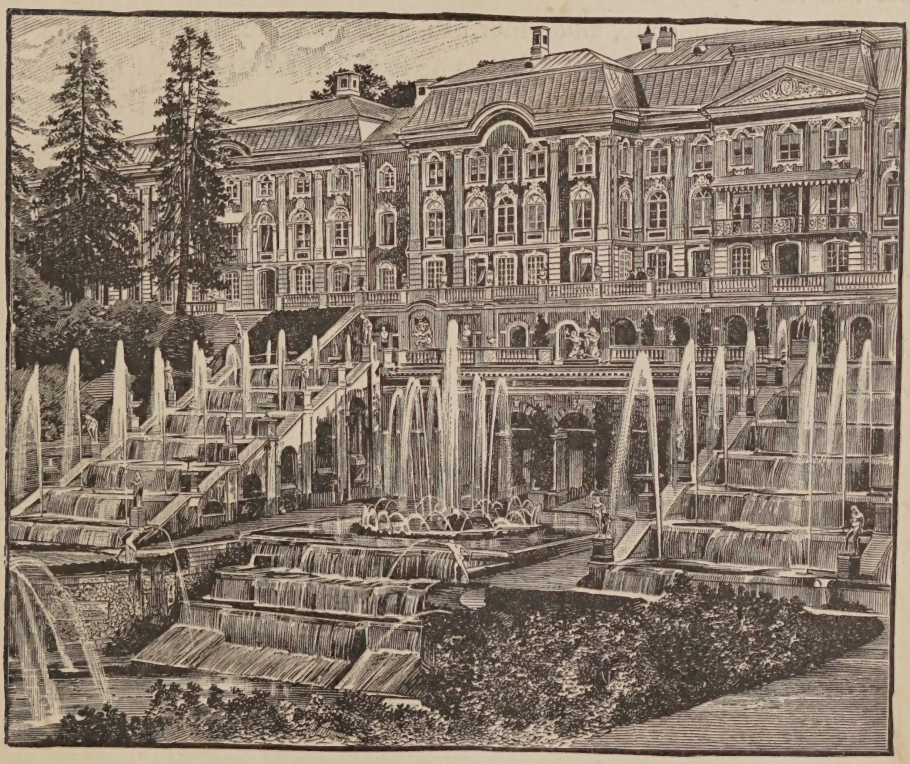
Peterhof bears the same relation to St. Petersburg that Potsdam does to Berlin. Its chief attraction is a palace built by Peter the Great. Successive emperors and empresses have made additions to it. It is reached by rail, steamboat, and public road. Inside the palace are tapestries, splendid specimens of porcelain, marble, and malachite. One apartment contains eight hundred and sixty-three portraits, executed by a painter who travelled through fifty provinces of Russia for the purpose. They all represent Russian maidens.



PETERHOF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

The expressions, and generally the attitudes are different. One is represented as combing her hair; another, as looking out of a window; a third one leaning over a chair; a fourth, standing in front of a glass; a fifth, knitting; a sixth, sewing; a seventh, embroidering; an eighth, as sleeping upon a lounge: and so on through the whole eight hundred and sixty-three.

The fountains are "almost equal to those of Versailles." In front



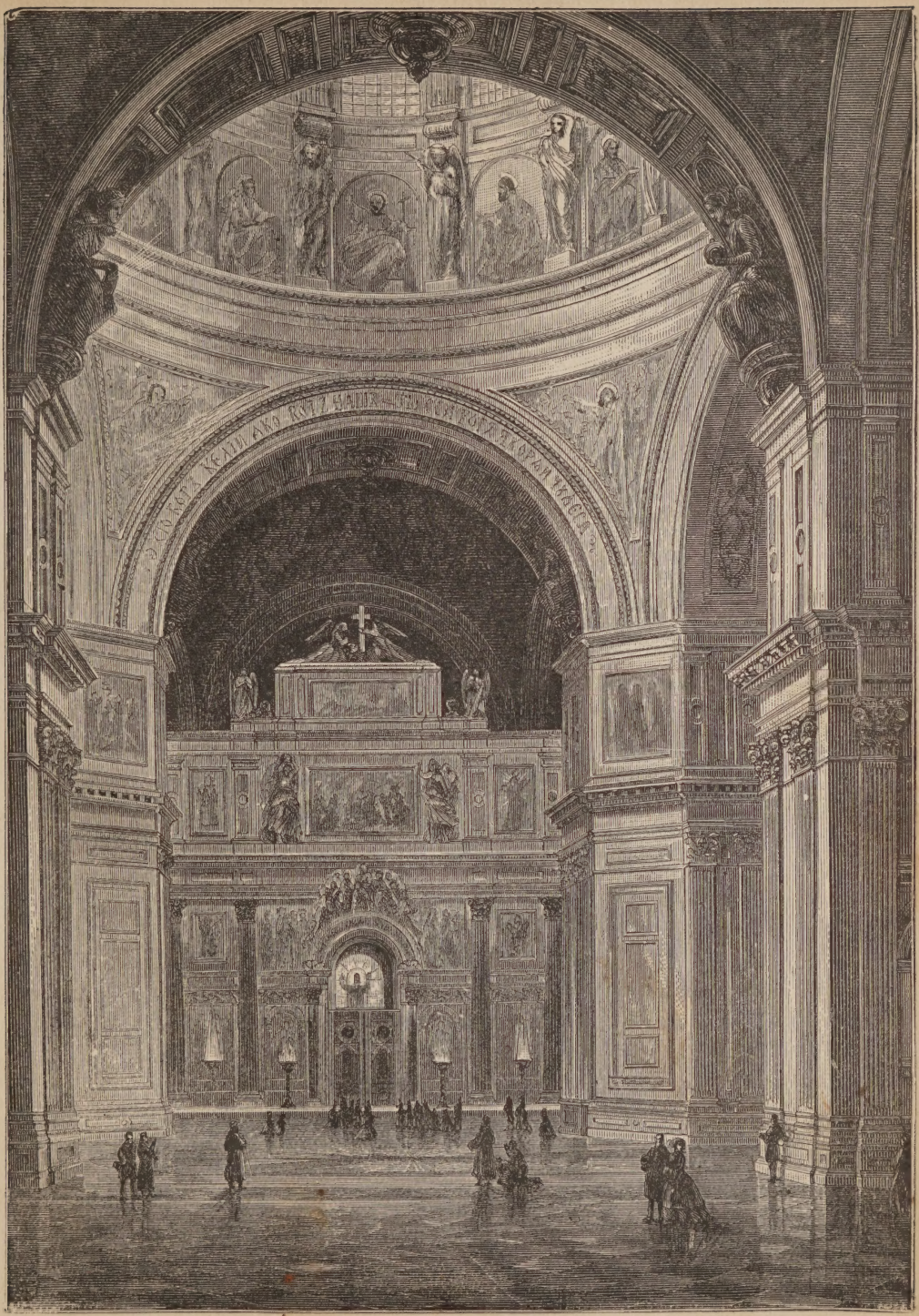
ANOTHER VIEW OF PETERHOF.

of the palace is a fountain eighty feet high, and from it there runs down to the sea, about a third of a mile, a canal containing many small fountains. This great fountain has a huge bronze figure tearing open the jaws of a lion, out of which rushes water. On that account, it is called the Sampson Fountain. A continuous ridge of marble slabs

extends to the top of the hill. Behind these slabs lamps are arranged, and water pours down over the top. In the building called Marly are many curiosities from the time of Peter: a bed in which he slept, with the curtains and coverlet presented by the Emperor of China; his dressing-gown, which was given him by the Shah of Persia. Here are a table and a box made by Peter. In the box are the works of a watch that he took to pieces. Quite a curious thing is to watch the feeding of the fish in a pond in front of this little house. Peter had the pond stocked with carp, chub, and other fish, and then the fish were trained to come at the ringing of the bell to be fed. In another little building, called Monplaisir, there are many fine pictures, but the chief object is Peter the Great's bedroom, containing his bed, dressing-gown, night-cap, and slippers.

The Peterhof fêtes attracted great multitudes. One occurred while I was in St. Petersburg, at which, for the first time since he ascended the throne, the present emperor rode freely among the people. The entire forest was illuminated, and the fête culminated on Sunday night. I visited the ground the next day, and the mere ruins of the festival were grand.

As great a curiosity as there is on the ground is a metal tree so related to the water-works that, by turning a key all the leaves of the tree will discharge large quantities of water.



INTERIOR OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER XX.

STILL EXPLORING ST. PETERSBURG.

IT is my hope so to describe St. Petersburg that the reader will discern it distinctly, and not as a vague and unsatisfactory conception. I would make it possible for him to form as clear an idea of St. Petersburg as he has of the great cities of Central Europe — as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

With this object in view, I have described the situation of the city, and its general appearance, and also conducted the reader through many of its most imposing buildings. But the grandest of them all, and one of the most magnificent in Europe, St. Isaac's Cathedral, we have yet to visit.

Our hotel was immediately opposite the cathedral. We gazed upon it from the windows when in the room, and passed through it or around it every time we went out. It is unlike, but equal to, any ecclesiastical edifice north of Italy. Its situation is in Isaac's Place, one of the largest open places in the city, surrounded by magnificent edifices, and several of the monuments described in the previous chapter.

This stupendous edifice is not dedicated to Isaac, the son of Abraham, but to St. Isaac of Dalmatia. For a hundred years the Russians tried to build a place of worship on this spot. The first was built by Peter the Great, one hundred and seventy-four years ago, and, like nearly all the buildings of its time, was of wood. After the destruction of that building, Catherine the Great began another, which was finished in 1801. It was unsatisfactory, and disappeared; but in 1809 St. Isaac's Cathedral was begun, and was forty years in building.

The reader will derive from the following facts some idea of the difficulty and the cost. This building stands in what was a swamp, and one

million dollars were expended in sinking poles twenty-one feet long, to make a foundation for the cathedral. What would be an immense grove a quarter of a mile square, if it stood upon the surface instead of being sunk beneath it, is here. Nor was that sufficient, for on the river side indications of sinking appeared, and nearly a quarter of a million of dollars was spent in making the foundation solid. The entire building cost fifteen million dollars.

The mineral resources of Russia are greater than those of any other country in the world, and all that its quarries, and mines, and countless workmen can produce may be seen in St. Isaac's. The building is in the shape of a Greek cross, equal on every side. It has four grand entrances, each approached by three very broad flights of steps, each step composed of "one entire piece of granite formed out of masses of rock brought from Finland." As one ascends these steps, he finds himself at one of the four chief entrances. Each of these has a peristyle. These have one hundred and twelve pillars, sixty feet high. These pillars are seven feet in diameter, and consist of granite monoliths exquisitely polished. They are crowned with Corinthian capitals of bronze, and over these is a frieze formed of six polished blocks. Above these rises at twice the height of these columns, the central dome. This is two hundred and ninety-six feet high, and is supported by thirty pillars of polished granite.

This cupola is surmounted by an elegant rotunda, the miniature representation of the whole looking like a temple on the mountain top. It requires five hundred and thirty steps to ascend to the top of the rotunda. Then there are four smaller cupolas, in all respects like the great one. The great cupola is sheathed with copper and, vast as is its size, it is overlaid with gold. One hundred and eighty-five pounds of solid gold were used to gild it, and finally upon the summit there is a golden cross, the top of which is three hundred and thirty-six feet above the ground, and visible for many miles in every direction. So dazzling is the effect of the sunlight upon the gilded dome and cross that it is impossible to look at it more than a very few minutes at a time. The diameter of the dome is sixty-six feet.

PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE.

The interior is fully in harmony with these great proportions. The columns of malachite for an Ikonostas (this Ikonostas is the central screen) are more than thirty feet high. Pillars of lapis-lazuli on each side of the door of the screen cost thirty thousand dollars each, and the Royal Door in the centre is made of bronze, twenty-three feet high and fifteen feet wide. The inmost shrine or sanctuary is in a small circular temple, supported by eight Corinthian pillars of malachite eight feet high, gilded at the top and bottom. In these pillars there are thirty-four thousand pounds of malachite of an average cost of four dollars a pound, making the whole to have cost one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. The walls and floor are all of polished marble of different colors, covered with pictures of eminent Russian artists. No ornaments are seen. The impression is produced by vastness and cost. I believe the permanence of the impression to be greater than that of the Cathedral at Cologne. There is no detraction by details from the one grand impression.

From this ecclesiastical monument we will make a transition to the Museum of Artillery. This transition in a despotism such as that of Russia is not so great as it might seem, for all things rest upon military power. The Church is upheld by it.

The museum contains many great curiosities. The inside court is full of cannon of all sizes. The horse on which Catherine II. rode, "after the manner of men," when she entered St. Petersburg to take the throne, June 28, 1762, is here, stuffed, and the uniform, shirts, gloves, and decorations of Frederick the Great, captured during the Seven Years' War.

The white leather coat which Peter the Great wore when he worked as a carpenter in Holland is there; also an automaton drummer, whose history is unknown, and a machine that could fire off one hundred and five pistols at one time — this seems to have resembled the mitrailleuse and the Gatling gun. A machine that Peter the Great used in measuring roads is here; but one of the greatest curiosities is the stool of the great robber chief of the Caspian Sea. By its side stands his stick,

studded with brass nails. He sat on this stool, and had eight pistols, which are placed around it still. There he pronounced his judgments, executing them forthwith either with the stick or the pistols.

Another curiosity is the standard of the Streltsi troops. These troops were established by John the Terrible, and were a kind of Prætorian Band. It was chiefly by their means that John the Terrible captured the Tartar Kingdom, and subjugated Kazan. The flag consists "of the representation of God the Father holding the last judgment. Over his head is the azure sky of Paradise; beneath him blazes the flames of the infernal gulf. At his right hand stand the just, that is, a company of Russian priests, some of the Streltsi, and a number of ordinary bearded Russians; to his left the unbelievers, that is, a tribe of Jews, Turks, Tartars, and Negroes, and another crowd of Germans." Under each group the name is inscribed, as Turk, German, etc. "Many angels, armed with iron rods, are busy in delivering the rest of the unbelievers and shrieking Jews and Mohammedans and other infidels to the custody of the devils."

We now proceed to Peter the Great's cottage. This little building is fifty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and consists of two rooms and a kitchen. On the left was Peter's bedroom and dining-room, which is now used as a chapel. In it is suspended a miraculous image of the Saviour, which Peter had carried with him in his battles. It was at Poltava. Devotees were constantly coming and going. I stood and saw hundreds of apparently the most respectable Russians, besides multitudes of the common people, coming and going, kissing the image, and depositing large sums. So valuable are these gifts that about twenty-one years ago the two guardians of the house were murdered by a soldier who robbed the concern of the donation-box.

This is the first house built by Peter here in 1703. He lived in it while superintending the building of the city. It is on the same island with the fortress previously described, and not far from it. When Peter erected it, he saw before him rivers, an island, and a marsh. Yet his dominating mind conceived the great city which is now there, and before he

died — though he died at the early age of fifty-seven — it had assumed the appearance of a modern capital. I was much more interested, however, in the relics of Peter. There is a boat which he built with his own hands. Fragments of its sails are there, and the bench on which he sat at the door looking at the workmen. To preserve the building from decay it has been entirely covered with a casing.

Peter was a man of immense intellectual and physical resources. I believe him to be as worthy the title of "the Great" as Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick or Napoleon, or any man who ever lived. He was a great barbarian, but he made great strides towards civilization, and so strong was he that he dragged the Russian people against their will with him further and faster than they had gone for several centuries, or would have gone without him in as many more.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. PETERSBURG AND VICINITY.

THE Historical Museum of Imperial Carriages consists of two stories, the lower containing the travelling and town court carriages, and the upper, the State carriages of the successive sovereigns of Russia. There is nothing of the kind equal to this Museum, in Europe. The walls are covered with magnificent Gobelin Tapestry, the most beautiful being that which represents the view which Constantine the Great had of the Cross.

Among the many carriages is that presented by Frederick the Great to the Empress Elizabeth, the carriage in which the Princess Dagmar rode on the occasion of her marriage to the Emperor Alexander, and the great carriage of Catherine II. These are painted, gilded, carved and jewelled.

An object of greatest interest is the sledge in which Peter the Great used to ride, and which he made with his own hands. The windows are of mica. Peter travelled in this sledge all the way to Archangel, but did not have snow enough to come back in it, and had to return on wheels; so the sledge was left there till the time of Alexander I. It is kept in a glass case. The trunk which contained his provisions and clothes is still in its old place.

One carriage surpasses all others in painful interest. It was that in which Alexander II. rode when he was assassinated. Precisely as it was left after that dreadful event, it remains with the seat, sides, and back torn by the violence of the explosion.

The spot where Alexander II. was assassinated attracts great attention. A chapel now stands there, and a magnificent church is being erected on the very place. Under the guidance of a person who arrived upon the

ALEXANDER II. LYING IN STATE.

scene ten minutes after the event occurred, I walked from the avenue along which the Emperor rode to the exact site of the murder.

The causes which led to this event, I shall treat in the chapters on Nihilism. It was not the first recent attempt to destroy the Emperor. In April, 1879, Soloveff shot at him. Great excitement was produced by the repressive measures subsequently adopted. During the month of May, 1879, there were seventeen thousand three hundred conflagrations in Russia, most of them supposed to be caused by incendiaries. The railroad was blown up, the Winter Palace was undermined.

The most accurate, and at the same time vivid, description I have seen of the assassination is in Rambaud's Popular History of Russia, which relates the following facts:

"On the thirteenth of March, 1881, Alexander attended a review, and afterwards took coffee at the Mikhailovski Palace with his sister, the Princess Alexandra. On his return, as he was driving along the Iekaterinovski Canal, an Orsini bomb was thrown, which exploded and tore off a part of the carriage. The Emperor alighted unhurt and approached the assassin, who had been seized by two marines and the chief of police, Colonel Dvorzhetski. At this instant another bomb was thrown by an accomplice. It burst, and shattered the Emperor's legs, killed the man who threw it, and a small boy who was passing, and injured a large number of bystanders. Colonel Dvorzhetski was wounded in sixty places. The Emperor, exclaiming 'Help me!' fell to the ground and was immediately driven to the Winter Palace, where he died in the middle of the afternoon. The excitement was intense, and was by no means diminished by the discovery of a mine on Little Garden street, containing more than thirty-two kilograms of dynamite, connected with a basement leading from an ostensible milk and cheese shop."

The Executive Committee of the Nihilists, in spite of all the efforts of the police to suppress them, posted in a conspicuous place, this proclamation:

The Executive Committee consider it necessary once more to announce to all the world that it repeatedly warned the tyrant now assassinated, repeatedly advised him to put an end to his

homicidal obstinacy and to restore to Russia its natural rights. Every one knows that the tyrant paid no attention to these warnings and pursued his former policy. Reprisals continued. The Executive Committee never drop their weapons. They resolved to execute the despot at whatever cost. On the first of March this was done.

We address ourselves to the newly crowned Alexander III., reminding him that he must be just. Russia, exhausted by famine, worn out by the arbitrary proceedings of the administration, continually losing its sons on the gallows, in the mines, in exile, or in wearisome inactivity caused by the present regime,— Russia cannot longer live thus. She demands liberty. She must live in conformity with her demands, her wishes, and her will. We remind Alexander III. that every violator of the will of the people is the nation's enemy and tyrant. The death of Alexander II. shows the vengeance which follows such acts.

The apparent apathy, or self-control as the case may be, of many of the Russian people is well illustrated by the following circumstance related to me by a foreign resident of St. Petersburg, who is engaged in a large business. On the morning after the assassination, when he entered his place of business, he said to his book-keeper who was a Russian :

"This is a terrible thing, the assassination of the Emperor. It will alarm the world, and will be likely to plunge Russia into dreadful difficulties."

The book-keeper looked up and said laconically, "Yes, this is a bad thing," and proceeded with his writing.

"But," said the gentleman, "it is a most fearful thing! Nothing of the kind has happened in my time."

The book-keeper, who was not a Nihilist, exhibited no more interest in the subject than would have been natural if a common street fight had occurred and was the subject of conversation. This excited the mingled curiosity and indignation of his employer, who had no reason to suppose that there was any want of frankness toward him ; but on speaking to a number of other Russians he found the same stoical calmness and taciturnity.

It may have been the manifestation of the spirit of helplessness mingled with fear, which results from living under a despotism. But the great mass of the people regarded the act with horror, as the historian

already quoted shows in the "naive account" of a deputation of persons who came to bring their votive wreaths to put upon the Emperor's bier as he lay in state in the Petropavlovski Cathedral.

"The nearer we approached the Cathedral," said the speaker, "the more our hearts sank. At last we were inside the church. There were many generals assembled — thirty, if not more. They made way for us. We all dropped on our knees and sobbed aloud. We bowed our heads to the ground, nor could we restrain our tears; they kept flowing like a stream. O what grief! We rose from our knees. Again we knelt, and again we sobbed. This we did three times. What we felt all this time, how our hearts were aching beside the coffin of our father and benefactor, there are no words to express. And what honor was done us! Many wreaths were lying on the coffin. General Rilaief took our wreath and placed it straightway on the breast of our Little Father. The other wreaths were moved aside. Our peasant's wreath was laid on his heart. As during his whole life we were nearest his heart, so after his death our offering of thanks was laid on his martyr breast. This idea so affected us that we burst into tears. The general allowed us to take leave of the Tsar. We kissed his hand — and there he lay, our Tsar-martyr, with a calm and loving expression on his face, as if he, our Little Father, had fallen asleep."

The ensuing description of the funeral so graphically illustrates the splendor of Russian ceremonials, that its reproduction will gratify the reader.

"The funeral procession, on the nineteenth of March, was most imposing. The route led from the Winter Palace to the Petropavlovski Cathedral by the Admiralty and the English Quay, across the Nikolaievski bridge into the fortress by the Ivanskaia gate. The procession had thirteen sections, divided into one hundred and seventy-two groups. The representatives of provincial assemblies, trade guilds, and the courts of justice, of economic and philanthropic societies, were in full regalia. The 'bright and spotless character' of the late Emperor was represented by a knight in golden armor on a superb steed and carrying a drawn

sword. The standard of the various districts of the Empire and the imperial emblems were carried by pages — the crowns of the kingdoms, the imperial globe and sceptre, the four swords of the empire reversed, the fifty-seven foreign orders and decorations, and the seventeen Russian orders and medals, borne on velvet cushions. The funeral car was of gilt, drawn by eight horses. At each corner sat one of the late Tsar's aides, and the cords of the pall were held by sixteen generals. Sixty liveried pages followed with burning torches. Then came on foot the new Emperor in the full uniform of the Preobrazhenski guard, and the other members of the Imperial family.

"On the day of the funeral mass, March 27, it snowed. The scene in the cathedral was impressive in the extreme. The cathedral was dimly lighted. The silence was broken only by the howling of the storm. The heralds, dressed in black velvet with silver braid and tassels, the imperial escutcheon picked out in dark embroidery, with the crown emblazoned in gold on their breasts, and holding in their hands their tabards surmounted with the double-headed eagle in gold, stood waiting for the mass to begin. The Emperor, wrapped in an ermine robe with a sacred picture on his breast, lay in state under a baldachin of gold and silver cloth lined with ermine. The canopy reached to the top of the dome, and was surmounted by alternate rows of ostrich feathers and the imperial arms. Among the mourners were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Archduke Rudolf of Austria, Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, the imperial family, and a host of famous princes and generals. First, the High Mass was celebrated, with beautiful soft music by the choir; then came masses for the dead, and the Protodeacon intoned a prayer for the sins, voluntary and involuntary, of the Emperor, while all the mourners held lighted candles in their hands. Afterwards the last farewells were said, the silk standard was removed, and the Emperor was laid beside his Empress. Then the guns of the fortress sounded, and the mourning flag was taken down and replaced by the Imperial standard."

CHAPTER XXII.

INTO THE HEART OF RUSSIA.

AT the time of the Crimean War, 1853–56, in all its vast domain European Russia had less than eight hundred miles of railway. Now it has nearly fourteen thousand. If it had possessed even ten thousand miles of railway in 1854, the Crimean War would have been terminated by the defeat of the allies, or would have continued as many years as it did months, before Russia would have been forced to surrender. For then it was compelled to convey its troops and everything necessary for their support, as well as most of the munitions of war, immense distances by the slowest and rudest means of transportation. Of that less than eight hundred miles of railway more than four hundred constituted the line connecting St. Petersburg, the modern, with Moscow, the ancient and genuine Russian capital. At the present time there are through connections, by first-class carriages, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, and from Moscow to Central Europe. Indeed, one could go thus to Sabastopol, Odessa, and to the southern extremity of the Empire.

The carriages on these lines are as good as in any part of Europe, though the speed is not very great. On many of the roads fifteen to eighteen miles an hour is the average, and thirty miles the highest attainment of express lines. The companies can generally be relied upon to comply with the schedule. Stations along the line are numerous, and the stops frequent. A splendid supply of good food, and tea unsurpassed in the world, can be obtained at the buffets on the principal lines. A traveller, in defending the slowness of the speed, says: "The English and Americans must remember that Russians are rarely in a hurry, and like to have frequent opportunities of eating and drinking.

In Russia time is not money; if it were, nearly all the subjects of the Tsar would have a large stock of ready money on hand, and would often have great difficulty in spending it."

The railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow is probably the straightest line in the world. It was built as the crow flies, pays no attention to towns, and sets out the passengers who are going to particular places at railway stations surrounded by fields. On inquiry, the unfortunate wight finds that the station may be several miles from the town, which he must reach on foot, in wagons, or stages, according to the accommodation. The explanation of this peculiarity is of considerable historic interest, and reflects much light on the arbitrary methods prevailing in Russia. The only reason why this railroad ignores every town between St. Petersburg and Moscow, except one small place called Tver, which happened to be near the straight line, is that "the Tsar so ordered it."

Here is the history: "When the preliminary survey was being made, Nicholas, learning that the officers intrusted with the task — and the Minister of Ways and Roads in the number — were being influenced by personal, rather than by technical, considerations, determined to cut the Gordian knot in a true imperial style. When the minister laid before him the map with the intention of explaining the intended route, he took a rule, and drew a straight line from the one terminus to the other, and remarked in a tone that precluded all discussion, "You will construct the line *so*."

Formerly the road was ridiculed, and cited to show the evils of a despotic form of government, but public opinion has undergone a change. It is considered that great advantages occur to Russia, as a whole, through the shortness of this line, and that though the towns have suffered a great deal, the construction of branch lines to such as need them will, in the end, remedy the difficulty, while the great benefits of being able to carry by far the greater part of the goods and passengers that go the whole length of the line in a shorter time will remain.

I was informed that some of the contractors on this road, not taking the pains to thoroughly investigate the conditions of the soil over which

Nicholas's straight line had to be built, were ruined, and others, if not ruined, were seriously embarrassed by the vast expenditure required in marshy places.

There is a great difference between the legislation concerning railroads in Russia and in England and the United States. That difference is stated by an authority whose treatment of the subject I condense: In other countries individuals and chartered companies act according to their interests. The State will not interfere, unless it can be proved that very serious consequences will follow. In Russia the exact opposite is the case. Companies and individuals are allowed to do nothing at all until they give satisfactory guarantees against all possible evils. When any enterprise is proposed in Russia, the military authorities are always consulted, and the first question is, How will this new railroad affect the interest of the State? From this it follows that the railway map of Russia is to be interpreted fully as much by military tactics as by commercial or social interests.

Much vigilance is requisite to get comfortable accommodations on a Russian railway. There is no such thing as purchasing one's ticket a long while in advance, and getting on the train as soon as the ticket is bought. The door is not opened until a certain time. Those who are prepared rush through as rapidly as they can, take possession of all the seats in their vicinity, and cover them with bags, valises, umbrellas, bundles, so that those who come two or three minutes later, looking in the car, will think there is no room. If, however, the guard is called, he will soon find seats for a much larger number than a first glance would suppose it possible to accommodate. Travelling as we did, with couriers who spoke Russian, English, and German, and in some instances French, we found that there were ways of evading the strict regulations, of which most travellers who are acquainted with them take advantage. The dignified guards, dressed in uniform, many of them venerable in appearance, and having the aspect of distinguished military commanders, were not above taking a ruble and practising the most open partiality toward the persons who rewarded them. In fact, it

appeared to be a general custom to give fees, and the larger the fee the more the attention received.

Another peculiar custom soon appeared. On every ticket two sums were stated. For instance, if the price of the ticket would show thirteen and three, the price of the ticket would be sixteen rubles; the explanation of which is that the three rubles is a special tax placed by the Government upon the railway travellers to pay the expenses of the last Turkish war. These Russian taxes pursue the citizen or traveller at every turn. If he stays at home he is taxed, if he undertakes to go away he is taxed; and if, having been away, he goes home, he is taxed. Thus I, having no interest in the war between Russia and Turkey, was compelled to pay for myself and my son while travelling in Russia, above thirty dollars to the expenses of the last war.

It was at once obvious that we were in a region where the English language is less spoken by the ordinary population than in any part of Western or Central Europe. Printed instructions to travellers were in three different languages: Swedish, Russian and German. Occasionally a notice in French was added, but very seldom. One heard German and French now and then, but most of the people spoke Russian. Many of the women in the first and second-class cars were of striking personal appearance. Some were very tall, others were *petite*. In the third-class cars were many Tartars, and many women with coarse features. Russian gentlemen are not noticeably unrefined in appearance, and many of them have the air of successful bankers or merchants.

The habit of smoking cigarettes is common among the women of Russia, and on this tour we saw several ladies travelling first or second-class with their children and governesses, who at every station smoked cigarettes. One lady in particular, having two small children, promenaded the platform, smoking at every station, entirely unconscious that there was anything unusual or striking in the performance, as, indeed, there was not to Russian eyes.

Much of the tea drunk in Russia is brought overland from China. It was long believed that sea-borne tea was not equal to overland. Improved

methods have diminished the difference. At the *buffets* tea was served in genuine Russian style, in tumblers, with sugar and lemon, without milk. These tumblers, filled with a decoction of tea of great strength, about an inch in depth, were placed on the tables. As the traveller arrived, boiling water was poured from the "samovar" into the tumbler, and a slice of lemon placed upon the top. Never did tea have a more exquisite flavor.

The samovar is a copper urn used in Russia for making tea. It is filled with water heated by charcoal placed in a pipe with a chimney attached, which passes through the urn. An English writer made a comical mistake in praising the tea which he had drank in Russia. He says, "The Russians have a very peculiar and excellent tea called Samovar, which all classes drink."

It was amusing to see some of the Russians, who, instead of placing the lumps of sugar in the tea, placed a lump between the teeth, and held it there as the tea passed over it. Excellent as the tea was, I perceived while in Russia that the constant drinking of it rendered necessary by the uncertainty of water, and the rapid change of place, had an effect similar to that of alum upon the lips, gums, and mouth. The tannin in it was plainly the cause. Others whom I met and with whom I travelled perceived the same effect, which always disappeared when Apollinaris water or any other fluid was substituted for tea. A Russian informed me that the effect would pass away, or not be noticed, in a few weeks.

Wallace, speaking of strong tea, says: "The tumbler, you know, is to be used as a cup, and when filled may be conveniently employed for cauterizing the points of your fingers."

We had not taken the most rapid train, which ran almost exclusively in the night, but one which would admit of our travelling by daylight eight out of the fifteen hours required for the journey, during which time I was engaged in observing the scenery and identifying different historic points. Owing to the avoidance of towns by the line of the road, the view was chiefly one of fields and morasses, rarely relieving the eye by

the sight of a town, a village, or even a human habitation, except at or near the stations.

Taking a suggestion from the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland, the whole of which was, "There are no snakes in Ireland," one might write a chapter on mountains in European Russia, and, with the exclusion of certain remote parts, he could say, "There are no mountains in Russia."

With the exception of the Caucasus range on the south, and the Ural on the east, the only part of its surface that attains a height of over one thousand feet, is the little roof of the Valdai Hills, at the head of the Volga.

Keith Johnson, in the London Geography, says: "The main divisions of its landscape are the frozen treeless *tundras* of its Arctic coast lands; the immense central forest region, the cultivated parts which supply Europe with grain; and the treeless *steppes* which lay across the south of the plain, from the saline borders of the Northern Caspian toward Roumania on the west."

The Russians measure distances by versts, and the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow is six hundred and four versts, or four hundred and three English miles, in length. When we had travelled one hundred and eleven versts we came to the point where, if we had been able to visit Novgorod the Great, we would have changed cars. This was the head of the Russian Empire, for the Rurik dynasty first settled there in 862. It rose to such power that it was a proverb through all Eastern Europe, "Who can resist God and the Great Novgorod?" The city was once large enough to cover an area of forty miles in circumference. The first Russian money ever made was coined there, about four hundred and fifty years ago.

At the same point we crossed the Volkhof River, which flows from Lake Ilman into Lake Ladoga. When we had passed one hundred and fifty-two versts we came to an immense iron bridge, which crossed a ravine one hundred and ninety feet deep. This bridge was built by American contractors, and on American principles — indeed, American

contractors built this whole line of railway. Finally we came within sight of the Valdai Hills, to which I referred as the highest, with certain exceptions, in Russia, though they are not much higher than the Palisades on the Hudson River; but in them rise the rivers Dvina, Volga, and Volkhoi.

At a place called *Vyshni-Volochok*, we obtained a glance of a canal that begins here and joins several rivers and lakes, so uniting the great rivers Volga and Neva as to bring about navigable connection between the Baltic and the Caspian seas.

When we had made about three fourths of the way to Moscow the train crossed the Volga. This is one of the great rivers of the world. From the point where we crossed it it is navigable, without a break, for two thousand one hundred and fifty miles. A regular line of steamers runs to Astrakhan.

Fourteen miles from the line of the road, at a town three hundred and seventy-nine miles from St. Petersburg, stands the monastery of New Jerusalem, founded by the most celebrated Patriarch in the history of the Russo-Greek Church — Nicon. At this spot he built a church, consecrated by Tsar Alexis, and named the New Jerusalem. Nicon undertook to imitate the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The River Istra he called the Jordan. He had a brook dug, and named it the Kedron. He called a village in the neighborhood Nazareth. But he became too great a power, and the Tsar withdrew his countenance. As he refused to come to the cathedral to hear Nicon preach on an important occasion, the Patriarch, who supposed he could bring him to terms, threw off his Episcopal robes, resigned his crozier, and, attiring himself in the habit of a monk, withdrew to this place; but the Tsar never asked his forgiveness. A Council of the Eastern Patriarchs was called at Moscow. Nicon was degraded and banished.

At last Moscow appeared upon the plains — a forest of gilded spires and colored domes and cupolas.

Expecting to remain there some weeks, and wishing to see the best Russian society to which access could be obtained without special intro-

duction, to have an opportunity to observe the manners of the better classes, and to come into contact with that subtle thing which can be discerned even through the veil of a foreign language — the spirit of the people — and also because I hoped to secure a very noted courier for the entire residue of our journey through Russia, I went to the most famous hotel — the Slavianski Bazaar.

The rest of the day was occupied in getting settled and walking about the streets of the city, which I found to be by far the most interesting I had ever visited, with the exception of London; though Moscow is wholly unlike the English capital.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLY MOSCOW.

SUBSEQUENTLY I obtained views of Moscow, which were much finer than that seen from the railway on approaching the city. At this point I will say only that if I had not known where I was, the impression would have been made that some extraordinary city unlike anything previously seen, was before me, and the ride from the cars to the Slavianski Bazaar would have excited intense curiosity.

The number of manufacturing establishments in Moscow is large. The workmen employed in them number at least sixty thousand men. There are about one hundred and twenty cotton, over fifty woollen, more than thirty silk, and nearly sixty spinning mills and dyeing works.

The city stands upon a vast plain, through which runs the Moskva, the river from which the city takes its name. This river rises to the south, in the swampy region in the province of Smolensk. Moscow is built upon both sides of it. In certain parts of the city it has a very serpentine course, and finally flows under the battlements of the Kremlin, passing on through the plain until it unites with the Oka, a large river, of which I will have much to say in the description of other parts of Russia. The larger part of the city is on the north side of the Moskva.

The barriers of the city are upward of twenty miles long, though the city is neither square nor round, but is a quadrilateral, no two of whose sides are parallel to each other. Around it run two boulevards, which occupy the site of the ancient fortifications. On the north side the city extends entirely to the earthen ramparts. Elsewhere there is a vast amount of unoccupied space between the ramparts and the outer boulevard. There is not a straight street in Moscow. A sufficient

number of hills exists to cause the streets to undulate and to give extended views. In the centre of the city stands the renowned Kremlin, which is in the shape of a triangle. On the east is the Chinese city, surrounded by towers and buttresses. The hotel at which I stayed is in that quarter. The Russian expression for Chinese city is *Kitai-Gorod.*

At the present time the population of Moscow is about as great as that of St. Petersburg, and it is growing much more rapidly. It is the centre of the railway system of the whole empire. It has direct connections and carries on a large trade with the different parts of the Baltic, both in Germany and Russia, and also with Odessa ; and Odessa has now direct water connection with China and India by means of the Suez Canal. Also there is the great eastern highway to Siberia, which passes from Moscow to Kazan on the Volga, and crosses the Ural at the fortified mining town Ekaterinburg. The great southeastern routes cross the Volga at Samara and Saratov, and go by Orenburg into Southern Asia. Also Moscow has direct trade with Persia, passing over the line of railway to the Volga, and hence through Astrakhan and the Caspian. It is, as the Russians fondly call it, the Heart of the Empire.

Some things about the history of Moscow the visitor must know to comprehend what he sees, nor can he intelligibly describe to others any thing of importance without presenting these historic facts in outline. For Moscow is to the Russians what Jerusalem is to the Jews — almost what Mecca is to the Mohammedans.

The city was founded about seven centuries and a half ago. By the fourteenth century it had become the capital of Muscovy, superseding Vladimir, which in its turn had superseded Keif. Tamerlane, the great Tartar warrior and statesman, came against it toward the close of the fourteenth century and afterward it fell into the hands of the Tartars, who sacked it and slew many of the inhabitants. In those days the houses were almost all built of wood, and in 1536 the city was nearly destroyed by fire, and several thousand of the inhabitants perished in the flames. Just thirty-six years after that the Tartars set the suburbs on

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fire, and at that time a large part of the city was burned, and the number of those who were consumed or killed by the invaders amounted to nearly one hundred thousand. Only thirty-nine years later it was again set on fire, and almost wholly destroyed. One hundred and thirteen years ago the population was decimated by the plague.

But the most extraordinary occurrence that ever took place there — indeed in any part of the world in modern times — was the burning of the city, within the memory of men yet living, in 1812, to secure the overthrow of Napoleon.

Reading the descriptions written by several historians upon the ground, beholding the ruins that yet remain, and tracing the restorations, the terrible character of the crisis becomes overwhelmingly apparent, and the sacrifice made by Russia to national feeling of "this ancient, holy, and beautiful city, the idol of every Russian heart, her shrines to him the holiest in the empire, hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations," appears, indeed, to be one of the most stupendous which any nation ever made.

The people of the city had been deluded by the Governor, who had been himself deceived into the belief that the French army would be destroyed in a pitched battle, and would never reach the city. But at a council of war it was decided to give it up. Six hundred cars were despatched to Vologda containing the records of the courts, ancient manuscripts, and relics of the monasteries. On the night of September 1, 1812, the Metropolitan took away the three holy images, the virgins of Iberia, Vladimir, and Smolensk. Then the advance guard of the Russian army went through the city, followed by thousands of the inhabitants in solemn silence. "Streets were crowded with carriages and carts laden with household goods. Herds of cows, sheep, and goats blocked up the way. The sick were carried on the backs of the strong. Mothers carried their infants, and tied those who could walk to their sides."

The last Russian troops went out of the city just as the French entered. They came upon the city in three columns. A part crossed

the River Moskva at the place called the Sparrow Hills, of which I shall have more to say. The other came in from the high road from St. Petersburg, while the main body came in from the westerly side. On the third day Napoleon made his solemn entry. But the Governor had liberated the convicts from the dungeons, with instructions to burn the city.

It has been pretended by some recent writers that no great destruction was done by the fire. Whoever can hold such a view either has not been in Moscow, or took no pains to ascertain what was burned, blown up, and otherwise damaged or destroyed. The first to be set on fire were the dry-salters' shops and oil stores. Next all the stores in the vicinity of Murat's headquarters. The French generals had visited the various carriage-makers' shops, and selected carriages for their own use. But these shops were all fired at one and the same time. It is an unquestioned fact that the city was set on fire in eleven different places, and that the fire burned most fiercely for three days and nights. Every fire-engine had been removed, and there were no means of putting out the fire. Forty-eight different incendiaries were discovered and convicted, and thirty of them were made to stand up against the wall of a monastery and were shot by the French.

Napoleon made all arrangements to remain, and established his chancery in the Tower of Ivan Veliki, and appointed Lesseps Chief of Police of Moscow. (This Lesseps was the father of the famous builder of the Suez Canal, and the projector of the canal in Panama, now in process of construction.)

To show how terrible was the destruction I will quote two passages, one from the great Russian historian, Karamzin, a translation of which I found in another book, and the other from a Frenchman, Labaume. Says Karamzin : " Palaces and temples, monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of past ages, and those which had been the creation of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed ; nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city and the deep resolution

of avenging its fate." Labaume says: "The churches, covered with iron and lead, were destroyed, and with them those graceful steeples which we had seen at night resplendent in the setting sun. The hospitals, which contained more than twenty thousand wounded, soon began to burn — a harrowing and dreadful spectacle — and almost all those poor wretches perished."

I think most readers will be gratified if I quote the most graphic account of Napoleon's departure. What takes a hundred pages in some histories, can here be seen in a few lines. "Napoleon returned to the Kremlin from the palace of Petroffski, to which he had retired, and tried to negotiate with Kutusof, who replied that no treaty could be made so long as a foreigner remained within the frontier. The Emperor then replied that he would forward a letter to Alexander. 'I will do that,' said the Russian general, 'provided the word *peace* is not in the letter.' To a third proposition Kutusof replied that it was not the time to treat or enter into an armistice, as the Russian army was just about to open the campaign. At length, on October 19, after a stay of thirty-four days, Napoleon left Moscow with his army, consisting of one hundred and twenty thousand men and five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, a vast amount of plunder, and a countless host of camp-followers.

"And now the picture of the advance was destined to be reversed. Murat was defeated at *Malo Yaroslavets* on the twenty-fourth, and an unsuccessful stand was made at Viasma on November 3. On the sixth a winter peculiarly early and severe, even for Russia, set in; the thermometer sank eighteen degrees, the wind blew furiously, and the soldiers, vainly struggling with the eddying snow, which drove against them with the violence of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish the road, and, falling into the ditches by the side, there found a grave. Others crawled on, badly clothed, with nothing to eat or drink, frost-bitten, and groaning with pain. Discipline disappeared; the soldier no longer obeyed the officer; disbanded, the troops spread themselves right and left in the search of food, and, as the horses fell, fought for their mangled carcasses, and devoured them raw. Many remained by the bivouac

fires, allowing an insensibility to creep over them which soon became the sleep of death. On November 9 Napoleon reached Smolensk, and remained there until the fifteenth, when he set out for Krasnoe. From this time to the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, when the French crossed the Berezina, all was utter and hopeless confusion; and in the passage of that river the wretched remnant of their once-powerful army was nearly annihilated. The exact extent of their loss was never known, but a Russian account states that thirty-six thousand bodies were found in the river alone, and burned after the thaw. On December 5 Napoleon deserted the survivors. On the tenth he reached Warsaw, and on the night of the eighteenth returned to the Tuileries."

The army that so well and so disastrously served him was disposed of as follows:

Slain in fight	125,000
Died from fatigue, hunger, and severity of climate	132,000
Prisoners	193,000

Of this whole army only about forty thousand remained. Less than two years from that time Alexander I. had the satisfaction of marching into Paris at the head of his troops.

When the French entered Moscow, Coblenz was in the hands of the French. Early in the summer of 1884 I was in Coblenz and saw the famous fountain there. This fountain was erected by the French officer in command of Coblenz in 1812, who placed upon it this ostentatious inscription:

"The year 1812. Memorable for the campaign against the Russians. Under the Prefectorate of Jules Doazan."

After the retreat of Napoleon from Russia, the allies roused against him. Soon the Russians were in actual possession of Coblenz. When the Russian general came in and saw the boasting inscription, he ordered the following engraved beneath it:

"Seen and approved by the Russian commandant of the city of Coblenz, first of January, 1814."

The immense satisfaction with which the Russian commandant ordered

the inscription placed upon the fountain, can easily be imagined by one familiar with the Russian character.

So great was the destruction, though by no means universal, that it was necessary to rebuild with great rapidity. Many edifices, and not a few private houses, were not damaged so as not to be capable of restoration. Here and there some escaped, while those surrounding them were ruined. So that the streets are much the same as before. The city has rather the appearance of a dozen large towns suddenly transported from distant quarters, and placed within the walls, than of a city.

The first impression is very perplexing. Huge churches, colossal buildings after the same type as those in St. Petersburg, others of a purely Asiatic type, can be found in any part of the city, thrown together without any special order.

One can never tell what kind of a street he is in by a consideration of what he happens to see before him. A little, insignificant street, with poor and ugly buildings, may suddenly open into a wide avenue, in which we behold "a large, magnificent palace, with all the pomp of Corinthian pillars, wrought-iron trellis-work, magnificent approaches and gateways." Then a road may turn off, and the next object will be a row of little wooden houses, such as are found in the back streets of great cities, if at all. Next may appear a church, either small or large. Again, one may be walking in what he may regard as a fine street, when suddenly it descends, grows narrow, seems to lead into a mass of small houses, shops, and factories. As he is about to decide to go back, he ascends a little hill, and finds himself in the immediate vicinity of many of the most magnificent buildings in the city.

It is a city of surprises. Washington, the capital of this country, has long been spoken of as the "City of Magnificent Distances." But in this particular Moscow takes the palm from it or any other city. In most cities there are what may be called quarters. Banks and banking-houses are generally found near each other — merchants in the same line of business in the same section of the city; but in Moscow one may pass out of a large establishment — as, for example, a banking-

house — and attempt to go to another of equal rank. It requires a rapid drive with a horse of an hour. So, if he attempts to go shopping, instead of finding except in bazaars a series of stores dealing in the same kind of goods, he must travel from place to place.

Though I had been reading and making inquiries concerning Moscow some hours each day for a long time, — indeed, when I had been in any place that did not require special study for its comprehension, I had devoted the time to St. Petersburg and Moscow for several weeks, — still I found it necessary before beginning the examination of the city, and during its progress, to devote about six hours a day to the reading of whatever I could obtain in order to examine it intelligently.

It is both Asiatic and European, ancient and modern, partly barbaric and partly enlightened. In it extremes of riches and poverty, learning and ignorance, piety and immorality, beauty and ugliness, are found mingled in inextricable confusion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOLY MOSCOW (*continued*).

THERE are but three cities in the world worthy to be compared with Moscow in ecclesiastical interest — Jerusalem, Rome and Constantinople.

Though the most beautiful edifice in Moscow is not in the Kremlin, the fame of the Kremlin will lead most readers to desire that it be described first.

The etymology of the word *Kremlin* is lost in antiquity, but it can be traced four hundred and thirty years. When it first appeared it was applied to the Acropolis, occupied by the royal family, attendant clergy, and higher nobility. The walls of the Acropolis were originally of oak. Five hundred years ago they were superseded by stone walls, made necessary by Tartar invasions. The introduction of artillery made them no longer safe. The Tsar imported architects from Italy to erect great fortifications. These were completed in the year that Columbus discovered America. One hundred and fifty years ago the whole Kremlin was ravaged by fire, but these walls escaped.

The Kremlin is in the centre of the city, and its circumference is one English mile and two thousand feet. Through the battlements there are five gates. The east gate is called the *Borovitski*; the west gate is called the *Troitski*, or Trinity, Gate; this is the gate through which the French entered the Kremlin and by which they departed from it; the third gate is the *Nikolsky*, or Nicholas, Gate. Above it is hung the miraculous image of St. Nicholas of Mojaisk. This image is devoutly spoken of as the "dread of perjurers and the comforter of suffering humanity." In ancient times in front of it oaths were administered to witnesses in the courts.

The tower was built in 1491, and has often been destroyed and restored. It has had an amazing history. Napoleon attempted to destroy it. The explosion split the tower in the middle as far as the frame of the picture of St. Nicholas, but neither the glass of the picture nor that of the lamp hanging before it was injured. Alexander I. put up an inscription stating that fact, over the gate.

The most important gate is the *Spaski*, or Redeemer, Gate. It is the *porta sacra* and *porta triumphalis* of Moscow. Above it hangs a picture of the Redeemer of Smolensk. Every person who passes through that gate must uncover his head. An individual neglecting to do so, and seen by the populace, would be subjected to very rough usage, and would be fortunate if he escaped with his life. There was an ancient law requiring the person who forgot to do it to bow fifty times before the image. The Tsar invariably uncovers his head as he passes through this gate. Public awe is divided between reverence for the picture and for the Tsar, reverence for the picture being marvelously increased in the eyes of the people by the fact that to it the Emperor must bow.

Two or three years ago an Englishman, with the spirit of John Bull, refused to pay respect to these traditions, and told his courier that he would certainly go through that gate, and not take off his hat. The courier warned him that the consequences would be very unpleasant. He persisted, and did it in a conspicuous manner. Instantly a mob collected. The policeman who stood on guard there dragged him in no gentle manner to a place of confinement, where he was subjected to much inconvenience, and compelled to apologize humbly. I think he was served justly. It was not principle, but obstinacy, that led him to refuse to pay respect to a custom so closely connected with the history and traditions of the people.

In front of this gate for several centuries criminals were executed, and their last prayers were offered to the image. Here, too, the *Streltsi* were executed, by order and in the presence of Peter the Great.

Peter undertook to compel the Russians to shave. This was one of

ST. NICHOLAS GATE.

his whims. Many dissenters refused to do it. In 1705 he ordered all the civil functionaries of the crown to shave, and the chief governors of the principal towns had to appear before him without whiskers or moustaches. He then imposed a fine of fifty rubles on those who ventured to disobey the Ukase. After a while a license was issued, and those, with the exception of the clergy, who had the privilege of not shaving, had to wear a copper medal. The dissenters who refused to shave, on passing through this gate had to pay a fine.

The fifth gate is of no importance. I went in and out through these gates, visiting the Kremlin, two or three times every day that I was in Moscow.

The first excursion of interest was the ascent of the Tower of Ivan the Great.

Ivan is the equivalent of John. This tower was built in the year 1600, and is three hundred and twenty-five feet high, including the cross. The original cross was stolen by the French in 1812, who supposed, erroneously, that it was of immense value. It is constructed in stories. Four have eight sides, and the last is in the shape of a cylinder. In the basement is the chapel. In the stories above there are thirty-four bells of different sizes. The largest is called the *Assumption*, and weighs no less than one hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds. Michell says: "It is five times as heavy as the bell at Erfurt."

Here is a little chapel dedicated to a St. Nicholas who is "the patron saint of all ladies who are about to marry." Near the top are two little silver bells. On Easter night all these bells are rung at once, and the effect is said to be wonderful.

To describe the view from the summit of this tower is to describe Moscow. I would only say that three hundred and fifty churches can be seen, including seven chapels, fourteen monasteries, seven convents, two hundred and thirty-three parish churches, thirty-eight chapels, and seventeen chapels at cemeteries, besides many private chapels and public buildings of all kinds.

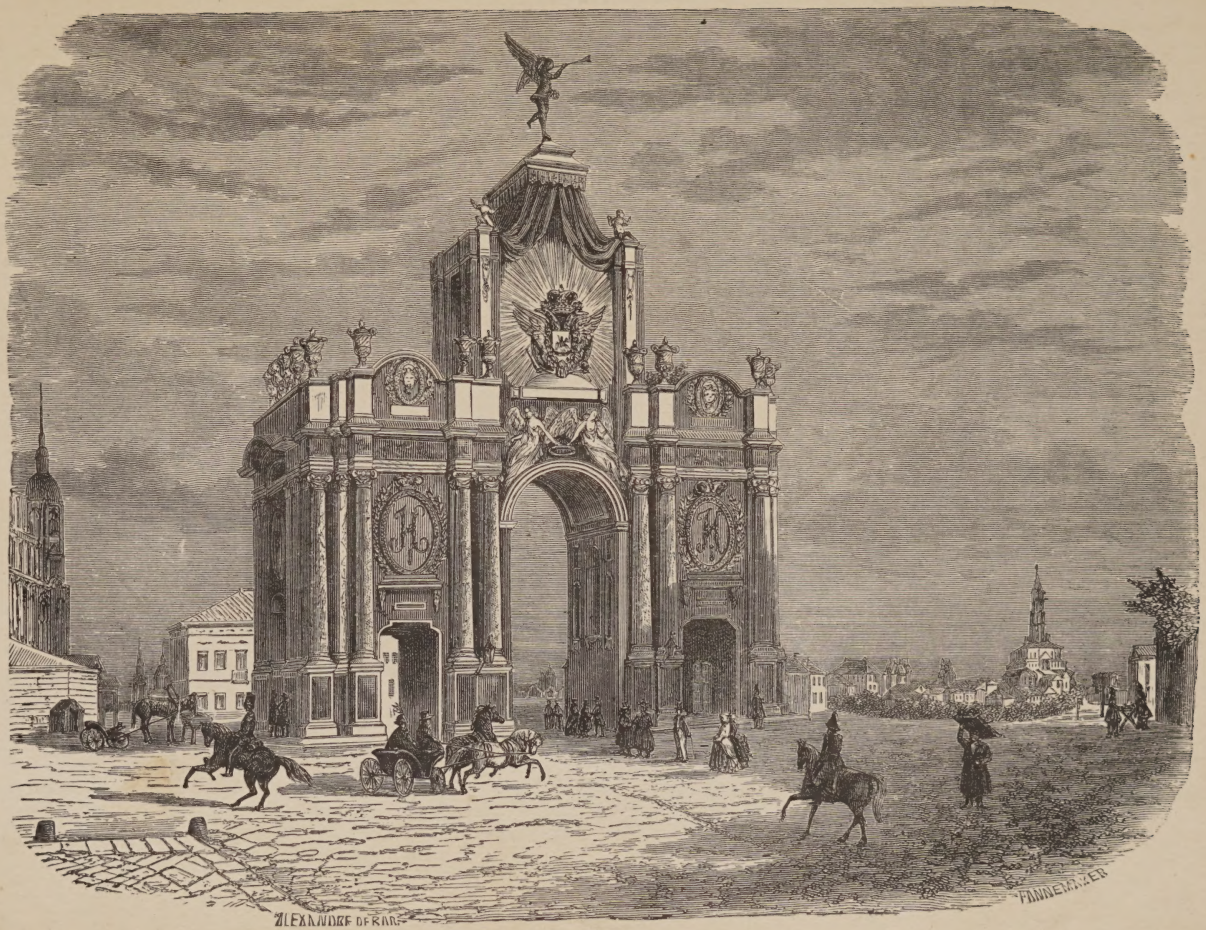
Most persons have heard of the wonderful great bell at Moscow.

I have access to a book which gives the weight of the principal of the great bells of that city. The largest bells in the towers of the churches in this country rarely pass six thousand pounds, while very large bells weigh only from two thousand eight hundred to three thousand five hundred pounds.

The first big bell cast in Moscow, three hundred and thirty years ago, weighed thirty-six thousand pounds. A Polish traveller saw a bell in 1611, of which the clapper was moved by twenty-four men. In 1636 a great bell was cast which weighed two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds. The circumference of its mouth was fifty-four feet, and its sides were two feet thick. In 1706, in a fire, it fell to the ground. It was re-cast in 1733. The ladies of Moscow threw their jewels and their treasures into the liquid metal. This made an imperfection in the casting, so that a piece in the side of the bell was knocked out when the bell fell during another fire. It remained buried in the ground until 1836, when the Emperor Nicholas had it set upon a pedestal. The following are the dimensions of that great bell, whose ringing, one would think, might shake the earth: it weighs four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds! Its height is twenty-six feet and four inches, and its circumference sixty-seven feet and eleven inches. The weight of the broken piece, which lies by its side, is about eleven tons.

The great palace surpasses, in the grandeur of its interior, most if not all similar structures in Europe. Passing between magnificent monoliths of gray marble, we were conducted through the great dining-room, the Empress's drawing-room, upholstered with white silk and gold moldings, the Empress's cabinet, upholstered in dark red silk, various bedrooms, dressing and bath rooms for the royal family, and into the Emperor's cabinet, decorated with pictures representing the French entering and leaving the city.

Next ascending a magnificent granite staircase, we entered the door of the state apartments, the grandest of which is the hall of St. George. This is dedicated to the military order founded by Catherine II. in 1769. St. George, from the earliest times, has been supposed to



RED GATE.

be a sure protection against two foes of the Russian peasant: wolves and serpents. To this day the peasants will not turn the cattle into the fields until April 25 — St. George's Day. The hall is two hundred feet long, sixty-eight feet wide, and fifty-eight feet high. The candelabra hold thirty-two thousand candles. Passing out of this, we entered the Alexandrian Hall. This is dedicated to another order, that of St. Alexander Nevski, founded in 1725 by Catherine II. It is as wide as the hall of St. George, and ten feet higher, but is only one hundred and three feet long. Six great pictures are there suspended, which give the principal events in the history of St. Alexander Nevski. The first is of great ecclesiastical interest. It represents the cardinals sent by Pope Innocent IV. trying to persuade Alexander Nevski to join the Latin Church. The third represents his refusing to bow before the Tartar idols. The others relate to various battles. Here is kept the gold and silver plate which the royal family use when in the Kremlin.

The hall of St. Andrew is one hundred and sixty feet long, and the same width and height as that of the hall of St. George. "Time would fail me" to describe all the rooms and their magnificence. At the end of the hall of St. Vladimir is a staircase called the "Beautiful Staircase." "From it in ancient times the Tsars allowed the people to see 'the light of their eyes.'" From it John the Terrible looked with terror upon the comet that he believed foretold his speedy death. There the same bloody wretch transfixed with his staff the foot of a messenger who brought him unwelcome news, and rested upon the staff while the letter was being read. Thence the False Demetrius was thrown into the court below by the mob, and near that spot the rebel *Streltsi* tore an obnoxious nobleman in pieces in the presence of the terrified mother of Peter the Great. Napoleon, followed by his marshals, ascended these steps on his way to take possession of the palace of the Kremlin.

Many of these facts are in the regular guide-books. Others I obtained from catalogues, works of travellers, and from conversations with guides, couriers, and residents.

Not far from the steps is the banqueting-room, where the Emperor

sits enthroned immediately after he is crowned, and dines surrounded by nobles. Crowned heads alone are permitted to sit at the same table with him. Near this is a private chapel of the patriarchs, which contains an image of the Virgin, before which all must bow or be eternally damned! In ancient times, when a Metropolitan or Patriarch was installed, he had to come out of the door of this chapel, mount an ass, and ride through Moscow, the Tsar holding the bridle of the ass.

India, Persia, Roumania, and Greece gave of their treasures to the Court at Moscow — precious stones and costly manufactures, "pearls, diamonds, and rubies," were given to the churches.

The Treasury is divided into several rooms. The first and second contain old fire-arms, armor, colors, standards, trophies taken from different countries, swords of kings, and such things as most nations exhibit in similar institutions.

It is when we enter the fourth room that we begin to see "the barbaric pearls and gold," the relics of the ancient magnificence of this semi-Asiatic Emperor. Here is the ivory throne brought from Constantinople by Sophia Palæologus when, in 1472, she married John III. By its side stands a throne that came from Persia. It was used by the Tsar Alexis. This throne is "studded with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and one thousand two hundred and twenty-three rubies, besides turquoises and pearls. Near it stands an orb of really great historical importance. It was sent to Vladimir, Grand Duke of Kief, by the great Emperors Basilius and Constantine." There was a crown and collar of enamel and precious stones, and a chair which they claimed contained a piece of the true cross. The orb is studded with fifty-eight diamonds, eighty-nine rubies, twenty-three sapphires, fifty emeralds, and thirty-seven pearls. On a table stands the crown of the kingdom of Kazan. Its wearer was the great Tartar king who was conquered by John the Terrible. Next in order is exhibited the crown of the Tsar Michael, surmounted by a large emerald surrounded by many precious stones.

The vastness of its treasures astonished me. The story seems like an

THE KREMLIN.

account of Aladdin's wonderful palace in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," but nothing is put down in exaggeration, and I shall be compelled to go on until the reader staggers under the description as I did under the spectacle. Next I stood before the throne presented by Abbas, the Shah of Persia, to Boris Godunof. It seemed as if it was built solidly of rubies and pearls. On the next stand is the crown worn by John, the brother of Peter I. It is in the shape of a miter, crowned by a diamond cross, which rises from a ruby. Upon the cross, and in the cross, are nine hundred magnificent diamonds. Next comes the orb of Alexis covered with diamonds, but conspicuous by eight large sapphires upon a basis of crown emeralds. It is known that Peter the Great and his brother John were crowned at the same time, and reigned for a little while in unison. Behind this throne there is a hole through which Sophia, the great sister of Peter the Great, prompted her brother John on state occasions. But the most costly crown in the Treasury is that which was made for Catherine I. by order of Peter the Great. It contains two thousand five hundred and thirty-six diamonds. But there is a stone in it of far greater value than any of its diamonds, — the famous ruby purchased at Pekin, China, two hundred and eight years ago, by the ambassador of the Tsar Alexis.

It will be perceived that the Russian Tsars do not all wear the same crown which is handed down from reign to reign, but each successive Emperor has a crown made for himself. Though on the occasion of his coronation he may choose to wear a crown already in existence, he must have one made specially for him to be forever known as his crown.

This remark will explain some things to be said hereafter, about the crowns permanently preserved in the treasuries of churches and monasteries.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOLY MOSCOW (*concluded*).

HAVING spent a day in visiting the tower and palace described in the last chapter, on another occasion I explored the cathedrals within the famous enclosure.

Our courier said that it was better to visit the Cathedral of the Assumption first. Finding that the books agreed with his view, to it we went. Of its vast treasures in former times some idea may be formed from the fact that though the more valuable articles had been carried away on the approach of the French, they melted ten thousand pounds of silver and five hundred pounds of gold from the images and shrines which were left. These became the booty of the soldiers.

Dean Stanley, in his lectures on the Eastern Church, speaking of the Cathedral of the Assumption, says: "It is in dimensions what in the West would be called a chapel rather than a cathedral, but it is so bright with recollections, so teeming with worshippers, so bursting with tombs and pictures, from the foundation to the cupola, that the smallness of its space is forgotten in the fullness of its contents." On the platform of its nave, from Ivan the Great downward to this day, the Tsars have been crowned. Along its altar-screens are deposited the most sacred pictures of Russia. High in the cupola, as at the summit of the Russian Church, the Russian Primates were elected. The building is four hundred years old, and in its present form was reconstructed by Italians, with the assistance of native artists. St. Peter, the first Metropolitan of Moscow, lies buried there.

Here I saw a most extraordinary picture. It is the Holy Virgin of Vladimir. I was solemnly informed by the custodian that it was painted by St. Luke. It first appears in authentic history in Constantinople,

whence it was taken to Kief, and was brought to Moscow seven hundred and twenty-nine years ago. The orthodox Russians believe that when Tamerlane fled from Russia in 1395, this picture exerted miraculous powers. It is painted on wax. The jewels around it are worth two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The emerald in the centre, scarcely equaled in the world, is valued at fifty thousand dollars. I paused before the silver shrine of St. Philip, who was put to death because he had publicly rebuked John the Terrible for his atrocities. It is said that the Emperor, whenever he visits the cathedral, never fails "to place his lips on the exposed and withered forehead of St. Philip."

The coronations of the Tsars which occur there are of peculiar interest, differing in many respects from similar ceremonies in all parts of the world. Dean Stanley thus describes one, and the description shows most vividly how the Emperor and the Church centre in the person of the Tsar, and make the one the eternal support of the other. Says Stanley: "The coronation . . . is preceded by fasting and seclusion, and takes place in the most sacred church in Russia. The Emperor, not, as in the corresponding forms of European investiture, a passive recipient, but himself the principal figure in the whole scene; himself reciting aloud his confession of the orthodox faith; himself alone on his knees, amid the assembled multitude, offering up the prayer of intercession for the empire; himself placing his own crown upon his own head; himself entering through the sacred tower of the innermost sanctuary, and taking from the altar the elements of the bread and wine."

Behind the altar-screen are some of the most astonishing treasures. Here is a Mount Sinai of pure gold — a gift of the famous prince, Potemkin. In it rests the Host, and the gold and the silver in it weigh respectively nineteen pounds. There is a Bible presented by the mother of Peter the Great. It is studded with emeralds, and weighs about one hundred pounds. Before leaving the building I entered into the side chapels, and *saw a nail from the true cross, a portion of the robe of our*

Saviour, and the hand of the Apostle Andrew. So they said, and so I could not believe. Thence going into the sacristy, on the next floor, they exhibited a gold cross, studded with precious stones, and containing a piece of the true cross. Having seen enough of that in different parts of the world to show that it must have been almost as large as one of the big trees of California, or that there has been a great amount of lying, and accepting the latter view, I was not filled with the spirit of reverence in the presence of the relic. But I was filled with reverence before the tombs of the metropolitans and patriarchs, martyrs and missionaries who introduced Christianity into Russia, and, when gazing upon the head of Chrysostom, of the genuineness of which there is little doubt.

The next historic spot was the cathedral of the Archangel Michael. Forty-five persons of the ancient Rurik and Romanoff Dynasties are buried in the vaults. Above each coffin is the effigy of its occupant in white robes.

Here also is John the Terrible. He committed every conceivable crime, married six wives contrary to the canons of the Church, murdered his own son in a fit of passion, and yet lies next to the altar! Twice a year a very peculiar funeral service is performed, in which prayers are offered for the sins of all those buried in the church, and they are spoken of as "that burden of sins, voluntary and involuntary, known and unknown," which they committed while on earth. Considering that the Russo Greek Church repudiates purgatory in an explicit manner, and denounces Rome for believing in it, there is an appearance of inconsistency in this. But these prayers are a source of great revenue, paid for by fine raiment and massive vessels of gold and silver.

Here is a tomb declared to contain the body of Demetrius, or Dimitry, a young prince, son of John the Terrible, who is supposed to have been assassinated. His forehead is exposed to view. The people come constantly in great numbers to kiss it, and their lips have almost worn the skull through. It was a horrid and revolting spectacle to see women kissing this skull. In the coffin they claim to have the knife with which

CHURCH IN MOSCOW.

he was killed, a bloody shirt, and some toys and coins with which he played. Above hangs his portrait in a frame of solid and very fine gold.

The most interesting object was one of the earliest copies of the Gospels in Russian, dating back to 1125. The very earliest Michell declares "to be the Ostromir Manuscript, 1056." Of this I heard when in St. Petersburg, where it is kept, but did not see it. The copy in the Cathedral of Archangel Michael is contained in an enameled covering of fine gold, covered with precious stones. The sacristan showed me a cross consisting of immense pearls. In the centre was an emerald a third of an inch wide. With great solemnity he exhibited through a glass a drop of the blood of John the Baptist. It certainly looked like blood, and if it was not the blood of John the Baptist, whose was it? This was the question propounded to me, which I was indeed unable to answer. But such questions can trouble none who have learned to attach no weight to a conclusion drawn from his own ignorance or that of another.

I have now conducted the reader through the cathedral in which the Tsars are crowned, and that in which they are buried. Next we come to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, in which they are baptized and married. Two miraculous images are shown here, which are claimed to have wrought wonders against the enemies of Russia.

The relics exhibited surpassed those in the other cathedrals. They showed the sponge on which vinegar was offered to our Saviour, the crown of thorns, a part of the stick with which he was beaten, and, last of all, some of his blood.

I was much interested in thirty-two silver-gilt caskets containing the relics of divers saints. These are washed once a year: on Good Friday, in the Cathedral of the Assumption. The water that is left after the operation is holy, and cures a great many diseases. So the people believe, and the fact cannot be disputed that many persons are relieved by the use of it. The evidence that this water cures diseases is as abundant and satisfactory as any evidence of faith-cure that can be found in this country.

I walked out over the floor of jasper and agate given by the Shah of Persia to the Tsar Alexis, to the Sacristy of the Holy Synod.

This was formerly called the Sacristy of the Patriarchs. Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate in 1721. All the treasures of the various patriarchs and *sakkos* — very rich robes in which the patriarchs were consecrated — are preserved here.

I stated that John the Terrible killed his son in a fit of passion. In memory of him, he presented the most magnificent garment in the world, to the Metropolitan. It consists of crimson velvet, and is embroidered all over with large pearls. The pearls, rubies, emeralds, almandines, garnets, and diamonds which are fastened upon it increase its weight to fifty-four pounds. Seven miters belonging to the different patriarchs, and four of them belonging to the famous Nikon, the founder of the New Jerusalem monastery, are shown, and the largest consists of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, pearls and rubies to the weight of five and a half pounds. A splendid sardonyx is there. Behind it is a fragment of the purple robe in which our Saviour was clothed, and a small piece of the rock of Calvary! In fact, precious stones here become common, and I will say no more about them in this place.

In a certain room, in which I had the privilege of remaining as long as I pleased, the Holy Chrism which touches every baptized orthodox Russian subject, consecrates all orthodox churches, and anoints the Emperors when they are crowned, is made. It is prepared every two or three years, during Lent, by the Metropolitan of Moscow, assisted by clergy, and consists of oil, white wine, gums, balsams, essential oils, and spices. It is made in two great silver kettles and an immense silver caldron, presented by Catherine the Great. When completed it is poured into sixteen silver jars. Everything employed in making it consists of silver, down to the ladles used for straining it. The entire weight of them is thirteen thousand pounds.

They have a very curious method of preserving the original holy oil. In a copper vase, with a very long neck, which is overlaid with mother-of-pearl, and which has the symbolic name of the Alabaster, is the

chrism, of which it is claimed that it is a part of the precious ointment poured upon our Saviour by Mary. When the new oil is made, in the manner I have described, they take a few drops from this and place it in the new oil. When the oil is completed, they take the exact number of drops out of the silver caldron that they took from the Alabaster, and place them in the Alabaster. Thus, of course, if they were to continue the process for three million of years, there would always be an infinitesimal part of the original oil. And this, according to the extreme high-potency principle, ought to make it still more valuable with the flight of time.

On Sunday at noon I attended service in the Convent of the Ascension. It was a solemn and imposing ceremony. The nuns, dressed in black, assisted the priests in all that is permitted unto a woman. The singing of the nuns heard from a hidden place was weird and fascinating. Their conduct after the service, however, as they chattered together like so many magpies, obviously remarking on the persons present, was not so impresive.

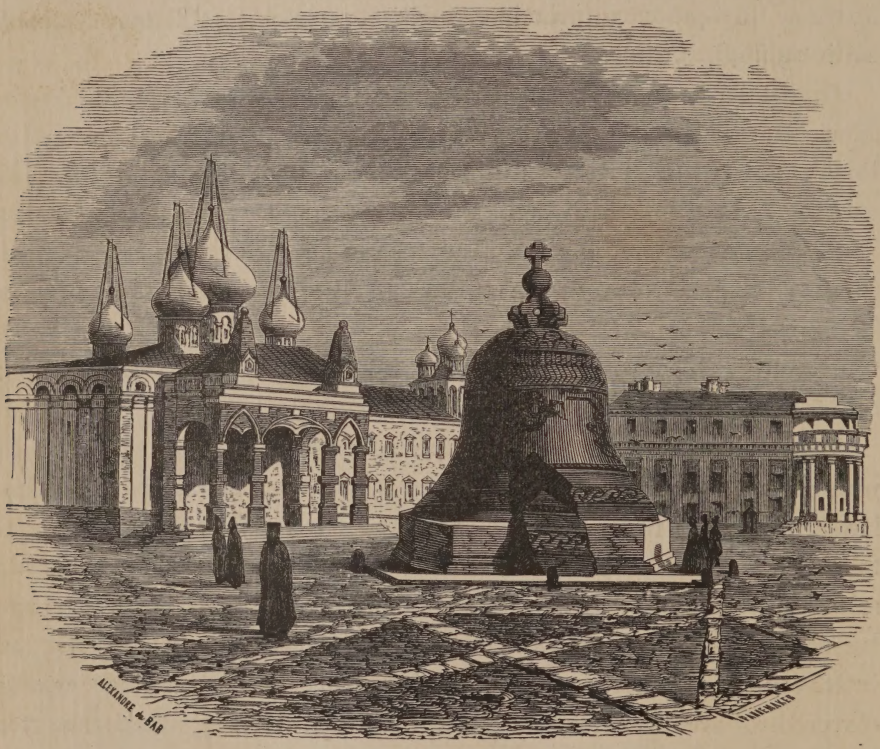
Here the princes of the reigning house are buried; the mother of John the Terrible, and four of his six wives, among the rest.

When Peter the Great was only seventeen years of age, he married a woman by the name of Eudoxia Lopukhin. On his return from England, to quell a fresh insurrection of the Streltsi, Peter forced her to take the veil and go into a convent. He issued a Ukase, in which he said that he had done this on account "of certain of her thwartings and suspicions." In fact, she was jealous of a German lady of Moscow, and with very good cause, for Peter intended to marry her; but she was discovered to have a clandestine attachment to a German whom she afterwards married. Then Peter fell in love with Catherine, the wife of a Swedish corporal. This woman was a mere peasant, taken prisoner with her whole family by the Russian troops in 1702. The commander-in-chief kept her in his service, but in six months Menshikof, the favorite of Peter the Great, took her as his wife, but in a few years gave her up to Peter the Great, with whom she lived some years without marriage,

but was married to him in 1712. His first wife, Eudoxia, died in the convent in 1731, and lies buried here.

After the service I passed through the convent, identifying these various tombs, and endeavoring to read the inscriptions upon them, which the aid of an intelligent Russian made possible.

Quite a romantic account is given of the origin of this convent. It was founded in 1639 by Eudoxia, the wife of Dimitry of the Don. She presented a spectacle of singular inconsistency. When appearing in the



THE GREAT BELL.

world outside she was dressed in the most costly attire, and wore great numbers of precious stones. Meanwhile she wore heavy weights for humiliation, and fasted almost to the point of starvation, and when charged with being more worldly than she professed, exhibited the marks of her penance. Finally she utterly withdrew from the world, gave

herself up to prayer and the healing of the sick, and from then until the present time, the convent has been the burial-place of the princes of the reigning house.

Many historic cannon are within the Kremlin. In the arsenal all the cannon taken from the French during the retreat are arranged in rows around the outside walls of the building. The French had many allies, and there are three hundred and sixty-five pieces of French artillery, one hundred and eighty-nine Austrian, one hundred and twenty-three Prussian, seventy Italian, forty Neapolitan, thirty-four Bavarian, twenty-two Dutch, twelve Saxon, eight Spanish, and five Polish ; also there are some from Westphalia, Hanover, and Würtemberg. One cannon, three hundred years old, weighs eighty thousand pounds — not as large as some that have been made in recent times, but for more than two hundred and fifty years it was probably the largest cannon in the world.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOSCOW OUTSIDE THE KREMLIN.

THE Iberian Chapel is at the chief gate to the Kitai Gòrod (Chinese town), though the "Chinese town" has no Chinese population, and nothing to do with the Chinese Empire. *Kitai* means the centre, and one of the Russian princes, six hundred years ago, took as a surname *Kitai*. This chapel contains a copy of the picture of the Iberian Mother of God brought from Mount Athos. The picture is supposed to have miraculous powers. The chapel is always crowded with worshipers, whose contributions amount to fifty thousand dollars a year. Whenever the Emperor visits Moscow, he dismounts, enters this chapel, and offers prayer before passing into the Kremlin. The Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatified stands just outside the Holy Gate of the Kremlin. It occupies the site of an ancient church and cemetery where Basil was buried. The Russians have a very high opinion of *idiots*. Idiotic or semi-idiotic beggars are very common, travelling about in the winter barefooted. Basil is said to have been a prophet, and to have wrought miracles, and he is canonized in the church under the singular description of being "idiotic for Christ's sake." It is a very singular-looking church, having eleven domes, no two alike in shape or color, but each dome surmounts a chapel dedicated to some saint. In the sixteenth century the relics of another saint, *John the Idiot*, surnamed the Water-Carrier and Big Cap, "from his habit of carrying water for others, and because he wore a heavy iron cap on his head," were placed in the Cathedral. They show the heavy weights he used to wear. In 1812 his cap was carried off or lost.

Napoleon hated the aspect of this building, and in famous words ordered the general who commanded the artillery, "to destroy that

mosque;" but it was not done. I suppose this being "idiotic for Christ's sake," must have reference to the observations in the New Testament, about being fools for Christ's sake. Christians should, indeed, if necessary, be willing to *seem* as fools, to the heathen and the ungodly, on account of their piety and moral principle, but to act like fools in natural matters is never required by God, though many in all lands seem to be remarkably endowed for that grace, if it be a grace. The United States need not fear to enter into competition with Russia, or any other country, in producing candidates for saintship, if idiocy, or the imitation of idiocy, is a qualification.

The great Foundling Hospital is a painfully interesting institution. It is the largest nursery in the world, and it is truly said of it that "it affords plenty of materials for reflection to the moralist or the student of social science." Catherine the Great founded it, and it was opened in 1763. It has been supported by a savings bank, and a monopoly of the sale of playing cards, but its revenues are hardly adequate, though nine hundred thousand dollars per annum are granted to it by the Government. More than fourteen thousand children pass through it annually.

After exploring it thoroughly, I came away with the conviction that its moral and social influence is not good. Infants are received, only two questions being asked: "Has the child been baptized?" and, if so, "By what name?" They then weigh it, give it a number, which it is always to wear around its neck, and which is figured upon its cot. A duplicate is handed to the person who brings the child. There is a long line of nurses standing to receive children after they come in, and after each child is washed and robed in the clothes of the hospital, it is passed over to the woman who stands at the end of the line. These women are sometimes the depositors of their own children, but most of them have left their own children in the country to be brought up by others, coming here to get the wages of fourteen to sixteen cents a day, and the excellent living which they have. I arrived at the institution at eleven o'clock. Twenty infants had been received that day, and

while I was there six more were brought in, and, departing, I met two entering the gate.

Everything is done with tenderness, quickness, and simplicity. The thousand infants generally in the house are bathed in copper tubs that are lined with thick flannel, and dressed upon pillows. There are distinct wards for every disease of children. One is devoted entirely to eye diseases. Weakly infants are kept alive by being placed in hollow copper bassinets, the sides and bottom being filled with warm water. The morning after they have been brought in, they are baptized, if it has not already been done, and named after the saint who presides over that day in the Russian calendar; then they take as the surname "the Christian name of the priest who baptizes them." They stay in the institution four weeks, and are vaccinated.

If they are well, the nurses, who are allowed a dollar and twelve cents a month to support them, take them to the villages where they live, and remain there, being supervised by the doctor in the district. On the poor living that they get in that awful climate, one half of them die before the first year ends, and not more than twenty-five per cent. grow to be men and women.

Of course the great majority of these children are born out of wedlock: Moscow furnishes over forty per cent. of such children, while in the whole Russian Empire the average is less than five per cent. Many of these, however, are brought by railroad to the city. It is also a fact that these nurses neglect their own children, leaving them in the villages when they come to get work in the hospitals. Most of the boys become farm hands, and are drafted into the army like the rest. There is an industrial school in Moscow, where one hundred and fifty of them are brought up, and about two hundred and fifty are trained as hospital dressers. If any girl marries before she attains her majority, the institution gives her a trousseau.

No questions are asked as to the paternity of the children, and all responsibility is removed from the parents. There is a similar institution in St. Petersburg. There, and in Moscow, vice and licentiousness

CHURCH OF VASILI THE BLESSED.

are greatly stimulated, and the morality of the peasantry, and the working-girl class, is exceedingly low.

The spectacle of a thousand infants under four weeks of age, with the certainty that not one of them would ever know parental training, or experience the happiness which attends an average Christian home, and, with the further certainty that half of them would die before they were a year old, and half of the remainder before they were eight years old, and that the survivors would have to live the monotonous, dreary, impoverished and hopeless lives of Russian peasants, suggests an insoluble problem of Divine Providence.

About five miles from the centre of the city, in a direction toward Smolensk, are the Sparrow Hills. My drive to these famous hills, which are only a few hundred feet in height, and if along the Hudson River, would hardly attract attention, but are of great importance because of the flatness of the country in which Moscow is situated, was full of interest. They are grassy and beautiful, and the view of the city from them is magnificent.

When the French army came along the Smolensk road to take possession of Moscow, they ascended these hills, and caught their first view of the golden minarets and starry domes of Moscow Napoleon, in great excitement, as he stood upon these hills, "gazed upon the goal of his ambition, and cried to his soldiers, 'All this is yours!'" As the historian observes, "The Kremlin faces these hills, and as the traveller gazes on it, he will picture to himself what must have been the feelings of the French army when they caught the first view of the golden minarets and starry domes." After traversing the dreary plains of Lithuania, and fighting, with fearful loss, their way to this spot, the limit of their long career, no wonder that these weary legions, unable to suppress their joy, shouted with one voice, "Moscow!" The reception that they met I have described in a former chapter.

The Church of Vasili the Blessed is said to be the most curious edifice in Moscow. It was designed and erected by an Italian artist for John the Terrible, about three hundred and thirty years ago. There is a tra-

dition that John had the eyes of the artist put out, that he might never build anything equal to it. In any of the Western nations since the time of the Aborigines, the artist would have been in danger of violence for a less complimentary reason.

Its cupolas are of different shapes and dimensions. They have been compared to bulbs, "some beaten into facets, others ribbed; these carved into diamond points, like pineapples, those striped in spirals; others, again, covered with overlapping scales, lozenge-shaped, or celled like a honeycomb." It is painted like Joseph's coat — of many colors. A German writer says, "You might take it for an immense dragon, with shining scales, crouching, and asleep." And Rambaud says, "Conceive the most brilliant bird of tropical forests suddenly taking the shape of a cathedral, and you have the Vasili-Blagennoï church."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOSCOW OUTSIDE THE KREMLIN (*continued*).

THE finest building to be seen in Moscow, if not the most magnificent building in all Europe, is not within the Kremlin. It is called the Church of St. Saviour.

Three months after Napoleon had retreated from Moscow, the Emperor Alexander decreed that a memorial temple should be built. Five years afterward the foundation was laid. It was to stand on the Sparrow Hills, and was to be seven hundred and seventy feet high; that is, two hundred feet higher than the Washington Monument, which is now the highest edifice in the world. It was to stand between the routes of entrance and departure taken by Napoleon. The architects worked for ten years, and spent four million rubles on this amazing plan.

The Emperor became dissatisfied, and corrupt motives were attributed to them. The work was ordered to cease. The architect and committee were banished to Siberia, and their estates confiscated to the Empire. A new site was chosen, at that time occupied by a nunnery. The nunnery was removed. The site, with embankment, terraces, etc., cost nine hundred thousand dollars, and the foundations were laid after the site was prepared — July 27, 1838. In 1858 the scaffolding was removed.

To give some idea of the stupendous size of the building, I will say that the item of scaffolding cost two hundred and seventy-seven thousand rubles; that is, about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Since the scaffolding was removed, a quarter of a century has been occupied in fitting and decorating the building.

I might venture to challenge the reader to prepare his imagination, for, whatever he may imagine, the simplest description of the facts will surpass it, and the reality as far transcend any possible description as a landscape excels a painting.

The building is in the Græco-Byzantine style. It has five immense copper cupolas, gilded with nine hundred pounds of solid gold. The total cost of these cupolas and the gilding is eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Above the centre is the cross, thirty feet high, and standing three hundred and forty feet above the ground. The building covers seventy-three thousand square feet. The peal of bells cost sixty-five thousand dollars. The largest weighs twenty-six tons, or fifty-two thousand pounds. The foundation of this stupendous structure is Finnish granite, but the entire edifice is faced with white marble. The doors of the building cost three hundred and ten thousand dollars.

Its exterior may be equalled in Europe: I cannot say that it is not, for one or two of the most celebrated structures, I have not seen. But a correspondent of the London Times for August 19, 1884, says: "I have seen most of the celebrated cathedrals of Europe, with the exception of those of Spain, but in its way I know of nothing so exquisite as the exterior of St. Saviour's at Moscow."

The reader will now wish to know something about the interior of the building. The floor of the temple is two hundred and twenty feet square, which is the length of the Greek cross. The impression of vastness is greatly increased by the height of the room within, which is two hundred and thirty feet. The entire floor is of marble, and the walls are lined with exquisite varieties of it. The marble for the floors and walls cost more than fifteen hundred thousand dollars. There are thirty-six windows in the galleries, and sixteen in the cupola. The building is lighted with candelabra.

The Russians will use no gas in any of their temples, or palaces, or royal banqueting-rooms; and the light of immense numbers of the best candles is certainly the most exquisite light that shines in the world, except that of the sun. There are six hundred and forty of these candelabra in this temple, in one row, and they cost one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. In another there are six hundred, that cost sixty thousand dollars.

The walls of the building are covered with magnificent paintings.

The materials and concomitants of the latter, apart from the sacred pictures, the value of which I could not ascertain, cost one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The building will hold ten thousand persons, and its entire cost is nearly twelve million dollars.

It is not because of the commercial value of these treasures that I give their alleged cost. It was not my purpose to take an inventory of the assets of the Russian Empire, considered civilly, ecclesiastically, or as a military power. The statements are made simply to assist the reader to form some idea of the grandeur purchased by such a lavish outlay. Every traveller whom I met in Moscow — and there were several who had been in Rome, and other Italian cities — declared the Church of St. Saviour to be the most beautiful edifice they had ever seen. St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg has a higher degree of imposing grandeur; St. Saviour is also grand, but its prominent quality is beauty.

The three finest views of the city are from the tower of Ivan the Great, the Sparrow Hills, and the belfry of the Simonoff Monastery. Of two of them I have already spoken, and to the third drove in a carriage; a distance of six or seven miles from the Slavianski Bazaar. The belfry is three hundred and eighty feet high. I ascended to the very summit, and looked out of a little window which the bell-ringer opened. Unfortunately for my ears, I arrived at the top of the cupola at the time when one of the great bells had to ring for twenty consecutive minutes.

The bell-ringer, who seemed to me a worthy successor of Basil the Idiot, and John the Idiot, sat on a cushion, working a huge pendulum with his foot, in the manner described in my reference to the ringing of the bells of St. Petersburg. To be in the immediate vicinity of a bell weighing six or eight tons, struck by a clapper of great size, for twenty minutes, leaves a man in doubt for some time whether he is not deaf. When he began we did not know that the bell would ring for so long a period. The wind blew through the belfry, so as to make it dangerous to get between two windows.

The view was magnificent. The Moskva could be seen winding its

way through the plain — a vast prairie stretching away toward the south. The Sparrow Hills could be seen in the vicinity of the Donskoi Monastery. Service was progressing in one of the churches (of which there are six) — the Cathedral of the Assumption — an immense building in the Byzantine style of architecture. Various relics are exhibited, and not far from the centre of the inclosure, which is surrounded by a wall half a mile long, is a pond where the sick, as in the pool of Bethesda, believe themselves to be cured. A gold cross, studded with precious stones, many costly articles of ecclesiastical raiment, and riches of various kinds, are exhibited here. This monastery, five hundred years ago, was the most important in Russia. It once owned twelve thousand male serfs.

The monks sang magnificently, but there was not a face among them that exhibited anything but the most profound indifference. Some of the young monks fixed their eyes upon the ladies who accompanied me from the hotel, and kept them there even while they were singing the prayers, which they appeared to repeat like parrots, without any internal consciousness or recognition of the meaning of the words, but in most melodious tones.

Knowing that there were several thousand Tartars constantly living in Moscow, and wishing to observe their worship, with much pains I ascertained the location of the Mosque, which is in what is called Tartar street, and drove to the place. There the Mohammedan priest met us with Oriental courtesy, and communicated the information that evening prayer would occur precisely at sundown, and that we might be permitted to remain outside the door, looking in, while the service progressed.

Here I was brought for the first time in direct contact with that extraordinary system of religion which, without an idol, an image, or a picture, holds one hundred and seventy million of the human race in absolute subjection, and whose power, after the lapse of twelve hundred years, is as great as at the beginning. This mosque is very plain, very large, and almost square, surmounted by a cupola and a minaret;

while upon the very highest point could be seen a small crescent. From the minaret the people are summoned to prayers.

Dr. J. H. Vincent for many years employed at Chautauqua the late A. O. Van Lennep, who went upon the summit of a house at evening time, dressed in the Turkish costume, and called the people to prayer.

I supposed when I heard him that he was over-doing the matter as respects the excruciating tones and variations of voice which he employed, or else he had an extraordinary qualification for making hideous sounds, whereby he out-Turked the Turks, and sometimes considered whether Dr. Vincent did not deserve to be expostulated with for allowing such frightful noises to clash with the ordinary sweet accords of Chautauqua. Worthy Mr. Van Lennep will never appear there again, but I am able to vindicate him from such unworthy suspicion as I cherished. He did his best to produce the worst sounds he could, but his worst was not bad enough to equal the reality. With his hands on his ears, the Mohammedan priest of the great mosque of Moscow emitted, for the space of seven minutes or thereabouts, a series of tones for which I could find no analogy in anything I had ever heard from the human voice. There seemed occasionally a resemblance to the smothered cries of a cat in an ash-hole; again, to the mournful wail of a hound tied behind a barn; and, again, to the distant echo of a tin horn on a canal-boat, in a section where the canal cuts between mountains. The reader may think this extravagant, but it is not, as he will ascertain if ever he hears the like.

Devotees to the number of about thirty appeared for evening prayer. Each wore the Tartar costume and a turban, entered the room, and prostrated themselves, while the priest sat facing them. Six or eight times he spoke a word which was unintelligible to me, and all prostrated themselves, bending over with their faces on the ground. This they did frequently, and at the end of a certain time he made a peculiar prostration, after which they rose and came out. Not more than twenty words were spoken by him, and not a sound was emitted from the lips of any one else.

I confess to having been impressed strongly by the solemnity which characterized their countenances, attitudes, and whole bearing. The protest of Mohammedanism against idolatry is weighty. Its utterance of the name of one invisible, eternal God, so as to prepare its devotees to resist all compromise with paganism, was an utterance of truth; and after a study of the Greek Church as it appears in Russia, I did not wonder that, in a conflict between the two, Mohammedanism was able to overrun many of the fairest portions of the Christian heritage, and to break down and destroy that form of Christianity.

I have not spoken of the picture galleries of Moscow, for they are not equal to those in many other parts of Europe. In a private gallery I saw some magnificent paintings. One in particular represented Peter the Great's great sister Sophia, after he had shut her in a convent for life because of her supposed alliance with the Streltsi. She seemed the most vivid impersonation of intellectual ability, physical energy, wrath, and disappointed ambition, ever seen in the form of woman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE CANTERBURY OF RUSSIA."

EVERY traveller worthy the name, whom I met in Russia, and most of those to whom I had spoken about the proposed journey, recommended a visit to the Troitsia monastery. An English nobleman who had been a long time in Russia, and whom I fortunately met in Northern Norway, stated that if he had to select any one of the objects of interest in Russia as pre-eminently the greatest, it would be this ancient monastery.

The tour to it and its exploration, together with the return to Moscow, occupied very profitably, as well as pleasantly, an entire day. It is forty-five miles from Moscow, on the road to Yaroslaf, and the road passes through a good farming country which, for Russia, is well populated. More life was visible from the train, more which resembled the scenery of other countries, than I saw elsewhere in Russia.

It is a most pleasing experience of travel to take up a subject of which one has only vague knowledge, yet sufficient to create some desire to know more, and then to read about it and find enthusiasm kindling until the desire to visit the place becomes too strong to be resisted. If, after such feeling has been engendered, the visit is not disappointing, all expectations being fully met and even surpassed, the whole takes its place among the most valued treasures of memory; which is true of my experience in connection with this excursion.

The age of this monastery has much to do with its renown. It was established by St. Sergius and twelve disciples, in 1342. St. Sergius was a very pious man, according to the standard of those times. He wore heavy weights, fasted and prayed, and inflicted upon himself so many hardships and tortures as to place beyond doubt his devotion and

self-abnegation. The Patriarch of Constantinople conferred upon him many honors.

The sovereigns of Moscow frequently counseled with him, and when the famous Dimitry of the Don started for the battle of Kuklikova he would not go until he had received a blessing from St. Sergius. He then set out, accompanied by two monks from this monastery, Osliabia and Peresvet. These fought by the side of Dimitry, and one of them, who was encountered by a Tartar adversary of equal strength and valor, fell dead at the same instant as did his foe. It was believed by Dimitry and all his followers that the blessing of Sergius caused the victory, and great possessions in the shape of lands were bestowed upon the monastery, which grew very rich and very powerful.

While many of the monks began to be luxurious, tradition says "that the holy Sergius remained as before — simple, self-denying, and laborious; cutting wood and fetching water to the last." The annals of the Russo-Greek Church declare that the Holy Virgin, with the two apostles — Peter and John — appeared in the cell of St. Sergius in the year 1388, four years before his death Sixteen years after he died, the horde of Tartars laid waste the habitation, which was re-established in 1423. Subsequently thirty monasteries were attached to it, and a vast amount of land.

In 1764 this monastery owned one hundred and six thousand male serfs, which, allowing one woman and three children to each male, made more than half a million of human beings subject to and dependent upon it. It was to this monastery that Peter the Great fled with his brother John when the Streltsi rose against him. Since that time it has been undisturbed. The French went half-way from Moscow to it, but they turned back, leaving the great treasures which they might have seized undisturbed. This, the monks think, was the result of the miraculous intervention of St. Sergius. They also claim that God has specially blessed and cared for them in that the plague and cholera have never yet got inside the walls.

There are ten churches within the monastery, but, before speaking of

them, I will describe the walls. They are twenty feet thick, forty-five hundred feet long, and enclose a vast space. At the angles are eight towers, and there is a very curious one which has an obelisk upon it, ending in a duck carved in stone. This commemorates the fact that Peter the Great, who repaired the walls, used to go out duck-shooting to a neighboring pond.

Fortunate in procuring a catalogue of the treasures of the monastery, besides the usual assistance of guide-books, and having several companions, one or two of whom spoke both German and English, and also a good courier, I was enabled to ask any question to which a reasonable answer, though sometimes not a credible one, could be given.

In the Cathedral of the Trinity are preserved the remains of St. Sergius. His shrine weighs nine hundred and thirty-six pounds, and is of pure silver. The remains of the saint are sometimes exposed to view, but on this occasion the face was covered with an embroidered cloth. His staff, and various other relics, were exhibited. Two pictures, painted on parts of his coffin, hang on the walls. One of them was carried into battle by Peter the Great, and by means of the same the Emperor Alexander I. was blessed in 1812. This image was said to have assisted at several great battles. The names of those battles are recorded on the silver plate at the back.

There are here some of the most remarkable figures which can be imagined. While the interior of the cathedral is filled with great silver ornaments, in the Archbishop's stall there is a representation of the Last Supper. Every figure consists of solid gold, with one exception, and that is the figure of Judas, which is of brass. Every one of these images is adorned with many precious stones. Over the cell in which the Holy Virgin is said to have appeared to St. Sergius, a chapel is erected.

There is a very large church, over three hundred years old, with five cupolas. It is called the Church of the Assumption of the Virgin. In 1609, while the Poles were bombarding the walls of the monastery, that chapel was consecrated. Three thousand of the inmates of the monastery

had died of scurvy, and this chapel was dedicated to prayer for them. Under that altar Peter the Great hid himself, and a big two-headed eagle, made of wood, is placed above it to commemorate the fact.

The Ecclesiastical Academy is within this building. There the priests are instructed. The rector is a very learned man. He could not converse with me in Russian, on account of my ignorance of that language. I could not converse with him, on account of his ignorance of English. He was willing to speak with me in Latin or Greek. I also was willing to speak with him in either of those languages, but mere willingness cannot be substituted for ability. My pronunciation of Greek and Latin was unintelligible to him, and his was incomprehensible to me. What he was willing to say had to be diluted through one or two languages before it reached me.

The churches were full — crowded almost to suffocation — with worshipers. After a vast concourse had emerged from one of the churches, I entered it, and found it still, to all appearances, full, and the atmosphere thick with "mephitic exhalations." The people had been packed like herrings in a box, for the space of two hours. Many were there who had travelled two hundred miles, and some as many thousand, to make the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Sergius. Some were very aged, and halted feebly to the sacred spot, bowing, and crossing themselves in an Oriental manner. Others, though not aged, had a weary and wan look, and, after having paid their devotions, turned away, with the apparent consciousness that they had made their salvation sure. Women were bringing their children, and lifting them up to kiss the cloth which covered the face of the dead saint, while the pictures upon the walls here and there received similar salutations.

The treasures exhibited in the sacristy are rare and valuable. Among them I noticed particularly many ancient manuscripts, but, of course, their antiquity is not to be compared with that of similar works of other countries, for Russia is a young nation scarce a thousand years old. A conspicuous object was a most splendid copy of the Gospels about two hundred and fifty years old. Its covers are enameled. Upon them

THE MONASTERY OF ST. SERGIUS.

is a large cross, with rubies placed in contrast with emeralds and sapphires of great size. The great curiosity was a copy of the Church services "written in golden letters on Persian vellum of the finest and most delicate texture, hardly thicker than gold-beater's skin."

The robes worn by the priesthood in the splendid ceremonial of the Russian Church serve as the basis for the accumulation of wealth. A concise description of the robes is in the following quotation: "The jewelled robes preserved in this far-famed fortress-shrine are hardly, if at all, inferior in costliness to those contained within the precincts of the Kremlin in Moscow. Imperial personages have ever vied with each other in the richness of their gifts, and even the pearl head-dress that adorned the head of Catherine II. at her coronation, finds a home here as an ornament on a priestly vestment." Here I saw several very great curiosities: a crown, presented by the Empress Elizabeth, filled with diamonds of the largest size; three, if not four, of which are worthy a place in any monarch's crown. Another curiosity is a crucifix containing a Siberian aqua marine. There is also a natural cross made by two white veins at right angles in a piece of jasper, and an agate in which there seems to be a monk bowing before a crucifix. It is a marvellous contrast to see all this magnificence, and then see "the wooden vessels and coarse woollen robes of the founder, more highly esteemed by the pilgrims than the rich vestments of his successors."

After finishing the tour of the churches, I rode to what is called Gethsemane, a retreat about a mile and a half distant. Nothing special was to be seen there, but not very far off were catacombs, into which we descended, and below the surface of the earth, where the light of day never reaches, I found a chapel, apparently hewn out of solid rock, in which a gorgeously attired priest was celebrating the service, while two greasy-looking monks — one singing soprano, and the other bass — were making the responses. The persons who were paying for these services were present, listening to them, and appeared to be fulfilling a vow.

I went on, under the guidance of a monk, down through dark and gloomy corridors, into the catacombs, where human beings who have

solemnly vowed never more to gaze upon the light of day, are living. There is a rich merchant of Moscow, who, at the age of fifty-six, surrendered all his property to the monastery, had a cell built for him far under ground, and vowed never to come forth again to the world, and there he has lived more than a quarter of a century. I examined his cell, which is smaller than an ordinary closet connected with a sleeping-room, in an American house, and has no means of ventilation whatever, except the door, which opens into an underground corridor. In this cell he sleeps upon an iron bedstead not long enough for a man to lie straight upon, and never goes out to behold the sun, moon, or stars. The poor recluse darted in and out while I was there, and presented a prayer to the Russian who accompanied me from Moscow, which he afterward translated to me. It was in substance this :

"The prayer of him who withdraweth from the world to the great God of heaven and earth, that he may teach men the vanity of time, the measurelessness of eternity, the depth of human wickedness, the folly of human attachments, the mystery of human sins, murders, malice of men, hate, the mighty achievements of God's power, and the myriad mistakes of selfish and malignant devils who seek to deceive the very elect of God, but whom fasting and prayer can always eject if they be in due proportion, whereby young men may find their way cleansed and old men their hearts strengthened."

This is not a literal translation of the prayer, but is my recollection of the substance and many of the words used by the English-speaking Russian in trying to turn it into English.

The old gentleman looked much like a lunatic of a mild type. I suppose his lunacy had not become complete because of the necessary performance of tasks at set intervals. Frequently these tasks are of such a nature as to break up that peculiarly absorbed state which, in individuals of weakening brain without regular occupation, hastens on to dementia.

Far on beyond these catacombs are others much worse, where the cells are surrounded by wooden walls, but I was informed that there were no monks living in them at that time.

In this famous and wealthy monastery many of the monks seemed to possess learning and culture. I had the opportunity of observing their intercourse with each other when they were not aware that they were noticed by a stranger. One very handsome old gentleman, dressed in black from head to foot, with long hair and beard, approached a group of six or seven who were talking very pleasantly, and as he joined the group, kissed them all. (The priests of the Greek Church in Russia, unlike those of the Roman Catholic Church, never shave, nor cut their hair; this is traceable to the old idea of the Nazarites; their beards are very long, and their hair also.)

Subsequently I noticed several groups, and when any monk approached kissing was the method of salutation, preceded by a number of bows. The high officials were treated with marked courtesy, and some of them wore very heavy gold ornaments and gold keys tied outside of their black garments.

Many others of the monks were very dirty and filthy. Those whom I saw at the catacombs were as dirty and disconsolate wretches as I remember to have met except in the more filthy parts of the city of Cork. Some of them have the spirit of anchorites, and are dirty on principle. The accumulated dirt at the retreat called Gethsemane, and the resultant odors, made an impression upon the two senses of sight and smell which the impression made upon the ear by the fine music, could not antagonize sufficiently to leave a residuum of pleasant emotions. Murray's guide-book gives the following hint with respect to the dirt in this retreat: "The following impressive proverb, written over the house of Archbishop Plato, in the vicinity of the monastery, may be regarded as a useful hint to visitors: 'Let not him who comes in here carry out the dirt that he finds within.'"

A large business was done there in selling curious toys, spoons of wood, little crosses, and other tokens which pilgrims love to purchase. Also, holy bread, baked by the monks, was sold at a high price. I purchased two or three rolls, and ate them as a luncheon upon the cars. Considered as bread, they were good. Considered as made by the monks

that I saw, they were suspicious; but not more so than every cooked thing that I ate, except in private English families, in Russia. In these matters the traveller must walk by faith, and leave to nature the work of eliminating from the mass of dubious matter he swallows that which will not sustain life.

It is, of course, impossible to judge with any certainty a man's intellectuality by his appearance. Still, if a large number of men are observed, many of the intellectual among them have an expression in harmony with their character. The same is true of the stupid. Among these monks a few were seen who had an astute appearance, but the great majority appeared either like dullards or overgrown and vivacious children. Only here and there was one who seemed as if he might have done any earnest or prolonged thinking. But all appeared to have good voices. The grand tones of some, and the sweet, flute-like voices of others, could only have been the result of a hereditary endowment combined with long practice.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GREAT FAIR AT NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

IN the chapter upon the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, an account was given of Novgorod the Great, which held such an important position for several centuries in the early history of the Russian Empire. The meaning of Nijni (spelled in three ways : Nizhni, Nischni, and Nijni) is *lower*, and Nijni-Novgorod is simply Lower Novgorod, to distinguish it from that Novgorod which was exalted in the ancient proverbial expression, "Who can resist God and the Great Novgorod ?" and which went by the name of the "Lord Great Novgorod."

The city of Nijni-Novgorod is the capital town of the province of the same name. During the first two hundred years of its history it was independent, but since the close of that period it has shared the fortunes of Moscow. It is two hundred and seventy-three miles by railway, slightly north of east of Moscow, and is in the very centre of European Russia. Its chief interest — sufficient to abundantly reward the visitor — is in the great fair which is held there between the fifteenth of July of our style, and the tenth of September.

The railway from Moscow passes through the very important and historic town of Vladimir. This ancient city is one hundred and eighteen miles from Moscow, and though it has only fifteen thousand inhabitants, it contains twenty-two remarkable churches. It stands in the centre of one of the richest provinces of Russia in agriculture and manufactures. Here many a battle was fought with the Tartars.

It was once the scene of a terrible outrage. When the Tartars took the city about six hundred years ago, the Princess of Vladimir, with her three sons and daughter, as well as the bishop, many ministers, and

nobles, took refuge in the cathedral. But the Tartars piled wood about it, and burned the building and all that were in it. For many years, however, the restored cathedral was the most important church in Russia. A Russian traveller tried to persuade me to break the journey at this point, declaring that it would repay me, and spoke of the antiquities, some fine pictures, the relics of saints, and extraordinary carved work upon the walls of one of the cathedrals. But in Russia, as elsewhere, one must make a selection, and I contented myself with viewing the city from afar.

Nijni-Novgorod was reached about ten in the morning. Its situation is romantic; at the junction of two great rivers — the Volga and the Oka. On arriving we made arrangements for a thorough exploration of the town and of the fair. The courier whom we took with us from Moscow seemed as familiar with Nijni-Novgorod as if he had lived there all his life, which was natural enough, as for eighteen or twenty years he had been in the habit of conducting parties of all nationalities to this, the greatest fair in the world.

Formerly there was a tower called Muraevief's tower, on the summit of the hill, reached by a path through the narrow and steep ravine. The elevation of the top of the tower above the level of the river was five or six hundred feet, as it stood upon a hill something over four hundred feet in height. Having read of this tower, I anticipated a magnificent view from it, but on reaching the site found that it had become unsafe, and had been taken down with the exception of the foundation, which was, perhaps, forty feet high. To the summit of that, over some rickety steps, we climbed, and beheld a picturesque panorama. The following passage, written by one who had often observed it, is just: "The fair spreads out like a vast town of shops, on a triangular piece of ground between the Oka and the Volga, which can be traced here for many miles, with its steamers like so many straws floating swiftly down to the distant Caspian, fourteen hundred miles beyond. The forest of masts looks like a floating town, and covers the surface of the broad Oka almost completely. . . . In an opposite direction the traveller will

survey with interest the low-arched gates, whitewashed towers, and the crenelated walls of the ancient Kremlin, while the gay roofs of the houses appearing amid the thick green foliage of numerous gardens, afford both beauty and diversity to the landscape."

From this point we drove to a terrace built by the Emperor Nicholas, from which a view could be seen only to be compared with those to be observed upon the great prairies of the West. The immense plain, through which the River Volga runs, with here and there a few trees, having nothing to obstruct the eye to the very remotest bounds of the horizon, presents an appearance not to be seen on the continent of Europe out of Russia. Like all great rivers running through flat countries (except in such cases as that of the Arkansas River, which runs over a bed of sand, the subsoil on either side of the stream being the same for a great distance) the Volga frequently overflows its banks, and transforms many square miles into temporary lakes.

I tried hard to secure a ride upon the Volga in a steamboat, but none could be found whose time of departing suited our purposes. Not to be disappointed entirely, we hired a rowboat and a couple of powerful Tartars as oarsmen. Leaving one of the ladies who had joined us, with my son, the courier, two of the ladies, and myself had a very enjoyable ride down the Oka until it flows into the Volga. We then passed on a half or two thirds of a mile further south, and returned, threading our way through almost countless steamboats, quaint barges, and craft of all kinds.

Perceiving some very large and handsome steamboats, I saw their Russian names extending almost from one end of the boat to the other, and asked the courier what they were. To my surprise and pleasure he answered: "The first is *Louisiana*, and the second *Mississippi*." Said I, "How do they come to have boats named after American States here?" "O," replied he, "those boats are made on the American plan. They are exactly like the boats that are on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and some of them were made in the United States, and brought over here to the owner, who has been very prosperous in his enterprise,

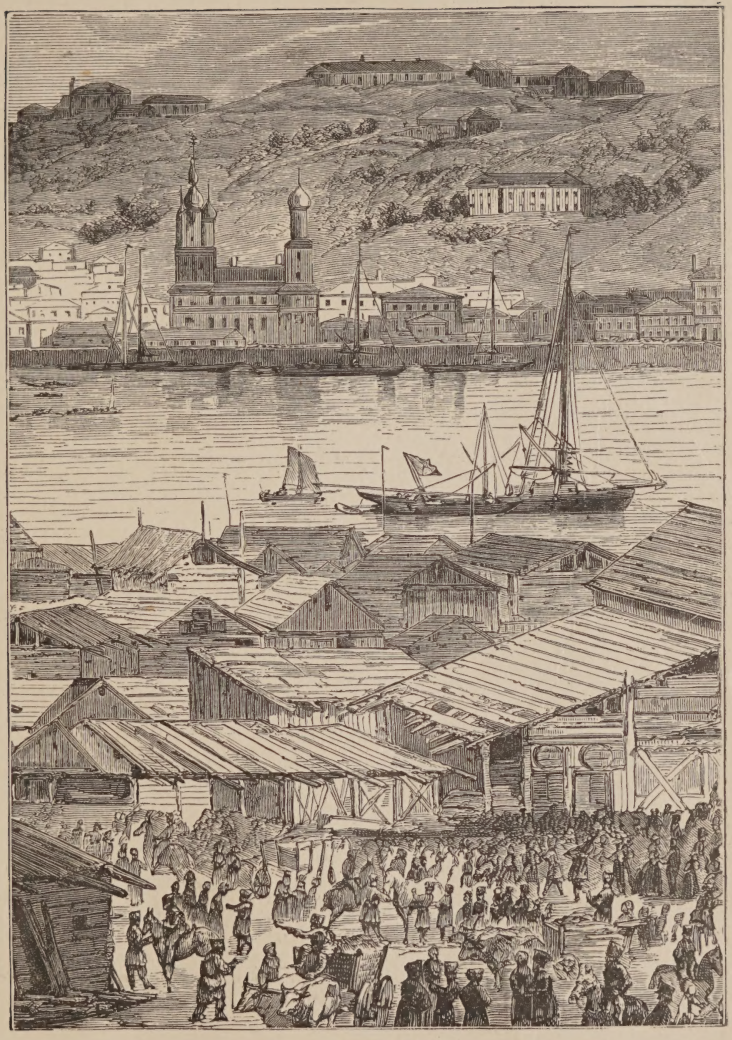
and has retained the names of the American States." Here, again, the American is reminded of his country. In Sweden the largest locomotive is called the *Washington;* so in Russia the finest steamers are made upon the American principle, and bear American names.

It was interesting to see how vigorously the Tartars rowed, and how thankful the poor fellows were for the extra sum which we gave them. Perhaps they earned more in taking us our ride of five or six miles upon the Volga and Oka, which did not consume more than two hours, than they could have earned under ordinary circumstances, in several days' work.

Nijni-Novgorod, with its population of less than sixty thousand, has more than fifty churches of the Russian communion, besides eight belonging to other Christian bodies. We attended service in one of the largest and oldest, and heard the Archimandrite (next in dignity below Bishop) preach a sermon. Of this he uttered every word without any pretence of oratory, but in a high, vehement, and excited tone. The courier said that it consisted principally of an exhortation to the people to behave themselves, and to remember that, if they did not, they would not, "in the long run," make anything in this life, and they would be damned in eternity. Orthodox doctrine, surely, but it was received by the crowd without the slightest appearance of interest. It was a most complete illustration of the common habit of taking a sermon, as a sermon, without any care as to its meaning.

The Mohammedan mosque of Nijni is in a very conspicuous place, but is an inferior building. We were allowed to enter and explore it, no service being in progress. It is simply an empty house, with here and there a piece of carpet, and answers the description, on a smaller scale, of the mosque at Moscow.

The Armenian church is a much finer building, contains some beautiful paintings, and its priests appeared to be intelligent and gentlemanly. Our efforts to converse with them were reciprocated, and with a little English, a little German, and a little Latin, we managed to make ourselves tolerably understood. The animated gestures of the Arme-



NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

nian priests greatly assisted the process. One of them, a tall, magnificent-looking man, appeared to be almost a master of the sign language. I was able to make him understand that I came from New York, that I was a Christian and a Protestant, and travelling, not upon business, but for pleasure, and what I could learn. He made me understand that he was an Armenian, that he came there by appointment, had been there a few years, and that during the fair hundreds of Armenians were there, and that many resided there at all times.

CHAPTER XXX.

NIJNI-NOVGOROD (*continued*).

THE accommodations in Nijni-Novgorod during the fair are very unsatisfactory. Most of the restaurants are unfit for ladies. Many of them employ singing women of a very immodest class, and have a general air of indecency. Hotels are crowded, and travellers are liable to be attacked "by insects of a vexatory disposition." For these reasons foreigners generally take the night-train from Moscow, spend the day in visiting the fair, and then take the night-express back — a very laborious journey.

Three fairs are held at Nijni every year: one, in January, is held on the frozen river, and consists chiefly of articles made of wood, toys, boxes, etc.; another is held in July, devoted almost exclusively to the sale and exchange of horses. But the great fair — not only the greatest regular fair in Russia, but in the world — is held in August and September, and is known by the name of Peter and Paul. At this fair, lasting less than two months, more than eighty million dollars worth of property has been disposed of. Nearly two hundred thousand traders assemble each day.

The population is estimated in a very peculiar manner. The bakers are required by law to make daily returns of the quantity of bread they sell. This gives an approximate estimate of the daily population. The multitudes crossing the bridges, the long strings of carts, great crowds of workmen, of pedlers of skins and refreshments, the monks, including those among the crowd collecting copecks, scrofulous beggars, dense crowds of people assembled in front of cheap theatres, where a play is going on inside and clowns acting on the balcony outside, made a very curious spectacle.

The fair is divided into quarters. On one side is the Chinese quarter, on another the Persian quarter, in another section the Armenian quarter. One solid mile of shops is devoted entirely to iron, much of which has been brought, down the River Kama, and up the River Volga, from Siberia. The Chinese quarter does not now contain many Chinese. Indeed, I saw none. It is devoted principally to the sale of tea, and the dealers are Germans and Russians. Many years ago no tea could be sold at Nijni-Novgorod unless it had been brought overland from China. That prohibition has been repealed, so that tea can now be brought by sea. I was told that two kinds of tea can be bought here that are seldom, if ever, seen outside of Asia and Russia; namely, "yellow and brick tea. The former is of a delicious flavor, very pale, and injurious to the nerves if taken frequently. It is handed around after dinner in lieu of coffee. The brick tea is consumed by the Calmuck and the Kirghizes of the steppe." The yellow I tasted; the brick tea I did not see.

The Siberian line runs along the Volga, and is made up of warehouses for tea, cotton, iron and rags. The wharves at this fair are ten miles long on the two rivers. In the centre is the Governor's house, at which there is a restaurant, where the meals are good, and the morals low. A crowd of women of doubtful reputation are employed to sing during the meals, and toward the close of the day they become loose in their conduct.

Underneath the Governor's house is a bazaar, in which a magnificent assortment of fancy goods and manufactured goods is exposed for sale. Many Armenians, with their long beards and peculiar dress, were seen manufacturing or trading. The Tartars were there in great numbers, and men from Bokhara and Khiva. The Persian quarter was the most satisfactory with regard to the number of natives engaged in trading. Stalls containing silks from Persia, precious stones from Bokhara, geological specimens and cut stones from Siberia, could be stumbled upon almost anywhere. Silversmiths, furriers and drapers were very numerous. The courier told us that the only way to buy without being swindled was to offer one half the sum asked, and come very

gradually to the conclusion. Also, that the visitor must never say that he is going to buy anything until he has picked out and inquired the price of all the articles, for if the dealer finds out that he intends to offer only a part of the price asked for the goods, he will increase his demands in proportion. In that the courier agreed with all the guide-books. Many German traders in Nijni-Novgorod have adopted the one-price principle.

Toward night tents are erected in every direction to accommodate the population. The wonder is, with the clouds of dust, the muddy streets, the frequent intense heat, the changes of temperature, and the vast accumulations of refuse, that the health of the place can be maintained. But great pains are taken to counteract the evil tendencies. Underneath the fair are stone sewers. These are large, vaulted passages, through which water is pumped several times a day, fresh from the river. The whole fair is also surrounded by a canal, as a protection against fire.

There are a thousand steamers on the Volga, the Kama, and the Oka. Every sort of vessel can be seen, from the ancient craft of the style of three hundred years ago, and huge floating machines for towing the vessels down, to the modern steamers, such as I have described, or the impudent little steam-tugs puffing through the water. The stevedores along the shores are all Tartars, of apparently great physical strength. Cossacks can be seen on horseback carrying messages and moving about. A specimen of every nation in Europe and Asia, and every thing that "the earth yields or industry produces," can be seen there. This fair differs from the World's Expositions in that at those the foreigners appear as if they were conscious of being on exhibition. Here they are comparatively near home, having either come entirely by land or by water.

From this point it is possible to go to the United States without crossing the ocean ; across Asia and across Behring Strait, frozen during a part of the year, down through Alaska and British Columbia to our own country.

An old traveller claimed to have made the tour, but there was an air of extravagance about him and a want of coherence in some of his statements which raised doubts as to the truth thereof.

From Nijni-Novgorod I returned to Moscow, and remained there several days, spending most of the time in making preparations to visit Poland. The description of the chief part of what was seen has already been incorporated in the chapters on Moscow.

CHAPTER XXXI.

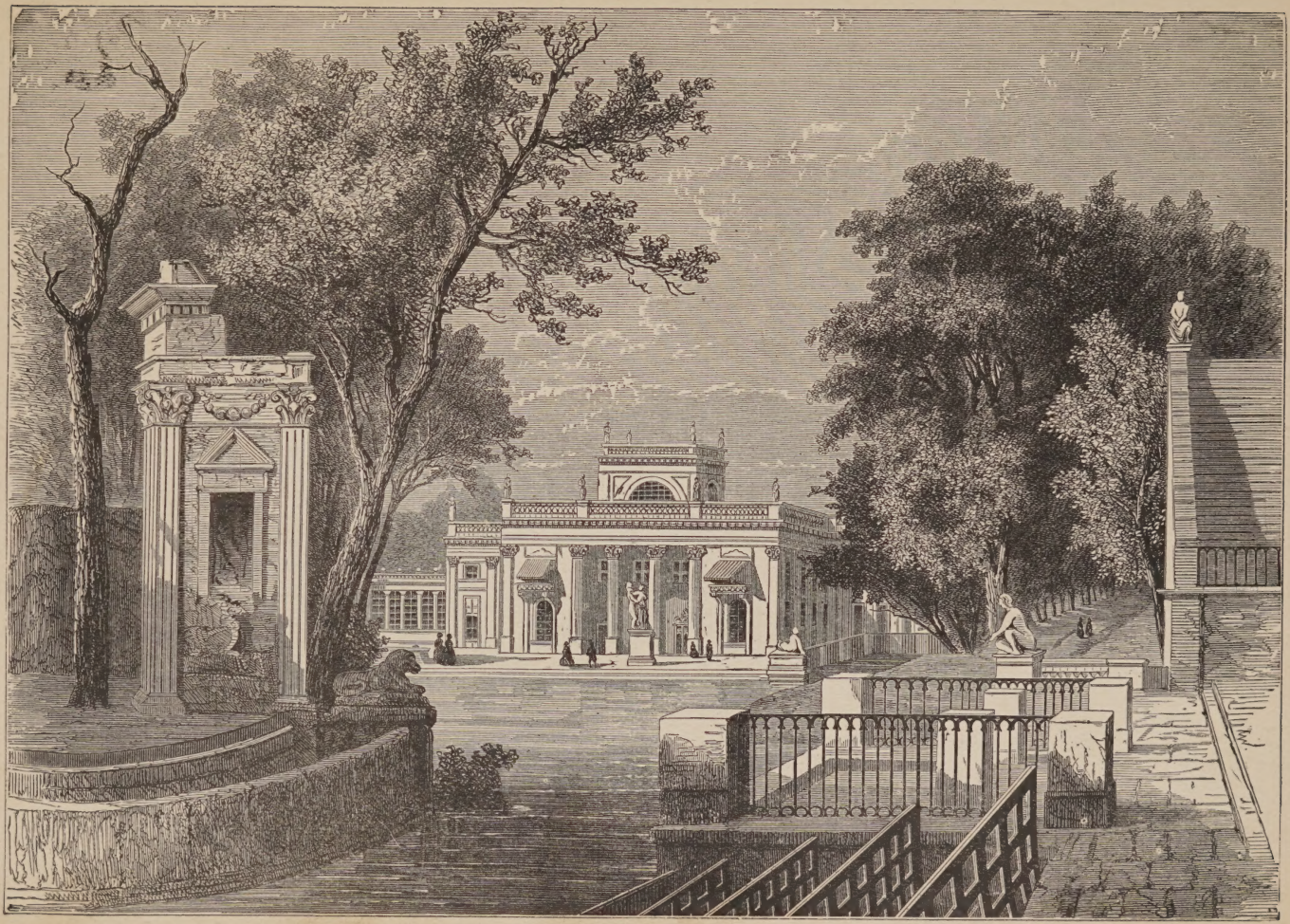
UNHAPPY POLAND.

WHEN the time came to take final leave of Moscow, I found myself quite willing to depart. It is not what the late Bayard Taylor would call a homelike city. In many places the traveller thinks within himself, "Here I could settle for a term of months or years, and even contemplate a permanent residence with pleasure." No such thought occurred to me in Moscow. It is a place to see, to study, and —to leave, but not a place to be enjoyed, except by Russians. The foreigners resident there with whom I conversed spoke of it in a spirit similar to that which characterizes the foreigner doing business on the Isthmus of Panama. Some are there for the money they make, and the rest because they cannot get away.

But Russian life has clothed itself in forms adapted to it, and the very elements whether of climate, food, manners, or religion, with which the traveller from Western Europe or from America cannot assimilate, make it dear and holy to the heart of every Russian not infected with the virus of Nihilism.

The distance from Moscow to Warsaw is seven hundred miles. The railway is not very good, and till recently it has been a fashion for travellers visiting Moscow who intended to go from that place to Central Europe, to return to St. Petersburg, and proceed thence by way of Berlin or Vienna, to Warsaw. This custom is stimulated in the hotels of St. Petersburg by representing in exaggerated colors to travellers, the hardships of the journey from Moscow to Warsaw.

To return over the same route is not pleasant, unless the scenery be picturesque. Nor should an American accustomed to our long journeys by rail, quail before one of seven hundred miles. Inquiry showed that



VIEW IN WARSAW.

nothing unusual had to be endured, save the constant bumping for thirty-nine hours. A sleeping-car could be obtained, such as it was, and a compartment, by travelling first-class, could be occupied exclusively by two or four persons.

I requested the courier whom we had employed for some weeks to secure us the very best compartment, which gave rise to an amusing scene.

At no time since it occurred has the recollection failed to excite mirth. When we reached the station it was ascertained that there was but one through car from Moscow to Warsaw. This car contained two first and two second-class compartments. Way passengers would get in and out of the second-class compartments, nor were there any arrangements for sleeping in those compartments. Of the two first-class compartments, one was much better than the other, having two beds upon which a man could lie at full length, besides a large sofa and a table; and the beds could be so made that the occupant could lie in the same manner as in the Pullman cars. In the other there were only two sofas extending from side to side.

Our courier determined that my son and myself should have the better of these compartments. He observed three American ladies, accompanied by a general courier whom they had employed in Paris, and noted that they bought tickets first-class for Warsaw. General couriers are not in favor with local couriers, and ours determined to circumvent the foreigner, who could speak very little Russian, though he spoke French, German and English.

I was content to occupy the rôle of a spectator, as all the transactions were beyond my depth. Two porters were in charge of our baggage, which consisted of six pieces, and had crowded up near the door which opened upon the platform. The foreign courier tried to pass them, but as he crowded upon porter number one, porter number two was in his way, and this struggle continued for some minutes, until he saw that he must stand behind the two porters. At last the door opened, and a race began down the platform between these porters and the foreign courier.

The latter had the disadvantage of not knowing exactly which the car was. But he had the advantage of not being laden with baggage. It was a lively scene, but the porters understood themselves. One started for one end of the car, and the other for the other end, both being a little in advance of the courier. As they got on the platform they intentionally fell headlong with the baggage in front of them at each end, so that it was utterly impossible for their competitor to get ahead of them in any way. He attempted to do so, and they howled at him in Russian, and he answered back in two or three languages. All used language which could hardly be justified upon religious grounds. Meanwhile, the courier who had us in charge had arrived, passed the porters without difficulty, selected for us the finer room of the two, and had our baggage deposited in it. The rush of the porters, their headlong tumble, their masterly capture of both ends of the car, their apparent wrath covering real "cuteness" and good humor, made a scene which was all the more amusing because we could always tell what they meant without being able to understand a word of what they said.

After travelling for some distance, we found that every passenger in the through car was an American. In one of the compartments were a United States consul and his wife, who had been for some time in Russia, and were on their way back to his official residence at Sonneberg, on the borders of the Thuringian forest. I was much pleased to find that the consul was Mr. Mosher, for some years editor of the "Morning Star," the highly respectable organ of the Free Will Baptist Denomination. To find that each knew many persons with whom the other was well acquainted, was, as every traveller can imagine, an episode very pleasant, from the fact that they were the first American travellers I had met in Russia.

The road from Moscow to Warsaw lies through a very unattractive country. Nothing appeared to detain the eye as the train bore us on, now over a vast expanse of not very fertile prairie, then through a country thickly wooded, the gloomy fir and the not-cheerful beech being the only trees of which the forests are made.

Smolensk is a city of great importance, whose name constantly recurs in all the critical periods of Russian history and that of adjacent countries. Its history, like that of Kief, Moscow, Novgorod, and the other more ancient cities of Russia, has been one of war, conflagration, plague, and famine. In 1404, after the siege of the city by Vitovt, Prince of Lithuania, there was a frightful famine, in which the people devoured one another, and "dogs were seen in the streets feeding off human bones." Never till 1686 were the city and province thoroughly incorporated with Russia, and the process of "Russification" made complete. During Napoleon's advance the city was almost utterly destroyed.

The beautiful Dnieper flows between the grass-covered hills on which the city rests. From all that I could ascertain, it did not seem important to break the journey at this point, especially as the fine room which the porters had secured for us would be lost by so doing, and the time of departure would be at a very unpleasant hour Another reason compelled haste. The time of the Tsar's visit to Warsaw was approaching. The traveller was exposed to suspicion and to many detentions, and an atmosphere of uncertainty surrounded every movement.

At last we reached Warsaw, the capital of unhappy Poland, entering it by the suburb of Praga. This necessitated a ride across the beautiful iron bridge over the River Vistula. The architect of this bridge was the same who constructed the Nicholas Bridge over the Neva, St. Petersburg. It is one thousand eight hundred and ninety feet long, and "was built on six trusses on the American principle."

While in the city I visited this bridge two or three times, to get a view of the river and the islands in it, on some of which are fine residences.

At Warsaw, quartered at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, I received a letter from Bishop Hurst, of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he spoke of the gloom which took possession of him as he visited Poland fourteen years before, and said that, as he remembered it, the hotel was a fair type of

the city, and the city of the history of the country. His recollection was correct; for never have I seen so gloomy a hotel as the Grand Hotel de l'Europe of Warsaw. I have visited penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, convents, monasteries, almshouses and woollen mills that were more cheerful and better fitted in location, light, and odors for a pleasant habitation than this.

Our courier in Warsaw was a curiosity. As a talker, considered with reference to the quantity and enthusiasm of his utterances, as a magnifier of his office, and a chanter of the praises of Warsaw, he was unequaled. He had as many, and as horrible tales to tell, as the "King of the Cannibal Islands"; left no room for the traveller to assimilate, make notes, or reflect upon anything that he said, and poured in a steady stream from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. He came near being an intolerable bore, but escaped it by the redeeming quality of knowing what he was talking about.

Guided by him, I traversed the entire city. As a whole, it resembles an ancient estate in chancery, under the care of executors content merely to prevent it from falling to pieces. There are evidences in every direction of former wealth, and even of present prosperity; but there is an indescribable air of antiquity, despondency, and slow decay pervading most parts of the city.

In the cathedral is a monument by Thorwaldsen, of the Count Malakhovski, who presided over the celebrated Diet which drew up the Constitution of May 3, 1792. He is called "the friend of the people." The churches and the ancient convents of the Paulines and the Dominicans, the latter of which is a fine old Gothic building; the Church of Our Lady, the oldest edifice of the kind in Warsaw; and the Church of the Franciscans, looked tame in comparison with the splendid edifices in Russia. The palace of the Archbishop of Warsaw, the fine palace of the Pac, the Church of the Capuchins, founded by John Sobieski in gratitude for his overthrow of the Turks at Vienna, were worth seeing, but none of them could detain the visitor long. In the last-named church the Emperor Nicholas erected a sarcophagus in honor of Sobieski, and his

heart is contained in it. At last we came to the old arsenal, the scene of the most sanguinary conflict at the beginning of the revolution of 1830. Not far from this spot was the church and convent of the Carmelites. It was used as a prison, and it was the unjust imprisonment of a large number of persons therein which provoked the revolution.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNHAPPY POLAND (*continued*).

THE monument to Copernicus is of historical interest, for this great astronomer was born at Cracow, and the monument by Thorwaldsen is bronze, was paid for by subscription, and represents the astronomer as engaged in the pursuit of his studies.

Warsaw has a great many objects of interest, among which are the botanical gardens, the observatory, the zoölogical gardens, the park of Lazienski, the Belvidere Palace, a fine Jewish synagogue, and several very large public benevolent institutions. Some of the avenues are worthy almost to be compared with the boulevards of Paris, bordered as they are by fine lime-trees and large and elegant residences.

I visited the criminal court while a trial was in progress. On reaching the great room I found it filled with the same class which in all the countries of the world frequent courts of justice. A few had business there, others had gone in out of curiosity, and some obviously belonged to the class of idlers who attend everything to which admittance is free.

The courier made inquiry, and found that a respectable man had been arrested and tried on a very peculiar charge, and that the judges had just retired to decide upon their verdict. A letter had arrived, directed to him, containing a draft drawn to the order of a man of his name. He took out the letter, indorsed the draft, and secured the cash upon it; whereas, the letter was for another person of the same name, and he had been tried under the charge of stealing. The prisoner sat in a box, and among the people was his wife, fashionably dressed. After waiting a half-hour the judges, three in number, dressed in a brilliant uniform, appeared, and the prisoner and the entire assembly arose. The only language there used which I understood was that of *human nature*, and

fixing my eyes first upon the prisoner, then upon his wife, and finally upon the judge, I soon began to believe that the prisoner and his wife inferred from the general line of the judge's remarks that the defendant was to be acquitted. Still, there were other observations, apparently of the nature of rebukes, which caused the prisoner's face to fall, and doubts as to his acquittal to arise.

At last his positive discharge was announced. His face lighted up, the officers of the court shook hands with him, the people crowded around his wife, and my talkative courier looked up, his face fairly shining, and exclaimed, "Delivered!" The performance, from one end to the other, was an object-lesson upon the passage, "As in water face answers to face, so doth the heart of man to man."

In all the courts which I visited I found the order to be better than that of similar assemblies in the United States. At the slightest disturbance or confusion an officer appeared, and gave the offender making it to understand that he would be promptly ejected or otherwise punished if the offence were repeated. Nothing more than a look seemed necessary to preserve perfect order.

There are eighty thousand Jews in Warsaw. They are divided into the ancient and the modern, a difference, not in the ages of the Jews respectively, but in their spirit.

The ancient Jews are among the most superstitious, filthy, and foul-smelling beings to be found. The women when they marry shave their heads and wear wigs, as a token of subjection. For the first time I saw Jews engaged in manual labor: carrying water, acting as bricklayers, hod-carriers, carpenters, porters, etc. They seemed to keep all the liquor saloons, as well as the usual assortment of clothing shops and pawn-brokers' establishments.

Modern Jews are wealthy, intelligent and refined. Like some "Reformed" Jews in the United States, they have not much religion of any kind, but retain such portions of the ancient liturgy as may please them, sustain the synagogues by liberal contributions, and form an exclusive social aristocracy among their kindred. The Jewish maidens

and matrons of this class are among the handsomest women in Europe, and as singers, are of great fame. I had strong suspicions that my courier was a Jew, but could not bring him to admit it. On asking him about the morals of the Jews, generally in Warsaw, whether they were intemperate, licentious, or violators of the criminal law, he said, "They will cheat and lie, but their *morals* are all right."

Nothing excited more interest than the citadel. After the insurrection of 1830 the citadel was erected by the Russian Government, but the city of Warsaw had to pay for it as a punishment for the insurrection, and its purpose was to bombard the town in the case of another revolution.

It is an imposing fortress, containing a barrack, and an arsenal, and many dungeons in which political offenders are incarcerated. Also there is a room in which the military court by which they are tried assembles. There had been an arrest of Nihilists a few days before. Preparations were then being made for the visit of the Emperor, and all suspected persons were put under police surveillance, and liable at any moment to expulsion from the city or incarceration in the dungeons. Some of these dungeons I saw. They were underground, and yet not underground, owing to the very peculiar method of construction. Imagine a long underground corridor, open at both ends, and the dungeons opening from the corridor. Thus they are underground, and yet not wholly disconnected with the air of the outer world. Guards could be seen in every direction. It was impossible for an individual to approach from any quarter without being required to give an account of himself. Nor could a person move anywhere about the grounds where he could not be covered by the muskets of half a score or a score of guards.

As we approached the citadel a cart appeared driven by a man. Before it walked two guards, and behind it walked two, and above it was suspended a white flag. Its load consisted of four or six kegs of powder. The object of the guards and the flag was to warn people not to throw a lighted cigar or anything else upon the powder which might ignite it.

LAZIENSKI PARK.

In those cells, at the time I was there, were several hundred political prisoners, and before the Tsar arrived as many as a thousand of them were incarcerated.

The history of Poland for eight hundred years is comparatively unknown, but enough is known to show that it was the history of wars and rumors of wars. But, two hundred years ago, General Sobieski, whose palace, cathedral and tomb have been referred to, brought the kingdom into the notice of the world. But still it continued the subject of civil wars; and in 1772 it was divided among Russia, Austria, and Prussia. In 1792 the Russians took possession of the country, and in 1794 Kosciusko raised the standard of revolution. After many successes he was defeated at Matsieiovice, and taken prisoner. Then, as the poet Campbell says,

> Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
> And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.

In 1796 he was set at liberty. In 1806–7, Napoleon's army wintered in Poland. In 1815 the kingdom was incorporated under Alexander, a new constitution was granted, and Cracow was declared to be a free republic. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1830, the revolution above referred to broke out. On the fifth of October, 1831, the insurrection was fully suppressed. Then the Emperor Nicholas issued the ukase decreeing that the kingdom of Poland should henceforth form an integral part of the Russian Empire. Finally, in 1847, it was declared to be a Russian province. In 1861 insurrections and riots became common. The military governor was assassinated. The Roman Catholic archbishop sympathized with the people, and was tried and condemned to death for closing the churches. The chief of the secret police was murdered. The Poles perpetrated many atrocities upon the resident Russians. The whole kingdom was placed under a state of siege. A provisional government was established, and issued its proclamations, and a secret central committee assumed the supreme com-

mand. Amnesty was offered to all who would lay down arms before May 13.

By this time the atrocities that were being committed by the Russians in attempting to suppress the insurrection, especially under the bloody rule of Mouravief at Wilna, had attracted the attention of the European Powers. They made every possible effort to intervene. The Archbishop of Warsaw was banished. A great many priests and nobles were executed.

This was the condition of affairs at the beginning of June, 1863. At that time we were in the midst of our Civil War. I had been quite ill for many months, and was in Europe. About June 26 I went into the House of Lords, in the city of London, and heard the debate upon the policy of armed intervention to suppress the outrages perpetrated by Russia upon Poland. There were giants in those days. Lord Palmerston was at the head of the government. Disraeli, Gladstone, John Bright, Richard Cobden, were all in their seats in the House of Commons. Earl John Russell had charge of the affairs of Government in the House of Lords; the Earl of Malmesbury was then a very active factor in the Opposition; and Lords Brougham and Derby were still alive. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe made a speech on the affairs of Poland, and called upon her Majesty's Government to take some steps to bring about a settlement, that the frightful atrocities that made all Europe shudder might come to an end.

Immediately after he finished, Lord Brougham, though nearly ninety years of age, and very infirm in body, rose to his feet and hissed out: "Of all quarrels, a family quarrel is the worst; of all wars, a civil war is the worst. Atrocities are inherent in a civil war. We need not fix our attention exclusively on the Russians and the Poles. Let us cast a glance across the Atlantic, and there we will find our own kith and kin, our own descendants, our brothers and sons, butchering each other by the thousand."

I was delighted to have the opportunity to hear Lord Brougham speak, but sorry that the facts justified such a reference to my native land.

Of course, on seeing the various reminders of this last great revolution in Warsaw, the speeches I had heard on the subject twenty-one years before naturally arose to my mind, and made the visit peculiarly pleasant. The vivid apprehension of the present miseries of Poland constantly threw a shadow over it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PECULIARITIES OF RUSSIAN TERRITORY AND CLIMATE.

OF whatever the rest of Europe has much, Russia has little; and of whatever the rest of Europe has little, Russia has much. The rest of Europe, with one or two exceptions, has a large amount of sea-coast; Russia has very little. While Russia is larger than all the rest of Europe, it possesses only one third as much sea-coast, and of what it has, about half is upon the Arctic Ocean, and the White Sea, and of course is navigable but one third of the year. The rest of Europe has mountains. Rambaud states the simple geographical facts thus: "Without speaking of the vast central mass of the Alps, there is not one European land which does not possess, either in its length or breadth, a great mountain system forming the scaffolding, or the backbone, of the country. England has its chain of the Peak, and its highlands; France has its Cevennes and its central support in Auvergne; Spain, its Pyrenees and Sierras; Italy, its Apennines; Germany, its ranges in Suabia, Franconia, and the Hartz; Sweden, her Scandinavian Alps; the Greco-Slav Peninsula has the Balkan and Pindus."

What mountains Russia has are found in the extremities. In the many thousand miles that I travelled in Russia, I saw no mountains, nor any hill that rose above the surrounding country more than twice the height of Bunker Hill monument. The country, with occasional depressions so gradual as scarcely to be noticed, is a great plain. Hence there is no obstruction to the fierce winds that sweep down from the Arctic regions, nor is there any modification of the temperature by the influence of the sea. The historian says: "In the steppes of the Kirghiz, in the latitude of the centre of France, the mercury is sometimes frozen for whole days; while in the summer the same thermometer, if not carefully watched, bursts in the sun."

Russia is also one of the driest countries in the world. It contains very little stone, and up to the time of Peter the Great almost all of its public buildings were of wood or brick. The most famous ancient palaces and churches were of wood, and to-day almost all the houses of the citizens, and huts of the peasants, are of wood. "It is only since the conquest of the Baltic and the Black Sea that the Empire has had cities of stone. Peter the Great gave Russia her first stone capital."

But if Russia has very little sea-coast, and no mountains except upon its boundaries, it has many of the greatest rivers in the world. The Volga is a wonderful river. As I rode upon it and considered that it was possible to ride by steamer more than twice the distance from St. Louis to New Orleans, I could not but feel that I was in a country whose rivers are worthy to be compared with those of the United States. Nearly all the important rivers, whatever may be their course, rise in the plateau of Valdai, to which reference is made in the chapter entitled "Into the Heart of Russia." Here rises the Volga which finds its way into the Caspian; in the same neighborhood is the Dnieper, which flows into the Black Sea, and also the Neva. The network of rivers in Russia is extraordinary, and hardly paralleled.

In ancient times the Great Novgorod derived its commercial power and importance from its relation to this network of rivers. "By the Volkhof its vessels sailed from the Ilmen to the Ladoga, and by the Neva from the Ladoga to the Gulf of Finland and the great Baltic Sea. Other small rivers put it in communication with Lake Onega and the White Lake; by the Sukhona and the Northern Dwina it had relations with the White Sea, where the later port of Archangel was built. By the tributaries of the Dwina the Novgorod explorers penetrated deep into the northern forests, peopled by aboriginal races, on whom they imposed tribute." Thus the four Russian seas were put in unbroken communication.

Keith Johnston's description of Russia is in few words: "The vast central area of the Russian lowland has almost everywhere the same character, woods and marshes alternating with cultivated land, affording

a superfluity of grain, which is sent down by the rivers to the seaports of the Baltic and Black Sea; but along its northern border, next the icy Arctic Sea, lie the moss-covered swamps called the Tundras, the soil of which is never thawed for more than a yard's depth; all its southern margin toward the Black Sea and the Caspian is a treeless steppe, over which, at some seasons, the grasses shoot up above a man's height, concealing the pasturing herds. Towards the Caspian, over the area covered by that sea in former times, the steppe has a different aspect, the soil being so filled with salt left by the retiring sea as to support only the prickly saltwort and such saline plants."

The great forests of the North extend from the marshes on the shore of the Arctic Ocean down to Moscow. These forests show the same general distinctions found in the great northern forests of the globe. The larch and the fir alternating with the birch are in the extreme north, while on the southern boundary of the forest region the oaks, the maples, the elms, and the limes with which we are familiar, can be seen. Then comes the immense fertile region known as the Black Land, which consists of "a deep bed of black mould." "From time immemorial this soil has been the granary of Eastern Europe. It was here Herodotus placed his agricultural Scythians, and hence Athens drew her grain."

Then come the vast steppes which if properly manured are fertile. Before it was placed under cultivation this region was similar to our prairies.

Next come the great barren steppes, which remind us of the alkali plains of the far West. Near the mouth of the Dnieper there are expanses of sand; on the coast of the Caspian, as already remarked, they are saline.

These peculiarities of configuration of soil and climate have been the most potent factors in developing the character and evolving the history of the Russian people. A beautiful passage from Rambaud illustrates this effect:

"We must recognize that the Russian, almost as much as the Anglo-Saxon, has the instinct which drives men to emigrate and found colonies.

The Russians do in the far East of Europe what the Anglo-Saxons do in the far West of America. They belong to one of the great races of pioneers and backwoodsmen. All the history of the Russian people from the foundation of Moscow is that of their advance into the forest, into the Black Land, into the prairie. The Russian has his trappers and settlers in the Cossacks of the Dnieper, Don, and Terek; in the tireless fur-hunters of Siberia; in the gold-diggers of the Ural and the Altai; in the adventurous monks who ever lead the way, founding in regions always more distant, a monastery which is to be the centre of a town; lastly, in the Raskolniki, or Dissenters, Russians Puritans or Mormons, who are persecuted by laws human and divine, and seek from forest to forest the Jerusalem of their dreams. The level plains of Russia naturally tempted men to migration. The mountain keeps her own, the mountain calls her wanderers to return; while the steppe, stretching away to the dimmest horizon, invites you to advance, to ride at adventure, to 'go where the eyes glance.'" And wherever they have gone they have "Russified" the people whom they found.

If the reader desires further information on this subject, he will find it in McKenzie Wallace's work: a work of such rare interest in style and fulness of information as to blend the absorbing power of a novel with the general accuracy and solidity of a history. While crossing the Atlantic, I loaned this work, which is in two volumes, but printed in very large type, to an eminent bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who was so fascinated by it as to sit up nearly a whole night to finish the first volume.

This England has not done. India is India still, and Ireland as anti-English as the first day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PECULIARITIES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

I LEFT Sweden for Russia in August, travelling five days and nights before reaching St. Petersburg, and yet arrived in that city in July of the same year, and for two or three days after I arrived in Russia, I was still in the month of July, while the rest of Europe was far along in August.

The explanation of the discrepancy is that the Greek Church is at swords-points with the Roman Catholic Church, and would not adopt the Gregorian change in the calendar. It is therefore twelve days behind the rest of Europe. Twelve days after we have celebrated Christmas, the Russians celebrate it; twelve days after we have celebrated New Year's Day, the Russians celebrate it; and so it is through all the so-called Christian year.

On reaching St. Petersburg on the ninth of August, the first paper which I bought was dated July 27. Some of the papers, however, have in parenthesis the date according to the calculations of the rest of Europe.

Upon arriving in Russia proper, I found myself for the first time — since the date of my birth — in a country where I did not know the *alphabet*. This was, indeed, a new sensation, and by no means agreeable. After walking about for some time in St. Petersburg, I tried to find the *Nevski Prospect*. At last I wandered into a street so beautiful and straight that it occupied me for a while, but had no idea that it was the *Nevski*, for all the signs called it *Hebckn*, or something like it.

Perhaps the reader would like to know something about this strange language, and how it arose in its present written form. I had that desire, and procured one or two grammars, studying them sufficiently to know the principal differences between the Russian and the other chief languages of Europe. As this volume may be sent to friends in Russia in acknowledgment of the many kindnesses received there, the reader may be sure I shall not proceed a step beyond positive knowledge as to what the said grammars say. There are three dialects: the Little Russian, the White Russian, and the Great Russian. The last is the language of literature, the language of the Court, and of judicial proceedings and official documents of every kind. It is also spoken by the great majority of the people.

I was told, and all authorities, I find, state, that the people who understand any one of these three dialects can understand those who speak the others. It was a surprise to me to learn that to some extent Poles and Russians can understand each other, for to my ear the languages seem wholly unlike.

Instead of twenty-six letters, the Russian alphabet has thirty-six. It is claimed that the alphabet was invented in part, and in great part adapted from the Greek by St. Methodius and St. Cyril, who were the chief propagators and apostles of Christianity among the various Slavonian peoples in the ninth century. This alphabet is only used now in religious books. Peter the Great, with his all-inclusive genius, laid his hand on the alphabet, and greatly improved it, throwing away some superfluous letters, and changing the shape of others to make them more like those of other nations. Meanwhile the services of the Church are performed in the ancient Bulgarian Church *Slavonic*, and as this contains two more letters than that now in use, the people can understand it only in a general way.

I sent back to Russia for a set of type, and through the kindness of the Rev. William Nicholson, for the past fifteen years superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society's work in European Russia, received it before sailing for home.

The following table shows the Russian capitals and small letters, with their pronunciation, as nearly as possible, in English :

А а	Б б	В в	Г г	Д д	Е е
a in *far.*	*b* in *bay*	*v* in *vale.*	*g* in *gay.*	*d* in *day.*	*e* in *met.*
Ж ж	З з	И и, І і	К к	Л л	М м
z in *azure.*	*z* in *zeal.*	*e* long.	*k.*	*l.*	*m.*
Н н	О о	П п	Р р	С с	Т т
n.	*o* in *open.*	*p.*	*r.*	*s* in *say.*	*t.*
У у	Ф ф	Х х	Ц ц	Ч ч	Ш ш
oo in *book.*	*fa* in *fat.*	*h* aspirated.	*ts* in *its.*	*ch* in *chain.*	*sh* in *shade.*

Щ щ	Ъ ъ	Ы ы	Ь ь
sch in *discharge.*	a semi-vowel used to harden consonants, having no sound.	*e* obscure as in *ble.*	a semi-vowel used to soften consonants, but having no sound.

Ѣ ѣ, Ээ	Ю ю	Я я	Ѳ ѳ	Ѵ ѵ	Ѝ
a in *any.*	*u* in *unit.*	*ya* in *yam.*	*fe* in *feet.*	*e* in *me.*	*y* in *coy.*

Among the peculiarities of the Russian language are these: there is no *article; pronouns*, *nouns* and *adjectives* are declined in no less than *seven* cases; verbs by inflection express number, person, and, in some cases, *gender;* yet they have but *three* tenses. To make up for the lack of tenses they have many modes "which determine the frequent or unfrequent, precise or unprecise, modes of an action," etc.

I must again quote Wallace to find the most luminous and interesting, as well as the briefest, description of the Russian language. The following passages, with some explanatory connecting remarks, are taken from his work: "Even for one who possesses a natural facility for acquiring foreign tongues, the learning of Russian is by no means an easy task." . . . Though it is of the same stock with our own, and contains few Asiatic Tartar words, "it contains sounds unknown to West-European ears and difficult to West-European tongues; and its roots, though in great part derived from the same original stock as those of the Græco-Latin and Teutonic languages, are generally not at

all easily recognized." To make this clear he takes the word *otéts*, which he says is another form of "father," "vater," and "père." He says the future tense " is formed by prefixing a preposition, but it is impossible to determine by rule which preposition should be used. Thus, *idu* (I go) becomes *poidu ; pishu* (I write) becomes *napishu*," etc. Hence every verb in the language must be learned by a pure effort of memory.

Then he speaks of the difficulty of accenting the proper syllable. In this respect, he says, it is like Greek, and even more perplexing, for Russian is not pointed with accents, and there are no precise rules for the change of accent in various inflections of the same word. But he says that he learned the language, and that any one else can do so if he will take time enough. "The ear and the tongue gradually become familiar with the peculiarities of the inflection and accentuation, and practice fulfills the same purpose as abstract rules." But he affirms that no foreigner will ever be able to pass for a Russian, and no Russian can learn to speak English as an Englishman, unless he learned it in infancy.

His discussion of the marvellous power of Russians to learn foreign tongues is very interesting. He says that there is no doubt that educated Russians are better linguists than the educated classes of Western Europe, for "they always speak French, and very often English and German also." This he explains by three causes. (I condense his remarks.) Any Russian who wishes to be counted *civilized* must know at least one foreign language. Hence, he is taught in his infancy. Many families employ a German nurse, a French tutor, and an English governess. Hence the children from infancy are familiar with these tongues. I gave an instance of this in the description of the family of the Prince with whom I travelled on the Gulf of Finland, who had all these with them, and whose youngest son, ten years old, spoke Russian, French, German, and English fluently. Again, the Russian language is very rich, and contains nearly all the sounds which are to be found in Dutch, German, Spanish, French, Italian, and English. Finally, he concludes by saying that perhaps, on the whole, it would be well to call in the Darwinian theory, and assume that the Russian *noblesse*, having for

several generations been compelled to learn foreign languages, have evolved a "hereditary polyglot talent."

Of some of these remarks I had practical experience of the truth, for I found that by the time I was about to leave Russia the inflections and accent became quite familiar to me. Repetition through any sense will develop an aptitude and wear a kind of channel for itself in the brain, even though the meaning of the words be not understood.

Russians, in conversation, when unexcited, seem dull and heavy, and their tones have a kind of low chanting element; but when animated from any cause, this rhythm disappears, and a short, sharp, and decisive tone takes its place. They fairly yell at each other. Hearing a gentleman, as it seemed to me, speaking most violently to a coachman, I said to him, "In my country, if a passenger were to yell and gesticulate at a coachman as you have just done, he would spring off his box and show fight at once." The Russian did not seem to be aware that he had done any thing improper; he had only said, "You miserable wretch, you uncouth, disheveled poltroon and loafer, you dastardly sluggard and petty simpleton, why are you running into that droshky?" or words to that exasperating effect. Conversation between equals, of course, is not ordinarily so vehement, but judging by the tones used they are much more so than we.

The morality of Russia is very low. This remark should not be construed into a statement that all Russians are immoral; it simply means that the moral conduct of the average Russian is low. Public dissipation is carried to an extent not seen elsewhere. Peculiar institutions exist there. It has been said of them that "they cannot be classified as theatres, hotels, or saloons, though they have some traits of each." A correspondent of a New York paper, since my return, has described one of them, and there are five of the same kind in St. Petersburg. I did not visit any of them, but received accounts from the best authority which fully agree with the statements of this correspondent. "The entrance is brilliantly lighted. A gorgeous liveried footman shows the visitor in." A mixed multitude assembles — merchants, clerks, military

and civil officers, women of doubtful reputation. Performances on the stage consist of immoral songs and the wildest kind of can-can dancing. This correspondent says, after his description ends, "What conversations are conducted there! what songs take place! About two o'clock in the morning the song turns into the mad bacchanal." Again, he speaks of the palace of pleasure frequented by unmarried people. Of the pleasure offered and indulged in here it is better not to say a word. Tens of thousands of the poor people pass all their evenings and nights in such places. "In all of them the public are allowed to stay through the night."

Again, he states that things are only apparently cleaner above, and gives the Government policy in the following words: "It is the men and women of the type of Brutus and the imperial ministers who hate and persecute them. They fear nothing from jolly men and frivolous women who frequent orpheums, golden palaces, palaces of pleasure, dancing-rooms, and other places of the kind. Dancing, wine-drinking, and playing cards are the amusements of the upper classes. In Russia no citizen has a right to make or sell playing-cards. It is a Government monopoly."

This correspondent, who knew what he was writing about, quotes the *Novoe Vremla* thus: "We are told that Vienna and Paris are known for the light morals of their residents. But in our capital there are things unknown to either of those cities. In Paris they close all places of public amusement at eleven o'clock, and here the very Babels are allowed to last through the night. Our Nevski Prospect, even during the day, is turned into a huge disreputable house. Only under the Directory in France were their morals so loose as ours to-day." And another paper, describing the same things, says: "A psychological contagion is spreading itself unchecked. We are living in a moral revolution."

It is to be suspected that the Government winks at all this upon the assumption that so long as the people are allowed to amuse themselves, they will not sympathize with the revolutionary party.

Russian officials are generally dishonest, from the highest to the

lowest. The exceptions are exceedingly few, and they are constantly in peril either of displacement or of assassination. One honest man among ninety-nine thieves, whom he may expose if he himself is not suppressed, has very little opportunity. The saying is attributed to Nicholas that there were but two persons in the entire Empire who would not steal — himself and his son. Russian merchants and traders are, many of them, thoroughly dishonest; *of course, not all.* The common people are extremely filthy, though the filthiest that I saw were not more filthy than some of the Irish that I met in Cork. Dr. Maclay, of Japan, formerly of China, was my companion in visiting some of the sections of Cork, and remarked that he had never seen anything worse in China, if he had ever seen anything as bad there. But the peasants, as a whole, in Russia, are very uncleanly. Some filthy customs I had never imagined possible. The description of them would pollute the page.

The more aristocratic classes of travellers or merchants of the higher grade, and professional men, are worthy to be compared with those of any other part of the world. Many of the Polish priests are very slovenly and greasy. Verminous monks can be found travelling about, mingling with crowds at fairs in large numbers.

Intemperance is exceedingly common among the Russian people. A great number of holidays contribute much to this state of affairs. The people become frightfully drunk, and remain so until their money is entirely exhausted. They have a custom there called *Pominki* — a remembrance service forty days after a person's death. Once a year they visit family graves. This is often accompanied by debauchery.

Some of their peculiarities are such as might well be adopted elsewhere. Whenever a funeral passes along the street all Russians remove their hats. They will be quite offended if you do not take off your hat in going into any store or place of business. This custom originated in the respect paid by the people to the image or picture of some saint or holy virgin which may be in the building.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE POETRY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THIS, like everything else in the Empire, is peculiar. It originated in the monotonous and helpless life of the ordinary Russian peasant. Some of the songs, specimens of which are here given, I heard sung in the Russian language, and in endeavoring to obtain translations, fell upon that magnificent work, "The Songs of the Russian People," by W. S. Ralston. Hence I am sure the translations are authentic. Misfortunes, or calamity, or woe, is often represented in Russia as a being named Gore. It often figures in the popular tales, and one really pathetic story represents "a poverty-stricken wretch, who strives to keep up appearances by singing, hearing another's voice in unison with his own, for which he cannot account until he discovers that it belongs to Gore, who is keeping him company" — that is misery. The following is a mournful song of a maiden :

Whither shall I, the fair maiden, flee from Sorrow?
If I fly from Sorrow into the dark forest,
After me runs Sorrow with an ax.
"I will fell, I will fell, the green oaks;
I will seek, I will find, the fair maiden."

If I fly from Sorrow into the open field,
After me runs Sorrow with a scythe.
"I will mow, I will mow, the open field;
I will seek, I will find, the fair maiden."

Whither, then, shall I flee from Sorrow?
I will rush from Sorrow into the blue sea;
After me comes Sorrow as a huge fish.
"I will drink, I will swallow, the blue sea;
I will seek, I will find, the fair maiden."

If I seek refuge from my sorrow in marriage —
Sorrow follows me as my dowry.
If I take to bed to escape from my Sorrow —
Sorrow sits beside my pillow.

And when I shall flee from Sorrow into the damp earth
Sorrow will go after me with a spade.
Then will Sorrow stand over me: and cry triumphantly,
"I have driven, I have driven the fair maiden
Into the damp earth."

The ancient freebooters of Russia are represented as maintaining a defiant appearance in the presence of their captors. "One of them is asked by the Tsar himself whether he had many companions in his forays, and who they were with whom he robbed and stole. He answers:"

I will tell thee, O source of hope, orthodox Tsar,
All the truth will I tell to thee, the whole truth:
The number of my companions was four.
My first companion — the dark night,
My second companion — a knife of steel,
My third companion — my good steed,
My fourth companion — my tough bow,
And my messengers were keen arrows.

Here is the mourning of a young soldier conscripted into the dragoons. His long curls are cut off with the official scissors, and he sings:

Not for my black curls do I mourn,
But I mourn for my own home.
In my home are three Sorrows,
And the first Sorrow is —
I have parted from my father and mother,
From my father, from my mother,
From my young wife, and from my orphaned boys,
From my little children.

A maiden, whose parents wish her to marry a stranger, and give up her hope, her heart's beloved, exclaims in her grief:

Forth will I go
To the meadows green,
And there cry aloud;
On Harm will I call.

Come hither, come hither,
Ye beasts of prey;
Here is luscious food:
Come, tear me to shreds,
Only leave untouched
My beating heart,
And bear it away
To the hands of my dear one;
Ah, there let him see
How fondly I loved him!

"To the tears of the wife the songs attach less importance than to those of a sister, or a mother, or a dear friend:"

There weeps his mother as a river runs;
There weeps his sister as a streamlet flows;
There weeps his youthful wife as falls the dew.
The sun will rise and gather up the dew.

So a dying husband does not seem to think much about his wife:

Not for my kinsmen do I grieve,
Not for my youthful wife,
But for my little ones I grieve.
My darling little ones are left,
Dear little tiny innocents,
To suffer pangs of hunger and of cold.

Here is one that represents a young woman unhappily married, and seeking consolation outside the family:

THE WIFE:

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming:
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow,
Heavy up and down the passage goes my husband's father,
Angrily about it keeps he pacing.
CHORUS: Thumping, scolding, thumping, scolding,
Never lets his daughter sleep.

FATHER-IN-LAW:

Up, up, up! thou sloven there!
Up, up, up! thou sluggard there!
Slovenly, slatternly, sluggardish slut!

THE WIFE:

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming;
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow,
Up and down the passage goes my husband's mother,
Angrily about it keeps she pacing.
CHORUS: Thumping, scolding, thumping, scolding,
Never lets her daughter sleep.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW:

Up, up, up! thou sloven there!
Up, up, up! thou sluggard there!
Slovenly, slatternly, sluggardish slut!

THE WIFE:

Fain would I be sleeping, dreaming,
Heavy lies my head upon the pillow,
Up and down the passage steals my beloved one,
All so lightly, softly keeps he whispering —

THE LOVER:

Sleep, sleep, sleep, my darling!
Sleep, sleep, sleep, my precious one!
Driven out, thrown away, married too soon!

Wife-whipping in Russia among the peasants is regarded as a privilege by the wife as well as a duty by the husband. Ralston says: "The subject of wife-beating plays a considerable part in the Russian popular poetry. The following may serve as an example of the way in which it is treated:

Across the Don a plank lay, thin and bending,
No foot along it passed.
But I alone, the young one from the hill,
I went along it with my true love dear.
And to my love I said:
"O darling, dear,
Beat not thy wife without a cause,
But only for good cause beat thou thy wife,
And for a great offense.
Far away is my father dear,
And farther still my mother dear;
They cannot hear my voice,
They cannot see my burning tears."

In another there is a game called "The Wife's Love," that is somewhat amusing and illustrative.

A youth and a girl, or more frequently two girls, one of whom wears a man's hat, take their places in the middle of a circle of singers, who begin:

Wife, I am going,
To walk through the bazar.
Wife, my wifie,
Hard is thy heart.
Wife, I will buy thee
Muslin for a sleeve.
Wife, my wifie,
Hard is thy heart.
See, wife, here is
Muslin for a sleeve.

The husband offers his present. Then his wife will not look at it. Presently she clutches it from his hand, and thereupon flings it to the ground.

Chorus sings:

Good people, only see!
She does not love her husband at all!
Never agrees with him, never bows down to him,
From him turns away!

The second act is similar to the first. The husband buys his wife a golden ring, but it fares no better than the former present. Then comes the third and final act, in which the husband cries:

Wife, I will go
To the bazar.
Wife, I will buy thee
A silken whip.

This time when he brings his new offering, and says:

There, wife,
Is your dear present!

she looks upon him affectionately, he gives her a blow with the whip, she bows low before him, and kisses him, while the chorus sings:

Good people, only see!
How well she loves her lord!
Always agrees with him,
Always bows down to him,
Gives him kisses.

And the satisfied husband concludes with the words:

Wife, my wifie,
Soft is thy heart.

However, we must not condemn the Russians too severely for wife-beating. From time immemorial in England it has been the privilege of the common people, by the common law, to chastise their wives for a good cause, and to a degree of not breaking of bones, or the risking of life. When I was in London for the first time, many years ago, a trial took place in which the judge explicitly assumed that the man had the right to beat his wife, and that the only question for the jury to settle was whether he had gone too far, or whether he had done so without good cause! A Russian told me that if a man never used this prerogative, in some sections, the wife would despise him as unworthy the name of a man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH.

THE religion of Russia is so unlike Roman Catholicism or Protestantism that those who have not seen it or made it a matter of study, find on becoming acquainted with it, much to surprise and not a little to amuse them. The Russo-Greek Church hates Roman Catholicism more than any other form of Christianity except the dissenting sects which have arisen among its own communicants.

The separation of the Greek Church from the Latin Church dates from the refusal of the Greek patriarchs to acknowledge the primacy of the Pope, and this is the fundamental difference between them.

But, in many other respects, the Greek Church differs from the Roman Catholic Church. It compels the priests to marry, but no priest can marry a second time, nor can any person be admitted to the priesthood who is not the son of a priest.

Priests are divided into the White and the Black. Of these the Black are monks, and on them celibacy is binding, and from them only all the Hierarchy, consisting of Metropolates, Bishops, and Archimandrites, etc., are chosen. When a parish priest's wife dies, he may enter the Black clergy, and thus his only hope of becoming a bishop is in the death of his wife.

The Russo-Greek Church gives bread and wine, but both together, and from a golden spoon, to the communicants; while the Roman Catholic Church does not give wine to any but priests. The Russo-Greek Church does not believe in predestination, but holds that God foreknew all things, and decreed the salvation of all whom he foresaw could accept Christ. It does not give indulgences or dispensations, nor does it

hold the doctrine of purgatory as taught by the Church of Rome, though it prays for the dead and allows the intercession of saints.

One marked and somewhat ludicrous peculiarity of the Russo-Greek church is its treatment of pictures and images. No images are allowed in the churches, but pictures, mosaics, and "all representations on a flat surface are not held to be violations of the law which says, 'thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image'!" Yet the pictures are so brought out, and the frames and surroundings are so arranged as to produce the effect of an image upon the eye.

"The Offices of the Oriental Church," edited and introduced by the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring, who was appointed by the Russian government to conduct its services for the Embassy for many years in the city of New York, describes the Russian churches and services. I have compared my own observations with his statements, and am assured of the accuracy of the description here given.

The prevailing mode of architecture is the Byzantine, which is older than the Gothic. The church is cruciform, under a spacious dome, and has the sanctuary usually at the eastern end. The chief entrance is at the western end. There are two porches or vestibules, one in which penitents tarry, and the other for catechumens — candidates for reception in the church. There are no seats except a few for the sick and aged, and in certain cathedral churches, for the Emperor. The chancel is divided into choir and sanctuary, but not as in the Roman Catholic churches, the choir being much smaller in proportion. Behind the choir towers the *Ikonostasis*. This is an altar screen, and when the doors are closed it completely shuts the sanctuary and those within from the view of those without. It is adorned with pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and other saints.

There are three doors into the sanctuary. The first are called the Royal or Holy Doors, and none but a bishop, priest or deacon may pass through them. A curtain is suspended which at certain times is drawn over these doors. The ordinary servants of the church pass through the south door, called the *Deacon's Door*, and through the north door,

CLERGY OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

called the *Paranomarion.* The laity are not generally allowed to enter the sanctuary, and women, never. I was permitted to enter in two or three cases.

Inside the sanctuary, the most conspicuous object is the Holy Table, which is a cubical structure of wood placed in the middle of the sanctuary. On the Table is a tabernacle containing the consecrated elements of the Eucharist, the cross, and the Book of the Gospels. Behind the Holy Table is the Bishop's Throne with a row of seats on each side for the attendant clergy, who minister with him.

In front of the Holy Doors there is a little platform called the *Ambon,* from which the Gospel is read and sermons preached; but in cathedral churches there is a large pulpit in the middle of the church.

Some of the Holy Vessels are worthy of remark. The *Asterisk* is a star made of two semicircles crossed and joined together; it covers the *Disk* on which the Holy Lamb (Agnus) is laid. The *Spear* is a knife formed like a lance, having a cross on the handle. It is used in cutting out the portions of bread that are to be consecrated, and is typical of the spear that pierced the Redeemer's side. The *Analogion* is a high desk which the Deacon uses when reading from the *Ambon;* on it the holy pictures and the Book of the Gospels are placed. The *Crowns* are to be placed upon the heads of bridegroom and bride as a sign that they "are victorious over youthful lusts, and also that they are the princes and rulers of their posterity."

A Russian Christian never passes a church without uncovering his head and making the sign of the cross. At the first stroke of the bell which summons to Divine service, he does the same, and when the bell announces the consecration of the bread and wine (for the Russian Church teaches transubstantiation) he pauses for a moment, though on the street, or at work. The pictures are the central point of household devotion, like the family Bible in the United States. These pictures are often transmitted as heirlooms in a family, from generation to generation. Kneeling before them the Russian says all his prayers, and often a light is kept burning before them which is called the Eternal Light.

"These pictures, therefore, are carefully cherished and preserved by every Russian. In case of accident, as of fire, they are the first property rescued; and at burial, one of them is carried to the grave, and afterward placed in the room where the departed Christian died.'

The ritual of the Russian Church is exceedingly long. The services are ornate to a degree unequalled elsewhere. The vestments of the priests are very costly and gorgeously decorated, and the music of "unexampled harmony." Instrumental music is not allowed, nor are female voices employed; the higher parts being taken by boys. Great attention is paid to music, and money lavishly spent upon it. The Empire is searched for fine bassos, and training continued for successive generations has developed a strength and melody far beyond the average attained by the natives of Western countries. The finest German choral singing is hardly equal to that in the great chapel of St. Petersburg, or the singing of the monks in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski.

In the largest churches readers, usually deacons, are selected whose voices are extraordinarily deep. They read in a grand, though monotonous way, for half an hour or more, when, as the maximum of tediousness would appear to be reached, the reader passes out of the monotone into a slightly upward inflection, and at the instant the change is perceived, the choir will blend with his voice, and a series of antiphonal responses will follow. Afterwards a clear tenor or baritone will be heard rising from behind the Ikonostasis, followed by the deep harmony of the octave bass, which needs no viol or organ, for it surpasses both in volume, and is the true *vox humana.*

The prayers are very repetitious, the phrase *gospode pomueli,* signifying "Lord, be merciful," being repeated scores of times. Prayers for the Royal family, by name, are made more of than any other part of the service. The preaching fills an insignificant part, though it is not wholly neglected.

The aspect of the worshippers is very devout. More men, and of a higher class, are seen in the churches than in Roman Catholic countries.

No Protestant community in the world contains so large a proportion of church-goers. All day long, and every day, the people are going and coming, lighting tapers, bowing and crossing themselves. Many of the most famous chapels are crowded constantly.

The monasteries present a mediæval phase of religious life, a vast accumulation of wealth and conclusive evidence of the unnaturalness of such segregation in the decline of the controlling force by which they were founded. The Church seems absorbed in ceremony and ecclesiasticism to the almost entire neglect of emotion and practical morality, and to the comparative neglect of doctrine. Intelligent Russians within and without the Orthodox Church, without exception, confessed that the religiosity of the people has very little influence upon their morals, the religious feeling being absorbed in church-going, pilgrimages to monasteries, votive offerings and similar works.

Such instances as the following are told among the people, and whether true or not, are in harmony with the prevailing opinion of the morality of the clergy. As a matter of fact, the clergy are notorious gamblers, and it is said that one of them was so intensely interested in the game as to pay no attention to the ringing of the bells which indicated that the time had come for him to perform his service. The assistant came and spoke to him several times, but he paid no attention, and went on with the game. At last the bells ceased and the assistant came in and succeeded in attracting his attention. Intending to finish the game afterwards he thrust the hand which he held up his sleeve, and went in. It was his turn to preach, and in the midst of his discourse, forgetting what he had in his sleeve, he made a gesture which threw the cards out and scattered them over the floor, and the worshippers gazed in surprise. The priest, however, was equal to the emergency. Calling one of the boys employed about the altar, and, pointing to one of the pictures of the saints, he said, "Ivan, of what saint is that the portrait?" "I do not know," said he. "And that?" "I cannot tell." And so on until he had failed to answer several times. And then pointing to the cards he said, "Take up that card; what is its name?" "The ace of

spades," answered the boy. "And that?" "The king of diamonds." Then said the priest, "Sad, sad indeed is the condition of the youth of Russia! They don't know the name of a single saint, but they can give the name of every card in the pack!" And in this way the ingenious priest passed it off as an impressive object lesson, or a stratagem of eloquence.

In Russia, Church and State are more firmly united than in any other of the great nations. The mass of the people "entertain a holy awe for the Tsar and the Church, which two are with them identical." Superstition is more prevalent than devotion. In Moscow I saw crowds kissing the hand of the Metropolate which hung out of his chariot as limp and lifeless as the hand of a dead man, and hundreds of women struggled and fought until driven away by the police, for the privilege of kissing his hand.

Bones and other relics are held in great esteem, and the peasantry believe in anything that is told them, and in ghosts.

The magnificence of the ceremonial on great feast days, is impressive, as Wallace's account of an Easter scene in Moscow may serve to show. He says:

"It was Easter eve, and I had gone with a friend to the Kremlin to witness the Easter ceremonies. Though the rain was pouring heavily, an immense crowd of people had assembled in and around the cathedral. The crowd was of a mixed kind. There stood the patient, bearded *muzhik* (peasant), in his well-worn sheepskin; the big, burly, self-interested merchant, in his long black cloth coat, the noble, with venerable great-coat and umbrella; thinly-clad, romantic old women shivering in the cold, and bright-eyed young damsels, with their warm cloaks drawn closely around them; white-haired old men, with wallet and pilgrim staff, and mischievous urchins with faces for the moment preternaturally demure, all standing patiently waiting for the announcement of the glad tidings, 'He is risen!' As midnight approached the hum of voices gradually ceased, until, as the clock struck twelve, the deep-toned bell of Ivan the Great began to toll, and in answer to this signal all the bells in

Moscow suddenly sent forth a merry peal. Every one held in his hand a lighted taper, and these thousands of little lights produced a peculiar illumination, giving to the surrounding buildings a picturesqueness of which they cannot boast in daylight. Meanwhile every bell in Moscow — and their name is legion — seemed frantically desirous of drowning its neighbor's voice, the solemn boom of the great one overhead mingling curiously with the sharp, fussy, 'ting-a-ting-ting' of diminutive rivals. If demons dwell in Moscow, and dislike bell-ringing, as is generally supposed, then there must have been at that moment a general stampede of the powers of darkness, such as is described by Milton in his poem of 'Annunciation,' and as if this deafening din were not enough, big guns were fired in rapid succession from the battery of artillery close at hand.

"How far the introduction of artillery into the ceremony stimulates the general enthusiasm of the people I cannot say, but it certainly had a most wonderful effect on a Russian friend who accompanied me. When in his normal condition, that gentleman was a quiet, undemonstrative person, devoted to science, an adherent of Western civilization in general, and of Darwinism in particular, and a thorough skeptic with regard to all forms of religious belief. But the influence of the surroundings — especially of the big guns — was too much for his philosophical equanimity. For a moment his orthodox Muscovite soul awaked from its accustomed skeptical, cosmopolitan lethargy. After crossing himself rapidly, an act of devotion which I had never before seen him perform, he grasped my arm, and pointing to the crowd said in an exultant tone of voice, 'Look there! There is a sight which you can see nowhere but in the White Stone City. Are not the Russians a religious people?'"

Another most extraordinary ceremony was one that I witnessed while in St. Petersburg. A procession of Greek priests from St. Isaac's Church went down to the Neva, which, in some way, to me unintelligible, they proceeded to bless. It was not the regular day for the great ceremony of blessing the Neva, but they have so many peculiar rites that it was difficult to ascertain what this meant. An immense crowd,

numbering perhaps fifty thousand people, assembled. The great bells rang, and services were held in the church for more than an hour. Men preceded the priests, sprinkling sand and ashes upon the street; then came the various choirs with trained and surpliced boys, who sang exquisitely. Then came the priests themselves, arrayed in gorgeous robes, and finally an immense multitude. The platform had been erected in the river, to which the priests repaired.

The crowd reverently took off their hats. To see what would happen I kept mine on. Something happened in a very short space of time, for the Russians around me began to howl with rage, and one powerful fellow advanced upon me, making signs that if I did not take off my hat he would knock it off; and I observed, from the stupendous size of his fist, that if he struck any portion of the hat whatsoever, the probability was that the head under the hat would know it by some other sense than that of sight. Having satisfied myself as to what would happen, I took off my hat before anything further did happen. Afterward I succeeded in getting upon a small steamboat and witnessing the scene.

It was the love of magnificence that led to the introduction of Christianity into Russia. When Vladimir, like the Japanese of to-day, "instituted a search after the best religion, his ambassadors forthwith visited Mussulmans, Jews and Catholics. . . . Vladimir declined Islamism, which prescribed circumcision and forbade 'the wine, which was dear to the Russians:' Judaism, whose disciples wandered through the earth; and Catholicism, whose ceremonies appeared wanting in magnificence. The deputies that he sent to Constantinople, on the contrary, returned awe-stricken. The splendors of St. Sophia, the brilliancy of the priestly vestments, the magnificence of the ceremonies, heightened by the presence of the Emperor and his court, the patriarch and the numerous clergy, the incense, the religious songs, had powerfully appealed to the imaginations of the barbarians."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

STRIKING CEREMONIES.

WHEN a child is born, the priest is summoned forthwith to the house. He prays for the mother and the child, and names the infant, generally in honor of some saint, and frequently the one on whose day the child is born or baptized.

When a child is baptized, "the number of sponsors is not limited, and they are strictly regarded as the spiritual parents of the new-born child. On this account the parents themselves are not present in the room where their child is baptized, but the godparents take their place. Moreover, marriage is not allowed between godparents and godchildren, or even between the sponsors themselves."

When the child is baptized, the priest takes off his clothes, turns him toward the East, having on only one garment. Then he blows in his face, signs him on the forehead and breast, and prays for him. He then turns him toward the West and asks him if he renounces the devil, etc., his sponsors answering for him. At the font three candles are lighted, symbolizing the Holy Trinity. The priest puts his fingers in the water and signs it; takes some oil and pours it on top of the water. He then takes some of the oil with two fingers and signs the candidate with the cross, first on the forehead, then on his heart, his shoulders, ears, hands and feet. Then he holds him upright with his face toward the East, and says: "The servant of God" (putting in the name) "is baptized in the name of the Father" (first immersion), "and of the Son" (second immersion), "and of the Holy Ghost. Amen" (third immersion); "now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen." (Sprinking is allowed only in cases of weakness.) Then the white baptismal robe (the gift of the godmother) is put upon the child by the

priest, the cross (the gift of his godfather) is handed to him, and the service is concluded with prayers.

Forty days after the child is born the mother presents it to the church for her purification and the presentation of the child in the temple of God. It is not customary for mothers to leave the house until this time, and "many will not receive visitors until this service has been performed."

The marriage tie in Russia is loosed only by the death of one of the parties. Second marriages are not encouraged among the laity, and absolutely refused to the priests. Third marriages are allowed to the laity only in the most extraordinary cases; and fourth marriages under all circumstances are absolutely forbidden. Theoretically divorce is never allowed except when one of the married couple is guilty of infidelity. Marriage, however, can be severed by the civil law in Russia when one of the parties is sentenced to Siberia for life, or is absent in parts unknown for more than five years.

Parties who intend to marry in Russia must be of suitable age. The law provides that the bridegroom shall not be less than nineteen years old, nor the bride less than sixteen. They must have the consent of the law and of their parents; if the parents are dead, they must have the consent of their sponsors. Those who are related even so far as the sixth generation, cannot marry. Testimonials on all these points have to be presented to the priest, signed by two or three witnesses on both sides.

There are some very singular laws on the subject of marriage. Banns of matrimony are publicly proclaimed three times in the church. No one can be married without witnesses. The blessing of the parents is always given before that of the priest. After prayer the parents give them a picture symbolical of the parental blessing as the youthful pair kneel before them; this picture is taken with them to the church and to the new home. The betrothed partake of the Holy Communion before their nuptials. "Many esteem matrimony with such reverence that they will only receive it fasting, even though its administration

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should be late in the evening." The ancient Greek Church prohibited marriage at all seasons of fasting, since it was usually a joyful occasion. In the Russian Church they cannot be married on the weekly fast days — Wednesday and Friday ; but since the day begins at sunset, marriage may be celebrated on Wednesday and Friday, but cannot be on either of the evenings preceding those days.

The public betrothal takes place before the wedding ; generally immediately before the wedding. The bridegroom comes first to the church. Then a lady friend of his goes to bring the bride thither from her home. She bids farewell to her friends, and her parents do not attend the services at the church. As the bride enters a chant is sung, and the groomsman arranges the position of the couple. This is in the centre of the church, before the Analogion, the bridegroom on the right and the bride on the left, to indicate their proper position in life. The rings before the betrothal are placed on the Holy Table in the sanctuary. During the betrothal they are taken from the table and placed upon the fingers with the words : "The servant of God" (name) "is betrothed to the maid of God" (name), and "The maid of God" (name) "is betrothed to the servant of God" (name), "in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." Afterward the rings are exchanged three times, "to signify the full consent of the parents to the union, and the perfect harmony of the wedded pair."

Now follows the wedding, called in the Oriental Church, "Coronation." The couple advance to the Analogion, the priest demands of them separately whether this is indeed an act of their own free will and consent, and whether there is any precontract which should be an impediment to their union. If they answer satisfactorily, they stand upon a rug of pink silk. This rug is very small, scarcely large enough for them to stand upon, to signify that no third person shall intrude on their mutual life. Then they are crowned. The crowns are brought from the Holy Table to the priest, who takes one of them and blesses the bridegroom. The bridegroom kisses the picture of Christ on the crown, and the priest then places the crown on his head, saying, "The

servant of God" (name) "is crowned for the maid of God" (name), "in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then he crowns the bride in the same way, blesses them three times, and says, "O Lord, our God, crown them with honor and glory." This completes the union, and they are man and wife.

After this, however, there are prayers by the priest, the bride and groom drink of a cup of mingled wine and water alternately three times, to signify that they are each to drink of the same cup, whether it be of joy or sorrow, and the service is closed by a procession. "The priest places the right hand of the bride in that of the bridegroom, takes both in his own right hand, and conducts them three times around the Analogion, followed by those holding the crowns over their heads, while the choir are chanting. This signifies that their happiness in life depends on their walking in the way of religion, while the priest goes before to show them that they should ever follow the guidance of the Church.

"When the nuptials are concluded, the crowns are taken from their heads to remind them that joy must give place to the more serious cares of life. As the crowns are removed the priest salutes them with the exclamation: 'Be honored, O Bridegroom, like Abraham; be blessed like Isaac; and increased like Jacob; walk in peace and fulfil the commandments of God in righteousness.' Then he says to the wife: 'Be honored, O Bride, like Sarah; be glad like Rebekah; and increased like Rachel; take pleasure in thy husband, and observe the limits of the law according to the pleasure of God!' Then the newly married pair are bidden to bow their heads before the Lord, and the benediction is pronounced over them in the Name of the Holy Trinity."

After this they kneel before the holy pictures and offer their solemn prayers and thanksgivings to God. Then they receive the congratulations of their friends, and return to their home where their parents receive them with the gift of bread and salt, which signifies their wishes for the future prosperity of the young couple.

Funeral services are elaborate, solemn, and impressive beyond any-

thing of the kind elsewhere in the world. I was present at part of a funeral service while in Russia, but the description here given is by the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring, in the work to which reference has already been made :

"When the solemn moment of death approaches, a lighted candle is put into the hand of the dying person, and the priest is summoned to say the prayers for the departing. Funeral prayers are said over every Christian corpse as it is laid in the coffin, which is sprinkled with consecrated water, and perfumed with myrrh. Then the coffin and body are placed on a table covered with a white cloth ; burning wax tapers are arranged as a cross about it, and at the foot is a table with a plate of rice and honey.

"The tapers signify the light of Faith in the Resurrection, and the rice mixed with honey recalls the words of the Apostle, that the wheat must fall into the ground that it may be quickened. The corpse is never left alone a single moment, but is constantly surrounded by mourning friends. Three days elapse before the burial, and the time is usually spent in reading the Psalms of David, interrupted occasionally by the prayers of the clergy. The burial is usually from the church, so that it takes place during the hours of the morning.

"When the church bell begins to toll, the clergy repair to the house of mourning, say a prayer there, and then the funeral procession goes on to the church. The clergy in their mourning-robes pass on in front, chanting ; the body follows, borne on a bier or in a hearse. In the church the open coffin is placed in the middle aisle, and the liturgy for the departed is said, while the relatives stand around the coffin. After the liturgy, the clergy surround the body, and say the burial prayers, while all present bear lighted tapers in their hands. At the closing hymn all press toward the corpse, and imprint a farewell kiss upon its lips. Then the body is borne from the church to the churchyard, where the priest says a short prayer, and the coffin is lowered into the grave. While the grave is filled, the service closes with the words, 'May thy memory endure forever!'"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DISSENTING SECTS IN RUSSIA.

LARGE bodies of Dissenters from the Orthodox Faith exist in Russia, numbering almost one in six of the entire population. This is against the law, which declares that if a member of the Russo-Greek Church renounces his faith he may be punished by detention in a convent for life. Peter the Great exerted his vast power to suppress dissent, but in this he failed. For though he persecuted Dissenters so relentlessly that many fled from Moscow into remote forests, and even to Vologda and Siberia, and many more went to Austria, Poland, Turkey and Asia Minor, it was true of these Dissenters as of the Israelites in Egypt, "that the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." They are divided among themselves, only agreeing in denouncing the Orthodox Church. A fact equally remarkable and deplorable is that the worse and more fanatical any sect of Dissenters in Russia is, the more rapidly it grows.

The sect of the Molokani was investigated by McKenzie Wallace, who claims that it much resembles Presbyterianism. They take for their ecclesiastical organization as a model, the Apostolic Church as described in the New Testament. They have no hierarchy, and no paid clergy, but choose for themselves, and from among themselves, a presbyter and two assistants. As the law does not allow them to build churches, they hold meetings in private houses. Their moral supervision is severe; if any member has committed an offence, he is admonished by the presbyter in private, and, in extreme cases, before the congregation. If this does not accomplish his reformation, he is debarred from all intercourse with the members. They will not eat pork, and Mr. Wallace had a long argument with them upon that subject, during which he was amazed at

the knowledge of the Scriptures by the peasants. If he indicated any passage that he needed, they at once supplied it verbatim: "three or four of them knew the New Testament by heart." He conjectures that they number several hundred thousands of members, and they are most numerous in the southeastern districts of Samara on the north coast of the sea of Azof, in the Crimea, in the Caucasus, and in Siberia. Many of them are still in the central region, especially in the province of Tambof.

Other sects are simply evangelical Protestants, but still others are of the wildest and most fanatical type. Some abhor marriage, practice the most rigorous fasting, and surpass any other sects of which history gives an account in asceticism. In some of their debates they become jealous of each other, and contend as to which has the most grace and power. When their anger reaches a certain degree of rage, they strike each other "on the ear, and he who bears the blows most patiently, turning the other cheek to the assailant, acquires the reputation of having the most holiness." This is from an account of the "Khlysti."

The following account of the "Jumpers" presents a very remarkable similarity to the "Jerkers," who arose in the Southwest, in this country, at camp-meetings, in the early part of the century.

"After due preparation prayers are read by the chief teacher, dressed in a white robe and standing in the midst of the congregation. At first he reads in an ordinary tone of voice, and then passes gradually into a merry chant. When he remarks that the chanting has sufficiently acted upon the hearers, he begins to jump; the hearers, singing likewise, follow his example. Their ever-increasing excitement finds expression in the highest possible jumps. This they continue as long as possible — men and women alike yelling like enraged savages. When all are thoroughly exhausted, the leader declares that he hears the angels singing," — and then begins a scene which is said to be such as not to admit of description.

Of course, as Wallace observes, most of what is known of these sects is furnished by their enemies.

There are probably twelve million of dissenters of different views at the present time in Russia. The two principal divisions are the Bezpopovtsy, and the Popovtsy. The former is the more numerous; and they call the Orthodox Church anti-Christ. They denounce its ceremonies as sacrilegious, and its followers as children of the Devil; they will not pray for the Tsar; they profess to reject marriage; have two sacraments, baptism and confession, which rites may be administered by all members alike, even by woman. "They believe that suicide by voluntary starvation, or burning alive, which they call purifying by the immaculate baptism of fire, is the most meritorious action that a believer can perform."

The practices of some of the sects are too horrible to be described.

If the officials and the priests personally are treated with respect, and their revenues are not diminished, they are comparatively tolerant of any Protestants who did not secede from the Orthodox Church. Yet at any moment persecution more or less severe, individual or general, may arise. While I was in St. Petersburg, two very eminent citizens, nobles, were ordered to quit the Empire for no other offence than using "Gospel hymns," giving Bible readings, and doing mission work among the common people.

A society for the promotion of religious and moral reading, known as the Russian Tract Society of St. Petersburg, had a charter granted, November 4 and November 16, 1876, by Imperial sanction. This society was abolished by Imperial order of May 24, and June 5, 1884, the supposed reason being that the publications of the Society are alleged to contain matters subversive of the Confessions of Faith of the Orthodox Russo-Greek Church. No official explanation was communicated in writing to the Board of Managers, but verbally to two of its most prominent members. These two were Col. Pashkoff and Count Korff. These gentlemen were placed under the ban of expatriation for refusing to sign the following declarations:

"1. Not to circulate tracts."

"2. Not to hold or conduct devotional meetings, Bible readings."

"3. To cease intercourse or communion with the so-called Baptists or Stundists."

The tracts found at the society's agency were taken in charge by the police. Col. Pashkoff was allowed to remain in St. Petersburg till June 16. Count Korff, for domestic reasons, was permitted to follow later. Col. Pashkoff's estates in various parts of the Empire were to be turned over to trustees partly appointed by the Government, if he does not cease intercourse with the "Sects."

The above memorandum was drawn up by one to whom the official notice of suspension of the Society was sent.

The "Holy Synod" has a monopoly of the printing of the Scriptures. The Russian Bible, like the Roman Catholic, includes the Apocrypha. The British and Foreign Bible Society has to buy all its Bibles for distribution in Russia, from the Government. It does not believe in the canonical authority or inspiration of the Apocryphal books. To distribute what it does believe, it obtained, after long solicitation, a concession to distribute the Bible "in sections:" so buys the whole, circulates the Old and New Testaments, and charges the Apocrypha to profit and loss.

The Russo-Greek Church is a splendid pageant upholding the Empire, and by it upheld: an essential bulwark and pliant servant of absolutism. If the autocracy ever falls, the Church will disintegrate. If Protestantism, or rationalism, or the freedom of the press and of discussion were to spread in Russia, the Church would collapse, and, the Empire deprived of its support, would become a limited monarchy or enter upon a period of revolutionary struggle.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

FOR a long time, but specially during the last ten years, attention has been attracted in all parts of the civilized world to the condition of the Jews in European Russia. Travellers have written of their wretched state, telegraph dispatches of anti-Jew riots are frequently published, and tales of Jewish refugees are confirmed in all essential points by disinterested observers.

Of late, several treatises upon the subject, notably one by Count Demidoff, have appeared, and the subject can be investigated with much less difficulty than heretofore.

In the Middle Ages the doctrine was that Jews had no rights in a Christian State. Where they staid it was by purchased immunity. They were expelled from England, France, Spain and Portugal — Spain making her decree the very year that Columbus discovered America. In the eighth century they appeared in great numbers in Russia, and settled upon the Volga. The thirteenth volume of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Brittanica says that the legend is that it was for a time uncertain whether Pagan Russia would accept Christianity or Judaism. When the Germans persecuted the Jews a great multitude of them went into Poland, where, to this day, many speak a mixture of German and Hebrew. The number of Jews in European Russia is about three million; in Asiatic Russia there are not more than thirty thousand.

Though the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church in the Middle Ages did not directly affect the action of Russia, the same causes which led to it have operated in that Empire. The Jews are a hated race; separated by physiognomy, by religion, and by the rite of circumcision.

Shunned by others, they are of necessity a clannish people. "It is not because they are not Christians, but because they are Jews, that they are hated"; and it is not because their ancestors crucified Christ that they are despised. It is because of their exclusiveness, and their prosperity obtained without manual labor, that they are the subjects of such dislike and jealousy from the lower, and of such indifference from the higher classes.

From Russia proper, with certain exceptions, they are excluded by law. But in many towns and provinces where they cannot remain legally, they do live, and are liable at any time to be ordered to remove at whatever loss or damage to their property. An instance of liberalizing the laws within a few years, that is, in the reign of Alexander II., shows how they had been treated up to that time. By a ukase he gave permission for "three Jews to settle at each railway station"! Exclusion from Russia proper keeps them in the over-crowded districts where the struggle for subsistence is almost unendurable. On them also are placed the most embarrassing restrictions and the heaviest special taxes. In many sections they are forbidden to till the soil; and that where there is hardly anything else that can be done.

Some exceptions in the law limiting them to districts are worthy of special notice. Every Jew who does a business of the first rank, or who pays a tax of a thousand roubles or more, is exempt; every Jew having a university degree, and artisans, under certain conditions, are allowed to settle where they please. Nevertheless, these laws are evaded: on the one side by the Government, which by various local restrictions harasses the Jews who would remove, on the other by the Jews themselves, some of whom travel as artisans when their real business is money-changing.

Like the rest of the population, they are liable to conscription into the army, but are not allowed promotion. Tradition says that the Emperor Nicholas, on Easter morning, coming out of his room saluted the sentry according to custom, "Christ is risen." He was astonished to hear the reply, "Not at all, Your Imperial Majesty." An explanation

being demanded of his unparalleled effrontery, he told the Emperor that he was a Jew, and could not conscientiously admit that Christ had risen. The legend also says that Nicholas was so pleased with "the man who gave him the new sensation of being contradicted," that he gave him a valuable present.

Notwithstanding these exactions and oppressive restrictions, the Jews as a class are the most prosperous citizens in Russia. Among them are some of the wealthiest bankers, the greatest lawyers, the largest manufacturers and contractors, and the most noted physicians and surgeons. A Russian woman who hated them said that they began to steal as soon as they went to school; "for they pay for only one, and learn enough for two;" an expression which has lately been uttered as original in England.

Their relation to the average Russian population, high and low, is peculiar. Few Russians have any ready cash. The Jews are rarely without it. The Russian noblemen, previous to the emancipation of their serfs, were improvident; rarely forecasting. Many are so now. When pressed for money to whom shall they go but to the Jew? for none is so certain to have it as he. He will furnish it as banker, pawnbroker or trader. Interest accumulates; in a few years the improvident Russian is poor, the shrewd and saving Jew is rich. The impoverished look with envy upon them, and instead of blaming themselves for their thoughtlessness and extravagance, count the Jew as the man who has in some way swindled and robbed them.

To deal with low-class Russians, there are low-class Jews. In many places the Jews keep most of the clothing and jewelry stores, many of the groceries and vegetable stands, and most of the liquor saloons. When a Russian peasant receives his wages he goes at once to the nearest saloon and begins to drink.

While in the place he spends the larger part of his money, and in various ways is robbed of most of what is left, but never of all. If he makes a disturbance he is directly handed over to the police. Of the police he gets no redress, unless there be absolutely nothing in his

pockets. If there be anything left, that is taken, and he is turned out to shift for himself. Understanding the situation, the Jewish liquor seller will never allow a customer to be given over to the police wholly penniless. The reader must not suppose that this is intended to represent the universal condition, but it is a true description of many instances which occur among the lower classes.

When the pawnbroker, clothing merchant, money lender or liquor seller has enriched himself by any of these modes, it is easy to fancy how little will be required to incite a riot against the Jew, hated for his race and religion, among an ignorant, hard-working, intemperate, quick-tempered and poverty-stricken peasantry. Nor does the Government interfere except in extreme cases; for so long as the passions of the people find vent thus, there is less danger of their mingling in destructive revolutionary schemes.

A few days before my arrival at the Great Fair at Nijni-Novgorod, a bloody riot arose and continued for several days, in the course of which many Jews were maltreated, several killed, and much property destroyed. I had the opportunity of ascertaining its causes from merchants, foreign residents and Russians. The ostensible occasion was that Jews had settled where they had no legal right to be, and were doing business contrary to law; but the real causes were such as have been sketched above.

To a full understanding of the subject, it must be understood that many of the Russian Jews are exceedingly filthy, violating most of the sanitary regulations of Moses — regulations to which, when observed, they owe their exemption from many diseases, and their greater average duration of life in most parts of the world. To be more filthy than the most degraded of the Russian peasantry may be thought impossible, yet few who have narrowly examined the Jews' quarter in Warsaw, will maintain that view.

On the whole the condition of the Jews in Russia is most deplorable; debarred from pursuing legitimate vocations, oppresssd by heavy taxes, confined to overcrowded districts, and harassed by many annoyances,

they are persecuted when they try to make a living by the only means left to them.

Nothwithstanding all, they succeed; and in Russia, as in Germany, jealousy of their success in trade, and in the learned professions, has aroused mediæval hate to a fanatical heat. Its only means of expression in Germany are social ostracism and an attempt at what, in Ireland, is called "boycotting." In Russia the vindictive spirit is greatly stimulated, and its manifestation made easy by the laws.

CHAPTER XL.

NIHILISM.

OF Nihilism the most conflicting accounts have been written, and travellers from Russia seem to vie with each other in the narration of tales which tax credulity. Several careful writers have adopted peculiar notions upon the subject, and have applied both learning and ability to sustaining their views, apparently regardless as to whether their presentation of the subject be complete and symmetrical or otherwise.

On no subject have the results of reading been more unsatisfactory, and for a number of years I have had an intense curiosity to investigate Nihilism in the land of the Tsar and the Nihilist, and this was the controlling cause of my visit to Russia.

Before arriving in the country I conversed with travellers to whom access could be obtained, and especially with Russians who could be found wandering about Europe, either as refugees, in the pursuit of pleasure, or on official and commercial business. And it was well that I did so, for the average Russian, in Russia, will not talk about Nihilism. He will tell you that he "knows nothing" about it; he has, indeed, "heard about it," but has "never seen anything of it." He is a thorough agnostic, and does not believe that anyone not a Nihilist can learn anything more than he knows. He will admit that there are persons called Nihilists, but whether they are few or many, or have a common understanding, he thinks no one can tell. I heard such expressions many times.

In the United States it is possible to induce even an unwilling citizen to talk, or, if he will not do so, he may unwittingly communicate information by his attitude or expression when ingenious questions are propounded; but in Russia, if the inquiries were repeated, the persons

questioned became silent and moody. In some cases they suggested that if the traveller did not wish to get into trouble, he had better not talk much about it.

Of course there were in Russia, as there are in every country, some who seemed to delight in "tricks upon travellers," and would talk with seeming abandon until the listener was surfeited with tales little less monstrous than those of the Arabian Nights.

Newspapers in Russia furnish little information. Public meetings are not allowed, and admission cannot be obtained to the courts when cases of real or suspected Nihilism are examined. Russian books treat the subject generally either from a prejudiced or a partisan point of view. Every source of intelligence chiefly depended upon in other countries, is cancelled, and a failure to understand the Russian language apparently completes the blockade.

Much general information, however, can be procured from the diplomatic representatives of other countries, and general foreign ambassadors, who have long lived in Russia. In my first conversations with these, the subject appeared greatly simplified. I thought I would soon learn a great deal; but after a little while it appeared that these persons held contradictory opinions on the same matters of fact. For example, I propounded a question to two merchants, of equally high standing, on two different occasions. That question was, "What is your opinion of the number of Nihilists in Russia? That is, are those Nihilists who are organized and cognizant in general of the purposes of the society, and to some extent of their plans, large or small?" One answered, "I do not believe that there are five thousand in all Russia." The other estimated them at three quarters of a million. Yet each claimed to have unusual opportunities for knowing.

After this I began to think that Russia was the last place to investigate Nihilism, unless one could become a Nihilist, or an agent of the Russian Government.

But in all investigations, accidents frequently and suddenly change the situation. I had an interview on a steamer with an official of the

Russian Government. Like most educated Russians, he could speak several languages, and was proud of his ability to speak English. When I met him, he was slightly intoxicated. Unfolding the subject in answer to my inquiries, he communicated many particulars, some of which seemed improbable, not so much from their intrinsic character, as because if they were true, it was almost incredible that a Russian official, even when he was in an "artificial condition," would tell them to an entire stranger.

Afterward, I had a conversation with a Russian of eminence, to whom I was introduced in a way that gave him confidence, and found that all that the Russian official had told me of which this gentleman had any knowledge, was correctly represented.

A collateral proof was the manner in which the narrator before we parted finally (we travelled a long distance together) threw himself upon my honor, and implored me not to mention his name as authority. Another accident was a similar meeting with a Nihilist, who, on some subjects, talked without reserve.

The advantages of these interviews did not depend entirely upon the facts obtained, for they gave such a knowledge of the subject as enabled me to stimulate conversation with others, glean facts from hints, and estimate the probability and value of each statement.

My ignorance of the language had both advantages and disadvantages. The disadvantages are obvious; but in such a country as Russia, it has decided advantages. No Russian suspected me, and it compelled caution, and painstaking comparison of views derived from different sources with each other and with standard authorities.

From the time Russia was made one Empire under the Tsars its history had been similar in most respects to that of other absolute monarchies. Until the rise of Peter the Great, various reformations had been projected, and much that he accomplished had been attempted centuries before; but in every case a reaction followed. Conflicts occurred between rival claimants to the throne; the nobles sometimes revolted; certain districts became dissatisfied; insurrections were not

uncommon among the peasantry; but all were suppressed by force, and no trace of organized opposition to the reign of the Tsars was left.

Peter the Great began his reign in the midst of struggles, but they affected only those who were engaged in them. Finally he trampled all his foes under his feet, shut up his sister Sophia in a convent for life, and began the most amazing course run by any emperor in modern times. Though a "reformer," he was not less, but more an autocrat than his predecessors; but he aroused more general opposition than any other before him, especially upon the subject of religion.

When Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate, and established what he called the Holy Synod, Church and State were as thoroughly identified as ever they were in the Papal Kingdom. Vastly more so than in England, or any other Protestant country, whatever views of the relation of the head of the State to the head of the Church may have prevailed. This has already been made clear in the description of the coronation of the Tsar.

The succession of events between the death of Peter the Great and the accession of Nicholas, did not materially change the situation. Nicholas believed that he was the vicegerent of God, and that every one who disobeyed him was a rebel, not only against him, but against the Almighty. In the time of Nicholas, Russia was an absolute despotism, with few redeeming features. The press was muzzled, the school books were expurgated, the entire force of the Empire was devoted to barring out the influence of Western nations, preventing the enlightenment of the people, and beating back the waves of liberal sentiment which occasionally arose under unendurable oppositions. In December, 1825, an attempt was made to kill Nicholas. It was unsuccessful, but a gigantic conspiracy was unearthed.

One of the survivors and active members of that conspiracy, a nobleman who had been exiled in Siberia for many years, having been pardoned in the late reign, was living while I was in Moscow, and an interesting interview with him was published in the London "Times" of August 15, 1884.

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

Nicholas died at the close of the Crimean War, a disappointed, wretched man. His son, Alexander II., then came to the throne. A Russian writer describes the change and the spirit of the people in the following graphic passage:

"The first year of the present reign awakened in the hearts of the Russian people the most sanguine hopes. Almost immediately after the death of Nicholas the whole system of Government changed abruptly. The preparatory measures to the emancipation of the serfs were begun, the press was given a freedom of speech almost unprecedented in Russia, and the system of instruction underwent a most radical reform. The courts, the army, the local administration, in short, every branch of Government was revised and reformed, and a new life seemed to spring up amid the ruins of the former tyranny."

The Government as left by Alexander II. may be generally described thus: while the power of the Tsar is absolute, the administration of the Government is committed to four Councils: the Council of the Empire, the Holy Synod, the Senate, and the Council of Ministers. The Council of Ministers consists, as its name implies, of the ministerial heads of departments, of whom there are eight. But each of these departments is divided and subdivided into from three to six more, and the whole administration is conducted through Bureaus, and is the most complete illustration of "Bureaucracy" which the world has ever seen. These departments all have their official organs, and the "General Messenger" is the general organ of the Imperial Government. No information concerning the Tsar, or anything he does, can be published in any periodical in Russia unless derived from the "Messenger." The Government also issues another paper called the "Village Messenger," which appears once a week, and is intended for country districts. Much that is left to private enterprise in other countries, is held in Russia as a monopoly by the Government.

In 1861 the serfs were emancipated. The effect upon the people of the United States was electrical. The civil war was beginning, and the emancipation proclamation of Alexander was used to "fire the Northern

heart." Haters of our country in monarchies satirized our struggling republic by contrasting it with a hereditary despotism, which at a single stroke broke the manacles from twenty-three million serfs. The effect was greatly increased when Alexander instructed Prince Gortchakoff, the chancellor, to communicate to the President of the United States "the deep interest with which the Emperor was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union," and to say that, "for the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile union and liberty. This union has been fruitful; it has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. . . . In any event, the sacrifices which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United, they perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed. . . . This union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal equilibrium. It constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master, and all Russia, have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and sympathies of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other." The contrast between these expressions and those of most other nations should never be forgotten.

But the emancipation of the serfs did not please all Russia. Many of the serfs themselves were dissatisfied with it, and suffered as much as, and even more than, the freedmen in this country. The exceeding severity of the climate in Russia makes destitution a greater burden. The nobles, also, felt the change severely. Many were improvident; others who might have avoided serious embarrassment were unable to accommodate themselves to the new conditions, or to overcome the habits of thoughtless extravagance which had been fostered by the old system.

Herein they resembled many of the planters of the South. The nobles of Moscow, not recognizing the fact that all that had been done was regarded by Alexander II. as a "beneficent exercise," but not as a renunciation, surrender or modification of autocracy, demanded of him an "aristocratic constitution." They went so far as to imply that they deserved this as a compensation for the losses which they had incurred by emancipation. They were sternly repelled. Not long after the Emperor proclaimed that "autocracy is a heavenly institution, and that every attempt at anything which might possibly resemble a constitution was in future to be considered as an offence against his Imperial Majesty, and punished according to law." This, as a Nihilist observes, "meant death or Siberia."

Started, however, on an inclined plane with a very steep grade, the "Reformers," "Liberals," and "Revolutionists" could not restrain themselves or be easily suppressed, and the Emperor reacted to all the sternness of his father Nicholas. Then conspiracies began against his life. On the sixteenth of April, 1866, Karakozoff fired at the Emperor in the Summer Garden; from then until his death Alexander II. never felt safe. The way to influence him was to detect, reveal or suppress conspiracies. This made corruption easy, but the position of suspected persons, and all related to them, became intolerable. The methods of police inspection and investigation were such as the citizens of no free or partly free government can imagine. As described by Stepniak, and other writers of his school, they seem incredible; but on dispassionate and even loyal Russian authority I can affirm that there is no exaggeration in their descriptions. Suspected persons have no rights. At any hour of the day or night the police may invade the domicile, awaken every person, examine every nook and cranny, rip up the bedding, and, if anything compromising be found, take the whole party to prison. Then the suspected person, old or young, male or female, is thrown into a cell and may be left indefinitely. Life in the fortresses is terrible; consumption, lunacy or death may soon attack the as yet untried prisoner, or the end may be Siberia.

The only error that a reader would be likely to absorb from the pages

of Stepniak is the idea that all or most of the families of Russia are in a state of perpetual terror, and that nearly all have suffered the loss of relatives by death, imprisonment in the fortresses, or removal to Siberia. The greater part of the population hear of such things only as we do — or rather, they hear and know much less of them than we do; for news in Russia is disseminated very slowly, and often not at all.

The books written of American slavery made the impression upon readers in Europe that the atrocities described were the ordinary condition of slaves; that the cries and groans of the beaten could be heard in every direction, that permanence in the family relation was wholly unknown, and that life among the whites was unsafe because of bloodhounds scouring the country on the track of panting fugitives. Doubtless every atrocity described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been paralleled, and certainly the system that permitted such things was brutal; but the series of outrages there described could not be considered as a true account of American slavery in its best or average aspects, but in its worst.

It is so in Russia. Theoretically, searchings, seizures, mysterious disappearances, immuring in fortresses, removal to Siberia on mere suspicion, may occur at any time, and do frequently take place; but at no time, in proportion to the population, are they experienced by any considerable number. None the less hard are they to bear when they do come. The last four years of the reign of Alexander II. were in this respect similar to those of his father's reign. But they proved inadequate to save him. After various attempts upon his life he was assassinated on Sunday, March 13, 1881.

The London "Times" has made an estimate within the past year, from the reports published by the Russian Administration of Prisons, of the condition of the Empire with respect to prisons and their inmates. From this it appears that the Russian Empire contains eight hundred and eighty-four penitentiary establishments. Their occupants on the first of January, 1885, numbered ninety-four thousand five hundred and fifteen of both sexes, an excess of nearly eight per cent. above

the returns of the preceding twelve months. Of these persons the ordinary houses of detention contained sixty-eight thousand, the convict prisons six thousand five hundred, the reformatories eight thousand, and the prisons in Poland eight thousand. The proportion of women was less than ten per cent. of the whole, but in the kingdom of Poland the women amounted to sixteen per cent. of the incarcerated (probably owing to their participation in political agitation.) Nearly three quarters of a million arrests take place in the year.

CHAPTER XLI.

NIHILISM (*continued*).

THE first question is, From what classes do the Nihilists arise? In every country there are many theorists upon the themes of society and government, whose ideas are impracticable, and who meet with no success as public propagandists. The ruling, prosperous, property-holding classes — all who cherish any hope of success in ordinary conditions — either turn a deaf ear or listen with indifference to their elaborate expositions, or draw back in affright from their radical schemes. Many of these theorists, lacking physical bravery, or being more cautious than their opinions imply, never perform any overt act or seek the opportunity of confederacy for such purposes. But a fraction are ever ripe and ready for revolution. Russia has its full share of these persons, and a larger number ready for desperate deeds than most other European nations.

Besides these are those whose vagaries lie in the border-land between the realm of reason and the anarchy of insanity. Of these many have a genius for conspiracy, and are without fear. But such persons could accomplish nothing except as individual criminals; and Nihilism as an organization could not exist, nor become such a terrible and vital problem, if such only were its materials.

Among the nobility are many who cannot hope anything from the perpetuation of the existing *régime*. Several differences exist between the condition of the Russian nobles and such ideas of nobility as Western nations possess, and particularly such as prevail in the United States, derived chiefly from the state of the nobles in England. The law of primogeniture does not obtain in Russia. There, every son of a prince is a prince, every daughter of a princess, a princess. Property,

also, is divided among the children. Before the emancipation of the serfs, many of the nobles were very improvident, and though holding vast estates and many serfs, had little ready money, and were heavily in debt. The emancipation greatly impoverished them.

From the multiplication of titled persons, the subdivision of property, improvident habits and pressing debts, many of the nobles are in a wretched condition. I found nobles engaged in the most menial occupations, proud, but poor, bitter and desperate. Nor is there anything that those of great intellectual ability can do, in proportion to the number who are without income commensurate with their necessities, much less with their aspirations and rank. From this class many discontented spirits arise; hoping nothing from what is, they cherish vague and boundless hopes from what is not.

The army also furnishes recruits to Nihilism. Its vastness, poor pay, idleness and extreme severity of discipline, contribute to this result. Also, notwithstanding the military rigor, the facility for propagating treasonable sentiments is great. Degradation for offences against etiquette and very severe punishment for words spoken in haste are exciting causes. While I was in St. Petersburg, an officer of the Emperor's Staff, a prince of the highest rank, appeared in a uniform, contrary to regulations. When rebuked by his superior, he answered that "he was tired of these eternal parades," or in words of similar import. In twenty-four hours, by the express order of the Emperor, he was degraded almost to the lowest possible military rank. Thus soil is being prepared constantly for the reception and germination of the seeds of Nihilism.

The students in the various universities furnish many of the most enthusiastic, persistent and self-risking workers in "the party." Z. Ragozin, in 1881, commenting on the confession of Goldenberg, wrote: "Here is a circle of young people, with nice, homelike names, gathered round a tea-table with its hissing *samovar*—a scene which every Russian woman has presided over a hundred times. The young men are mostly students of Kieff or Kharkoff; the girls belong to the same

class of unquiet spirits. They talk much and loudly; their animated gestures and excited faces show that they are discussing one of those burning questions *du jour*, which in a certain circle turn every social gathering into a pandemonium on a small scale, where, through dense clouds of cheap cigarette smoke, eyes flash, arms are flourished, voices ring, sharply isolated or blended into a general din; where there is everybody to speak and no one to listen. *Connu!* We have all assisted in some of these unparliamentary debates where the newly-brewed thought revels in ungovernable fermentation. But hark! The theme is somewhat startling; it is a question of life and death which is being canvassed. Judgment is being passed on the Governor, Prince Krapotkin, whose brutal ill-treatment of the students — both at their last mass meeting, when a troop of Cossacks rode into the midst of them plying their *nagaikas* (horse-whips) right and left, and later in the prison to which many were summarily consigned, calls for retaliation."

A looker-on might have supposed that nothing would come of this, which occurred toward the close of December; but on the twenty-first (ninth) of February, pursuant to the decree of this "tea-party," the Prince was assassinated. From then till now many of the students in all parts of Russia have undoubtedly been in a state of ferment, and many in full sympathy with Nihilism, rejoicing in the success of its movements, though ignorant of its plans or agents, while some in every large school have been intimate with the master spirits. Intelligence very lately received by me states that the repressive measures more recently taken instead of destroying the spirit of Nihilism among the students, have intensified it, at the same time leading to greater caution and secrecy.

The Jews furnish many sympathizers with the movement. Mauritz Kaufman, speaking of this in the "Contemporary Review" December, 1880, says: "The Jews, a naturally cautious body, irritated by petty oppression, avenge themselves on society in becoming colporteurs of incendiary pamphlets, as pedlers in the country, or take a more prominent position — like Goldenberg, condemned in the last trial, and others

ALEXANDER II.

tried at Odessa some time ago, according to their station and educational advantages." This tells the whole story.

Notwithstanding the promise made by the present Emperor at the time of his coronation, the laws are very oppressive upon all dissenters. Even the Ukase of toleration contains evidence of the oppression under which they exercise their religion. They cannot print their rules of discipline, articles of faith or forms of ceremony. They are not permitted to erect monasteries, nor to make their houses of worship to resemble a church, either in form or appearance. They are not allowed to have processions, and this is a principal part of the religious life of the Russian people. They are not permitted to re-open or build new chapels except under the special supervision of the police as to location, nor have bells without formal permission. From all this arises a sympathy with Nihilism, the philosophy and manifestation of which are set forth by a German resident of Russia writing to an English periodical a few years since, n these words: "Religious dissenters, exasperated by the intolerant persecutions or extortions of the State Church, give an unpronounced and unmistakable countenance to the movement."

The question is often asked: "How do the *peasantry* regard Nihilism?" "Do they know or care anything about it?" The great majority of the people are peasants. Alexander II. emancipated twenty-three million of serfs. Seventy-seven per cent. of the whole population follow agriculture. As a whole they are the most miserable, hard-working, hopeless class of people I have ever seen. The portion of land given to the peasants is so small that in that climate, with the knowledge and means of agriculture that they have, they can hardly raise enough to live on, much less to pay their taxes. The taxes are enormous, amounting to as much as the rent of the farm, and often to more than that. The peasants are compelled by law to remain on the land. In many cases, by permission of the Mir (the town meeting), they go away from their villages and try to earn money for the taxes; but as has been stated by every writer on the subject, "auxiliary sources of income are neither sure nor adequate." To prevent falling behind with the

taxes the peasants starve themselves; for, if they fall behind, they are subject to distraint, and their personal property sold. By the operation of the village communal system the land is distributed, or rather the peasants are distributed upon the land, and the taxes of the district paid in bulk. Thus the fortunate and industrious have to bear the burdens of the incompetent and improvident. The special rates for the support of the priests are very great, and a number of holidays greater than in any other country in the world. Brandy "is deemed a necessity by the peasants," and both its cost and its effects add greatly to their burdens.

In spite of all this they venerate the Tsar; they are uneducated and hopeless; hence, they do not combine and are not extravagantly described in a passage written by a Nihilist: "There — all around, as Negrassoff, the great poet of the woes and vices of modern Russia, sings, 'There in the depth of Russia eternal stillness reigns.' 'Eternal stillness' over the fields on which, bending over his plow, the peasant toils from dawn to nightfall; 'eternal stillness' in those dark, dreary, dilapidated villages, with their black, smoky huts, looking more like kennels than human abodes; 'eternal stillness' on the soul of that great heroic nation which, with its hands' unrequited toil, with its heart's blood, has made Russia what it now is, reaping for its reward but misery, ignorance, injustice of every kind."

I went through several of these villages and saw hundreds of these peasants, looking less clean, less fed, less happy than these of the most depressed parts of Ireland, or than the negro slaves in the South, before the war, in the least prosperous or civilized districts. In these circumstances many of the peasants are profoundly discontented; yet only those who have left the villages and spent some time in the larger towns and cities, have been infected with Nihilism, except where emissaries, male or female, have gone among them circulating tracts, or have informed them verbally of what is brewing. The riots that occasionally happen cannot justly be connected with Nihilism. Their predisposing causes are misery and discontent; their exciting cause some act of

local oppression. Since I began this chapter Stepniak has said: "The peasants are the great stumbling-block. What can you make of people who think that the greatest issue in religion is whether the sign of the cross should be made with two fingers or three?"

A comparison of two trials, that of November 6 (October 25), 1880, and one which occurred while I was in Russia, may reflect some light on the sort of persons who do the deadly work of Nihilism. In the former trial there were three women and thirteen men — "girls of twenty-one, twenty-two and twenty-three years of age." All except one were under thirty years of age, and only half of them more than twenty-five. One of the men was a Polish Catholic; two were Jews; two had never had any education; seven were dismissed students from various institutions. The oldest was a landholder and merchant, whose connection with the other prisoners was that of financial agent for a personal friend, Dimitri Lizigoub, who had been executed in August of the preceding year (1879). A person having detailed knowledge of many trials told me these fairly represented the active conspirators at and before that time. But the fourteen defendants in the great trial early in the autumn of 1884, were: Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Ashenbrenner, of the Fifty-Ninth Lubin Regiment; Nicholas Pohitonoff, Second Captain of the Ninth Artillery Brigade; Nicholas Rogatcheff, Lieutenant of the Twenty-Eighth Artillery Brigade; Alexander Tihanovitch, Sub-Lieutenant of the One Hundred and Thirty-First Tiraspol Regiment; Ensign Ivan Youvatcheff, of the Navy; Lieutenant Baron Alexander Stromberg, of the Navy; Vera Figner, a noblewoman; Linbov Tchemodanoff, a priest's daughter; Lindmilla Volkenstein, a physician's wife; Apollo Nemolovsky, a priest's son; Athansy Spandony-Basmandjy, a merchant's son; Vladimir Tchnikoff, a nobleman; and Vasily Ivanoff, a merchant's son. All these were convicted. Eight were sentenced to death, including Vera Figner, the "beautiful Nihilist," who had been suspected and tracked since 1875, and the physician's wife. The Tsar "granted life to six of these; but Baron Stromberg and Lieutenant Rogatcheff were hanged. All the rest were sent to Siberia for from four years to the end of life."

The character and position of these Nihilists occasioned great consternation. Katkoff, of the Moscow Vedomosti, said: "Formerly our government had to deal with students and mechanics, and now among the conspirators there are officers of the army and navy. A Lieutenant-Colonel cannot be put on the same footing with a dismissed student. God forbid that further researches should disclose conspirators still higher in rank."

To these must be added a number varying in different years, of those who from sympathy of their friends hanged, imprisoned, or exiled, swear eternal hatred to the Government and seek to become Nihilists. This has much to do with the desperate abandon of certain female Nihilists of the middle class (though some writers assert that there is no middle class in Russia; but for convenience I must use the term) and in higher circles. Personal affection unites others to the enterprises of their male friends.

CHAPTER XLII.

NIHILISM (*continued*).

A QUESTION of great interest is, What is the probable number of Nihilists in Russia? My only means of forming an estimate is a comparison of the opinions of foreign residents, diplomatic officers, intelligent Russians, who are not Nihilists, of such Nihilists as I met, and the study of the writings of such representatives of the cause as have appealed to the high court of public opinion, and of the number and character of the trials, considered in connection with Nihilist methods of work and the means used by the Government to detect them.

It is obvious from the preceding, that in Russia nine tenths of the Russian people form an inert mass, occupied with a constant and terrible struggle for bread, and the means of paying taxes. If general knowledge be an acquaintance with history and current facts outside of the sphere of a person's daily life, they are densely ignorant. Nor are there any means of speedily spreading information. Only about one tenth of the whole population are in towns and cities. It is, with inconsiderable exceptions, in this tenth that Nihilism exists. But in that class are the priests and their families, amounting to a million or more; the army and the whole civil force of the Empire; the prosperous, who have nothing to gain, and everything to lose from a revolution; the hopeful, whose plans seem about to succeed, and an immense number, who, whether prosperous or not, are devout, after the manner of the Orthodox Greek Church, and would count it a crime against God to attempt anything against the authority of the Tsar, and could never entertain the thought of an assault upon his person. In this tenth, also, is the old Slavonic Party, whose members are very numerous. They support the autocracy

from principle and have been tersely and correctly characterized as "the Russian equivalents of the English Tories and the French Bourbons. They are essentially the standstill party." Their belief is that the ideas that prevail in Great Britain, France and Germany can never be assimilated in Russia. They hold that there is "no middle class in the country." They believe further, that God and the Tsar should be united in the devotion of the peasant, and that to the masses of the people the will of the Tsar should be the voice of God. These facts show that it is improbable that any considerable number of persons are actively and permanently engaged in Nihilist plots and their execution. That many sympathize with their hatred of the existing *régime*, and that a large number look without horror upon some of the acts of the Terrorists, is not only probable, but certain.

The attempt on the part of Nihilist, and some other writers, to demonstrate the existence of a great number of Nihilists is based on the assumption that all whose aims are to secure "part in the Government for the people," to make the press free, to provide for general education, and to disestablish, or at least to modify greatly and to reconstruct the Church and its relations to the Government — in a word, all who are opposed to absolutism — are to be classed as Nihilists. Thus a writer, who signs himself a Russian Nihilist, and who, I am informed on high authority, is what he claims, says: "Those are not rightly informed who think that the revolutionary movement now going on in Russia is the work of one party, or of a secret society of any kind. It is the work of all intelligent Russian citizens, to whatever class of society they may belong, who are tired of the yoke Russia has borne for so many centuries, all who consider political liberty and the downfall of autocracy the necessary condition of all further progress of the Russian people." Some class all these with Nihilists. In many cases it would be as just to class the Liberal party in England with Communists or Socialists.

The Nihilists, as their name has become known to the civilized world, are revolutionists who would overthrow the existing state by violence. They are divided and subdivided into sects, but generally into two par-

ties — those who would promote open revolt, and those who will resort to the assassination of obstructive officers and of the Emperor himself. Karl Blind declares that, in addition to these, "there are Socialists who would prefer proceeding in a more peaceful way. There are Democrats desiring the convocation of a National Assembly on the principle of universal suffrage. There are constitutional monarchists, who would be glad to see any system of parliamentary government introduced." To class all these as Nihilists seems absurd.

But even if all the Revolutionists are to be called Nihilists, the number is not very large. "It is a group rather than a party." If the Terrorists — the plotters and the would-be or actual assassins — be meant, it is a small number, at no time amounting to more than a few hundreds. The best attainable evidence from the most diverse sources appears to show that in the separate, abortive or successful attempts at assassination, a very few persons knew what was to be done, or where, when or how it was to be done. There is reason to believe that in some of the most critical cases different bands were seeking the same object, unknown to each other, not only as conspirators, but even as persons, and that the *denoûement* in its circumstances and time surprised many Nihilists as well as its victim and the public. While the methods of work pursued make this probable, the revelations of the police and the confession of Goldenberg make it certain. This Goldenberg was a Jew, twenty-four years old, and the murderer of Prince Krapotkin. While in the fortress with sixteen others he came to the conclusion that the policy of Terrorism was wrong, and destined only to rivet the chains which it would break. He reached also the extraordinary resolution that, to put an end to it, he would make a full confession. After doing so he killed himself. His motive, expressed in his own words, of which the following is a translation given by Ragozin, is stated thus: "I stand aghast at the certainty that persecution must at last overcome, suppress for a long time, the general active stir so healthful in itself in favor of political reform, and that we shall bitterly regret having manifested our activity in so harsh a form as to drag to perdition numbers of unheeded victims. . . . I

have nerved myself to a most dire and terrible act. I have resolved to employ a remedy which makes my veins throb painfully, and my eyes overflow with burning tears. . . . I have resolved to lay open the entire organization, all that is known to me, as a preventive against the dreadful future which awaits us, against a whole series of executions and other repressive measures."

In this confession he states explicitly that of the twenty persons who assisted him he knew several "only under their assumed names." He shows that their main reliance was upon two means: the lavish use of false papers, "most of the agents being provided with several names and passports to match," and "keeping every agent as much as possible in the dark concerning everything but the particular job imposed upon him, and, as far as feasible, in ignorance even of his fellow conspirators," etc. That there was an executive committee, and above it a directory, also appears; but the control of things by the technically higher of the two was general, rather than particular. All the accounts of the preparations for the murder of Prince Krapotkin, and for the explosion of the Winter Palace in February, 1880, confirm the opinion here set forth, that the number cognizant of the plans hardly reached hundreds, and that those sufficiently acquainted with the purpose to be in a true and proper sense accessory before the fact, did not reach many thousands in the whole Empire.

The methods of working have been the explosion of mines under railroads over which persons whose death was decreed were supposed to be passing; direct assassination, as Goldenberg killed Prince Krapotkin, by firing into his carriage; the hurling of bombs, as Tsar Alexander II. was killed; and undermining palaces, as in the case of the Winter Palace before referred to, where, just as the Emperor was about to receive the guest of the evening, Prince Alexander of Hesse, an explosion took place, killing eleven and wounding fifty-six persons. Nor have the Nihilists disdained the use of poison. To accomplish their ends, houses have been bought or hired near the places where mines were to be laid; or by deception or other means employment has been obtained, or per-

A CONVICT TRAIN.

sons already employed in the public service have been corrupted. For, where assassination has been determined upon, truth, honor, justice and friendship have no longer any influence. The highest conception of the political assassin is Brutus ; and he stopped at nothing.

Most of the operations of the Nihilists have been greatly embarrassed by the want of money. This is not of itself a proof of the smallness of their numbers, but rather an illustration and a consequence of the social position or circumstances of the active workers, and of the fact that their work must be kept secret. Men will not, in any country, very often part with their money, without knowing what is to be done with it ; nor is the transfer of large sums easy without detection. Yet they have had a few — probably a very few — men of considerable means among them. So far as it appears, these men have inherited their possessions and, becoming infatuated with Nihilism, have furnished the workers until they were impoverished, or, like Dimitri Lizogoub, executed. It is claimed, and with much apparent reason, that the rest of the contributions were small, and that the great bulk of the expended funds, up to the time of his execution, were derived from his private fortune. This fortune amounted to one hundred and eighty-seven thousand roubles. Though he spent but five hundred roubles per year for his personal support, at the time of his death he had distributed to various Nihilist agents one hundred and fifty-seven thousand roubles, and barely thirty thousand remaining roubles could be found.

It may be supposed that the terror excited by the acts of the Nihilists implies a great number of them. That terror is so great as to make the life of the Tsar, of his household, and of all officials who are made obnoxious by their functions, and of all who stand in the way of "reform," or feel that they may be suspected of retarding the progress of "the cause," almost insupportable. My Russian *confidante* gave a graphic account, made more dramatic by his slightly intoxicated state, of the trepidation into which the Emperor and his family were frequently thrown by the appearance of threatening missives in unlooked-for places, and the detection of servants in situations or in company which compromised them or gave ground for suspicion.

He said that, during the first eighteen months after the coronation, the servants nearest to the Emperor and his family, with certain exceptions, were changed as often as twice a month, and that it was a saying of the Empress, "I know that they do not wish to harm me; it is only my poor husband"; but that she would add, "his enemies would destroy us all to kill him." At the first ball which the present Emperor attended away from his palace after his coronation, officers were stationed in every room. Even where a governess usually slept there was a guard, and he "considerately retired into a closet while she made her toilet." At the same time six or eight soldiers were stationed on the roof, looking out for bombs.

I left Moscow for Warsaw just five days before the Emperor visited the latter city *en route* to the famous interview with the emperors of Germany and Austria. The precautions taken to keep secret the exact time of the Emperor's passing over the road, the number of men employed to patrol and guard the track and stations, the general atmosphere along the route, defy description. The dispatches to the papers of London and Paris, and to the United States, gave the facts, but could not transmit the impression which they made upon spectators. The lowest estimate of the number of men specially detailed to make it impossible that the Emperor should be injured while on the journey to Warsaw, was twenty-four thousand. I have no means of verifying this. At various points wholesale arrests were made of suspected persons. In Warsaw scores, if not hundreds, were thrown into the citadel or hurried away. A little while before the Emperor arrived I left for Vienna, but was prepared, by what I had seen, for the accounts of the success of his visit, the order, the enthusiasm and heartiness of the demonstration, and for his riding about, on a special occasion, unattended. The preparation, the stringent orders, the omnipresent surveillance were so complete that the Tsar was as safe as Daniel in the den of lions — though for another reason. The lions in this case were bound and chloroformed before the possible victim entered.

The measures on which the Government relies for its own mainte-

nance and the protection of the Tsar, are such as do not exist in any other nation in Europe, and never have existed in any modern despotism. To Asiatic severity and cunning is added much of the experience and wisdom of European police methods. The doctrine that "a man's house is his castle," the proud boast of Englishmen and of those who model their institutions after those of Great Britain, is unknown in Russia At any hour, by day or night, any house may be entered and searched, and any or all of its inmates dragged to prison. Not even a child of ten years of age can go from the country to St. Petersburg or Moscow to school without a passport; nor can a servant change his situation or go from home without a similar document. Every house in the cities has a porter whose duties, in addition to those usually performed by porters in Germany or Austria, are to serve as watchman at night, to sleep in the street at the entrance winter and summer, to report to the police any new arrival or departure, and to see that all police regulations, great or small, are complied with. Whatever the station of a citizen, if a friend of equal rank visit him to remain beyond a very limited time — say a few hours — his name must be given to the police. No artisan or common laborer, in all Russia, can go away from the town where he lives without a legal permit, which he must be ready to exhibit at all times. In the days of slavery, in some of the Southern States, slaves found away from home without a permit from their masters were liable to arrest. This is practically the condition of all citizens in Russia. Of course, there, as elsewhere, most of the people are so well-known that in many cases little inconvenience is experienced.

When I proposed to enter Russia, my passport was first viséed by the Russian Consul in Stockholm. On purchasing my tickets for St. Petersburg by steamship, I was required to surrender my passport to the captain, and saw it no more till the vessel reached Abo, in Finland, the first opportunity to disembark. There, before any one was allowed to leave the ship, three Russian officers came on board. The passengers were summoned before them, the captain appeared with the passports, each man's name was called, he stepped forward, was identified,

and, if the officials saw fit, was examined. If his answer was satisfactory, his passport was handed to him and he could go where he chose. But on arriving at any hotel in Russia the passport was at once demanded, transmitted to the police, and returned, usually within twenty-four hours. No change of domicile in all Russia is possible without this formality. On my departure from the Empire the officials wrote on my passport that, so far as known, there was no objection to my crossing the frontier. Such a system as this applied to seventy-seven million of people has never been paralleled. It makes conspiracies of a dangerous character so difficult as to be impossible without the use of passports and assumed names.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NIHILISM (*concluded*).

SECRECY is another reliance of the police. Arrests are made without publicity. No writ of *habeas corpus* exists. Newspapers are few in number, and under the most rigid censorship, liable to be suppressed at any moment, and all the capital invested in them made worthless. Arrests may be made on suspicion, and men, women or children may be compelled, by orders issued by the secret police, to live in any village in the most remote district, or be sent to Siberia to remain indefinitely.

A Nihilist, now residing in this country, gave an account of his own arrest in language which then seemed to me very extravagant, but which I found to be within the limits of truth. I will give the substance of his account, omitting, however, minor details. He says: "It was past midnight. The bell rang. I jumped up at once. With trembling hands I lit a lamp and burned several papers written in cipher or in invisible ink. The bell rang again. My landlady was very slow in getting up, thus giving me an opportunity to burn all those compromising documents. With a sudden crash the door gave way, and the *gendarmes* rushed in. The captain informed me that, by order of the Government, he had come to arrest me. They took my keys and opened my trunks and drawers. They searched every nook and corner, carefully collecting every scrap of written paper. It took them three hours to finish the examination. At length they put me in the carriage and hurried me to the Third Section. The heavy iron door shut behind me. A week passed. No officer came near me. At last I was brought before the chief of *gendarmes*, who sternly told me that I was guilty of taking part in a revolutionary propaganda and of pronouncing the sentence of death

upon an alleged spy who was afterwards killed by some of my comrades. 'You will have to prove your accusations,' I said. 'That is what we shall do, and you meanwhile will stay at the Petrapavlosky fortress.'" There he remained two years before learning the charges against him. His case, with those of one hundred and nineteen others, he declares, was the first and the last tried by a jury. Three quarters of the whole number, including himself, were acquitted. "When he heard the result, the late Tsar exclaimed in rage, 'No more jury trials for political criminals'; and he kept his word. At first he established a special court composed of Senators; afterward came the Military Courts."

In other countries, a prisoner acquitted is free. This young man at the time of his arrest was a medical student. After his acquittal, he went to the medical academy and asked to be re-admitted to the institution. Of the result, he says: "The General kindly informed me in a whisper that the doors of all the universities were forever shut against me. I hurried to the Third Section. 'I have been acquitted, by the Court, and yet I am under punishment. What does it men?' 'You shall hear from me,' returned the Chief of the Russian Inquisition, and he left the room. At midnight the bell rang, and the Captain of *gendarmes* came again to arrest me. That same night I was sent away from St. Petersburg in the company of two *gendarmes*. Five days we travelled. At last we reached a small village in the woods of the Archangelsk Province. 'Guard him well if you don't care to see Siberia,' said one of the *gendarmes* to the village constable; and they left me without any means of subsistence." He afterward escaped and came to this country. While this young physician was in the fortress it was possible by various stratagems to communicate with the outside world; since then another fortress, entirely surrounded by water, has been generally used for such cases. The convicted are hanged or sent to Siberia, where the remoteness and the hardships depend on the gravity of the offence and the estimate held by the officials of the offender. "Suspects" are ordered to reside in particular places, and hundreds are scattered about the Empire in readiness to be seized if evidence be forthcoming.

From what has been said it is easy to understand why the acute minds that have planned the various acts of assassination have been detected; and why the number of plots which have been discovered before the time fixed for their execution had come, or which were made impossible by a change in the plans of their intended victims, is many times greater than the number of plots which have been executed.

The dire necessities of the situation have developed an ingenuity in the secret police which has never been surpassed, if equalled. Their great number, the use of the arbitrary means of despotism or martial law — phrases that in Russia are practically identical — means that are in times of peace excluded from constitutional governments; their unlimited facilities for corrupting men; the fear produced by the disappearance of "suspects"; the breaking up of combinations by the removal of those concerned in them to the most distant parts of the Empire, make it impossible to conceal forever, or, generally for very long, the schemes that are hatching. A Nihilist may say: "Among our spies were persons who performed double duty, spying at one and the same time for us and for the Government. Of course they served us and tricked the Tsar's officers. But the most substantial police service was rendered us by young ladies, daughters of the highest officials. Certainly the Tsar never had such educated, titled, and skilful spies in his pay as worked for us without any remuneration." This is fine; yet he had to add, "Hardly a year passed before a large number of my comrades were arrested, and I with them."

The Russian character, to use no harsher term, is unstable. It is a proverb brought in by the Irish troubles that "Where there is an assassin, there is an informer." It is as true in Russian circles. In almost every Nihilist circle there has been found at least one traitor, if not from purpose, from weakness. A Russian writer, speaking of Goldenberg's confession, says: "Goldenberg's rather naively worded statement, 'Our people generally objected to subordination,' sets forth in homely fashion a lesson taught by the whole history of Russia — namely, that 'Our people, though able at any moment to muster a superb array of personal

capacities, intellectual and moral, have always been, through lack of training, or some more deep-lying natural basis, singularly unapt for prolonged combined action.' "

The effect of Nihilist conspiracies thus far has been to rivet the chains upon the people's neck rather than to break or loosen them. Arrests, executions, banishments, transportations to Siberia, and all forms of repressive measures have been made necessary. When the life of the Emperor is at stake, and to serve him with zeal and fidelity is to expose those who do it to constant peril, they are compelled to use every means at their command to destroy conspirators.

In ancient despotisms, whether European, Asiatic, or African, assassinations were not infrequent; but they were generally perpetrated by those who had some real or pretended claim, direct or indirect, to the throne, to whom the people would submit with little show of resistance; or by those who had such influence with the army as to be able to seize the crown; but in modern Russia the conditions are different. These attempts are not made by those who claim the throne, nor by those whose positions in the army are such as to enable them to expel the Romanoffs, nor by the people in such numbers as to overthrow and reconstruct the Government; but by isolated persons, or small bands that cannot avail themselves of the results. After every such attempt, successful or unsuccessful, the entire force of the Empire is employed to detect and punish the guilty, and every restriction devised to make a new outbreak impossible.

Many of the outrages of which the Nihilists complain are occasioned by their own conduct. Karl Blind, after describing "the terrible punishment of transportation to Siberia without trial or warning," says: "Well, under Alexander II. — 'the divine figure from the North' — the transportations to Siberia have, of late years, attained ten times the number of what they annually were, on an average, under the iron rule of the tyrant Nicholas." This may be; but Alexander II. did not pursue this course of severity until after attempts were made upon his life, and sympathy with them appeared in various quarters. The Nihilists themselves

allow this. One of them, writing in the "North American Review" of February, 1879, says: "On the sixteenth of April, 1866, a crazy young lunatic, almost a child, Karakazoff by name, fired a shot at the Emperor while the latter was stepping into his carriage after a walk in the Summer Garden. This fatal shot marked a turning-point in the Tsar's policy toward his subjects." What could he do when conspiracies against the Government and his own life were constantly being unearthed?

The effect of his assassination was most disastrous in two particulars. It placed the entire Liberal party, which had been gradually gaining strength, under the ban of suspicion. It gave the supporters of Autocracy the means of repressing all who differed from them, by raising the cry of Nihilism and by prejudicing the mind of the present Emperor. Thus it produced the most extraordinary reaction. Just after the assassination of Alexander II. (namely, July 17, 1881), I read these words from the pen of a Nihilist: "Russia is moving fast. In 1861 the late Tsar was adored like a god by his people. In 1871 I saw him driving without an escort, unaware that his capital was swarming with Nihilists. In 1881 the Tsar, liberator and reformer, was killed at noonday. And the new Tsar, though in his manifesto he said that he 'boldly undertook the task of governing,' does not do anything but hide himself in this or that palace!" This exultation was premature. The present state of Russia is one of extreme reaction. Not in the time of Alexander II., nor in that of Nicholas, stigmatized by some as "the maniac of Autocracy," was the censorship of the press more arbitrary, the invasion of private rights greater, the "Russification" of the subject states and conquered races — such as the Poles — more steadily pursued, all statesmen of liberal views more suspected, all suspected persons more annoyingly watched and followed, all convicted of political offences more speedily punished. Furthermore, the influence of Western ideas of civilization was never more vigilantly guarded against. The party in favor of maintaining Autocracy was never so strong since the movement for its overthrow began. Foreign mechanics, engineers and railway officials are being gradually replaced by Russians. In one Government estab-

lishment, where, a few years ago, hundreds of skilled workmen and heads of departments were employed, only two or three remain. The manifestation of power by the Tsar increases in arbitrariness. Those who offend Alexander III. are as summarily degraded as those who offended the capricious and despotic Paul; and every person who has been disappointed or reprimanded is held to be material from which a Nihilist may be developed, and is watched accordingly. Most of those liberal minds that would be judiciously seeking to promote reforms are compelled to silence and inactivity.

This reaction is the direct result of the conduct of the Nihilists. For the idealists among them — those who use murder only as a means to an end — hallucinate themselves into the belief that "there is a virtue which forgets itself in order to surpass itself," and sing the song that "There are years and centuries when there is nothing so beautiful and lovely as the thorn wreath;" but their conspiracies and murders have made it necessary that the Government of Russia should be nothing but a gigantic police force, of which the Emperor is the Chief. Statesmanship on his part is out of the question. According to the traditions and customs of the country, many hours of every day the Tsar must be occupied in elaborate and exhausting ceremonies, and what remains to him of time and strength is hardly sufficient for repression and self-protection, since relaxation anywhere may open a door for the assassin.

"Revolution cannot be manufactured to order." Russia is wholly unprepared for a republican form of government. It is very doubtful if it could thrive under a constitution. A long course of preparation, the gradual progress of education, slow reform in Church and State, are necessary. The Nihilists have obstructed all these. Meanwhile the repressive forces are so powerful that assassination is the only resource they have; yet assassination can only increase the burdens of the people. Goldenberg, brooding in his solitary cell of confession and suicide, saw the truth which was made still more clear after the murder of the Tsar, and expressed it thus: "I found that political murders not only had not brought us nearer to that better state of affairs for which we all long,

but had, on the contrary, made it incumbent on the Government to take extreme measures against us; that it is owing to that same theory of political murder we have had the misfortune of seeing twenty gibbets raised in our midst, and that to it we are indebted for the dreadful reaction which lies on all alike."

The political burdens which the people of Russia have to endure are of two sorts: those inherent in despotism, which, under ordinary conditions, vary with the character of the despot, from John the Terrible to the most beneficent monarch any country ever had, and those rendered necessary by attempts, made or anticipated, to change the character of the Government by violence. There is no reason to believe that Russia is ready for a change in the character of the Government, or that assassination could hasten such a change.

The study which I have given to the subject for several years past, including the observations and conversations in the country, lead me to think that things will continue as they are for centuries unless a war arises which unites the rest of Europe against Russia and reduces the Empire to bankruptcy. This would drive the privileged classes who now enjoy the results of "Bureaucracy" to desperation, the masses, at the same time, being sunk into intolerable misery. If, in that situation, the Emperor should be personally hated and assassinated, it is possible to conceive the overthrow of the dynasty of the *Romanoffs*.

But those who consider the Russian people and their history, and remember that England, though so much better prepared for radical changes than Russia, "beheaded its Charles, but crowned its Cromwell," may doubt whether even such a catastrophe would effect an organic change in the form of government.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONTRAST BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

RUSSIA and the United States resemble each other in the vastness of their territory, in the size and number of their rivers, in their modern origin as nations, in the gigantic character of their undertakings, in population and its wide diffusion, and in variety of mineral and agricultural products. They also resemble each other in the vastness of their prairies, the extent of their forests, their immense mineral resources, and in having every variety of climate. Politically they are similar in being the two great nations of which other powers are suspicious and jealous, and, growing out of this fact, in having sympathy with each other.

In America religion is free; in Russia, theoretically, it is not free. Though dissent is tolerated, it is greatly embarrassed.

In Russia the great majority of the people are wretchedly poor; in America the great majority are in comfortable circumstances, and only a small minority miserably poor.

In Russia public opinion has little or no power; in America it is almost omnipotent. In the United States all public matters are discussed without restriction, and no censorship of the press exists. In Russia anything worthy the name of dicussion is unknown, and a frightful censorship of the press still continues to be. In the United States a high degree of mercantile honor yet prevails; in Russia it is the exception.

In Russia nothing relating to the general administration of affairs is subject to a controlling vote. There is nothing analogous to a Legislature. The four great councils can accomplish nothing without the consent of the Emperor. In the United States the will of the people is the last authority. In Russia the writ of *habeas corpus* is unknown; the personal liberty of the citizen is at the caprice of the authorities.

In the United States, individual liberty is granted to every man not a pauper, a lunatic, or a criminal. And a legal and public investigation of charges against him is his indefeasible right.

In the United States, dissatisfaction with the administration is followed by its overthrow at the polls. In Russia, dissatisfaction with the Government has no legitimate means of expressing itself.

In the United States, in the original colonies of which this country was formed, it was possible to organize a revolution under existing forms of authority covering the entire territory, and including a large majority of all classes of the population; in Russia such a thing can never occur.

As I have tried to show, the disordered proceedings of the Nihilists cannot be justified, and have thus far failed of their ends; nevertheless, ineffectual efforts of a violent character are the only means by which the discontented can effect anything.

The working of the emancipation of millions of serfs was peculiar. Reference has already been made to it. It impoverished many of the nobles, and, as many of the holders of slaves in former times in this country had never known what economy meant, and understood nothing of finance, so the Russian nobles knew nothing of either, and many of them are growing poorer every year.

The law of primogeniture does not prevail in Russia. Where it does, as in England, the eldest son takes all the land, and the title, if there be one. In Russia all the children of a prince are princes or princesses, and at the death of the head of the family the property has to be equally divided among them. This accounts for the existence of pauper princes, with titles, but without money; and whole villages of impoverished nobles: indeed, princes can be found driving hogs, sawing wood, or performing almost any kind of labor. Such impoverished nobles who can find nothing to do, and are driven to desperation, occasionally, and very naturally, become Nihilists.

Many of the serfs were made arrogant; set to thinking of things of which they never thought in their lives — things incompatible with subjugation. A Russian gentleman informed me that after the decree of

emancipation was published, his sons and daughters, minor children, walking along the street were insulted, both by the looks and the words of the serfs. A Scotch governess who had been forty years in Russia, a woman of rare intelligence and candor, confirmed the account. It is natural enough, and I cite it simply to show the ferment which arose.

A remarkable institution exists in Russia, between which and the town meetings of this country, there is great similarity. Count Cavour, the Italian statesman who organized the government of new Italy, thought this communal system the most perfect in the world. It is a true New England town meeting, with some peculiarities. I studied it as far as possible, especially with regard to the manner of settling opinions, which is not by votes, but by general assent after exhaustive debates. I was also interested in the manner of disposing of lands which are owned in fee simple, not by the individual, but by the commune. To treat it thoroughly would require an enlargement, and a change, in the character of this work. Such as desire to see how what appears to be an absolute republic exists in the heart of an absolute despotism, may find it treated in various elaborate works, and in a volume recently issued by Stepniak, who, in such matters, is in general accurate.

The whole Russian Empire only contains about six hundred periodicals. Of these, fifty-five are daily; forty are published several times a week; eighty-five weekly, and eighty-seven monthly. Then there are one hundred and thirty-three that appear several times a year, but not as often as monthly. About one half the whole number are published in St. Petersburg. Two hundred are published in German, French, and other languages, and four hundred in Russian.

There is only one periodical to one hundred and seventy-five thousand of the Russian population. Compare that with the United States, where there is one periodical to every four thousand two hundred and thirty!

In Russia there are more than a thousand towns with more than a thousand population each, not one in ten of which has a periodical of any sort.

Most of the periodicals are under the management of officials. The difficulty of obtaining information is great. No reporter is ever allowed to enter the sanctum of any department, or to touch any official documents; and no Russian official will dare to give an outsider any information, even of the most innocent nature. Under such conditions the public at large can only learn as much of the workings of the various Government wheels as the Government itself may please to divulge.

Censors of periodicals and books are located in nine of the largest towns. Authors and publishers may be punished for "harmful ideas, or even 'tendencies,' and that without any chance for the accused or condemned parties to defend themselves. Their books may be seized or destroyed, and the authors subjected to imprisonment or transportation to some distant part of the empire."

The following is the law warning: "In the case of periodicals, these are 'warned' for the first offence, with or without fine, and with or without forbidding to publish advertisements and to sell the publication in the streets. The third warning results in the stopping of the periodical for a period of from three to eight months. A bold and refractory periodical can be stopped at once and forever. . . . No periodical has the right to publish any news of the Tsar, or of the imperial court, without the sanction of the Minister of Court. No lay paper can publish any discussions on religious topics without having subjected them to the religious censure. All periodicals are bound to publish the so-called 'refutations' coming from the official sources against the news gathered by the periodicals themselves."

In many places in Russia there are no papers; the Governor is the censor, and no editors could suit him; and the authority previously quoted — entirely unprejudiced and competent — says: "The session of the local representatives, though open, cannot be described in the newspapers without the Governor's permission."

While, then, discussion is free, and the liberty of the press has long since become license in the United Sates, no free discussion is allowed in any Russian paper. Books which discuss principles that would tend

to overthrow the Russian Autocracy, are forbidden. No man dares to sell them, or to be found with them. Newspapers arriving by mail from foreign countries are examined in the post-office before delivery, and what is objected to concerning Russia is erased or covered with ink, or some other preparation of a deep black color, which makes the words unintelligible. The only way to secure a newspaper from a foreign country in an unmutilated condition, is to have it sent to a Minister or Consul of one's own country, and go to him and get it. Some of the foreign residents of St. Petersburg, not connected with the diplomatic service of their own countries, have their letters, as well as their newspapers, sent to the care of their embassies. Copies of the "London Times" and other papers sent to me while in Russia, fell into the hands of the censor, and half a page was cut out of one. While in Russia I did not dare to send letters to the address of the American paper with which I was corresponding, though I was then writing about other countries. The risk of their being opened and detained or destroyed was so great as to render their fate uncertain. I was advised by an official to address them, not to the paper, but to a private individual. This censorship is nothing less than appalling.

The mingled grandeur and desolation, majesty and sadness of Russia, present a spectacle dissimilar to anything that the world can elsewhere exhibit. Poland, with its misfortunes; the strange contrasts of its population, its heroism marred by fanaticism, though now a part of Russia, offers distinct phases of human nature and history for our contemplation.

After looking on the picture of superstition, poverty, internal ferment, and galling suppression of public discussion which Russia presents, it is not strange that we should return with pride and satisfaction to our own land of civil and religious liberty, in which, with its confessed faults, we find the best example, on a large scale, of a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," which patriotism, wisdom and self-restraint have yet attained.

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